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CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

II.

HITHERTO we have principally considered instruments of wood, bone, gourds, pebbles, shells, terra cotta, and the miscellaneous matters that are strung for necklaces and wristlets, — sea-shells, nutshells, hoofs and teeth of animals. As a relief to the tedium of these savage crudities we sketched the really interesting wood harmonicon, but must now turn again to the rude and noisy, giving our attention to the jingling and clashing instruments of metal, — cymbals, castanets, gongs, bells, — after which the topic of drums will conclude this branch of our subject.

Our cymbals came from China, and the Centennial exhibit of such instruments affords nothing specially new or interest-



(Fig. 12.) Cymbals.

ing. It is the superiority of the Chinese alloy which has given the Orient this predominance, for the idea was by no means a new one in Europe when Chinese wares commenced to be known in the Mediterranean countries.

Cymbals were used in ancient Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. They were particularly devoted by the Greeks to the worship of Cybele, Bacchus, and Juno. It may be reasonably assumed that they had their origin in the heroic dances such as those of the Persians in the time of Cyrus and Cambyzes, when the movements were performed to the music of the flute, the actors dashing their crescent-shaped shields together, falling on one knee and rising. The Corybantic dance of Crete and Phrygia, and the Pyrrhic dance, were performed to the jarring music of clashing weapons.

Cymbals, triangles, trumpets, and drums are the instrumental accompaniment in the Buddhist temples of Ladak. The crescendo is accompanied by the roar of enormous trumpets stretched along the floor, the performers on which are in an adjoining room. Trumpets are to be considered with wind instruments in a subsequent article.



(Fig. 13.) Cymbals.
Chinese Exhibit.

The loud-sounding and the high-sounding cymbals of Psalm cv. 5 were probably the clashing cymbals and rattling castanets. The latter were shown at the Centennial, but there was no great display. They do not differ substantially from one

form of rattles, except in some of the more elegant shapes common among the Mediterranean nations and by them carried to the Americas, North and South. When made of metal they may be considered miniature cymbals, both valves being carried in one hand.

The suspended metallic bar beaten by an iron bâton is another inflection of the same idea; the quality of its tone depends on its material, its pitch upon its size and proportions. When bent to a three-sided shape it is called a *triangle*, from its figure; and as the ends are not united and it is suspended from one of the whole angles, its respective portions on each side of the string differ in length and consequently in tone. In Oriental countries, where *din* is the object, the hammering on the triangles is kept up as industriously as the pounding on the drums and the blowing on the clarinets.

For instance, loud noise, which seems to enter into all the ideas of grandeur among a barbarous people, was never omitted in the train of the Singhalese monarch. His progress was always attended by a number of performers on various instruments, such as *tam-tams*, drums of various kinds and sizes, shrill and squalling clarinets, pipes, flageolets, bagpipes, and pieces of brass and iron jingled by way of triangles. These were all sounded and clashed at once, without time or harmony, and accompanied by the cracking of long whip-lashes. The Siamese, more tasteful, use triangles in sets; this carries us back again to the *pien-king*, already considered.

Another jingler is an instrument more common formerly than now, but which was never wide-spread, geographically speaking. The ancient *sistrum* of Egypt, so common in museums, was unfortunately not in the Egyptian exhibit at the Centennial. It had a loop-shaped head with a number of loose wires, which were shaken to make a jingling noise. It was exported from Egypt to Greece, and used especially in the ceremonies of the worship of Cybele. Under the name of *sanasil* it is still used by the Christian priests of Abyssinia.

The Zambesi rattle of twenty-five de-

grees farther south, instead of wires on a loop-shaped head, consists of rings on a bar. This is certainly more musical than the buffalo horns beaten with sticks, used by the Bawe of the Zambesi as an accompaniment to the marimba.

We now come to the gong. This is a Malayan word, and the home of the instrument is around the China Sea and in the Malay archipelago. It may be called a tambourine-shaped resonant bell, being a thin bronze disk with an upturned edge forming a rim. Its composition is copper 78, tin 22, and it requires peculiar treatment in the manufacture, both in the hammering and the annealing. The tempering is the inverse of that adopted for iron. The bronze is of such proportions as to be naturally brittle when cast. It is heated to a cherry red, clamped between iron disks, and plunged into water till cool. It will then bear the hammer.

As was said of the cymbal, the Eastern gong was no new thing in Europe when reintroduced from China, but it was of much better material and made more noise. The *æs thermarum* of the Roman bath was a suspended gong struck to notify the bathers when hot water was ready. It was sometimes shaped like a plate with a raised rim (gong), and sometimes like a flat bell having a protuberant dome-shaped centre (cymbal).

The Chinese use gongs on occasions of ceremony, either religious or state, and they are supposed to yield a little more noise per pound of metal than any other



(Fig. 14.) Chinese Hand-Gong.

instrument. A small hand-gong which answers as a bell is saucer-shaped, five inches in diameter, in a ring of seven inches with a handle.

The variety of gongs in Japan is very great; the assortment at the Centennial was not large. The people of Zipango were too busy with *bric-à-brac* to assemble much material interesting to the machinist or ethnologist. There is hardly

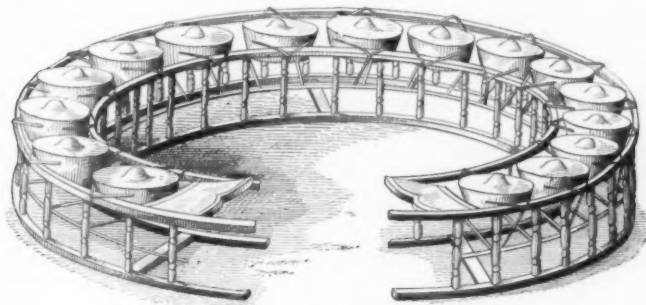
a size, shape, mode of hanging, or assembling in clusters that is not to be found there.

The Malay, Javanese, and Dyak gong is thick, with a broad rim, and gives a muffled sound of deep tone, very different from the clanging noise of the Chinese.

The gong is perhaps the most powerful and musical of all monotonous instruments. It is a favorite in Java, and is there used in various forms: suspended in horizontal position, singly (the *kenong* or *ketuk*), in pairs, in sets of from ten to fourteen (the *bonang* or *kromo*); suspended by the edge, singly (*kumpul*) or in pairs (gong). In all these cases the gongs are beaten with mallets covered

with cloth or elastic gum. The two suspended gongs of a pair differ from each other by one note usually, but have been noticed tuned in thirds. Those in sets are tuned to a scale, and in the larger instruments contain two octaves. The gongs are from five to fifteen inches in diameter. These instruments are not played singly, but harmonize with the instrument on which the air is played. This is usually the *rebab* or two-stringed fiddle, which is known from the Mediterranean to the Banda Sea, and by its Persian name over a large portion of that area.

One traveler states that the *bonang* of Java is tuned to the diatonic scale, and



(Fig. 15.) Circle of Gongs. Siamese Exhibit.

it is probably true, though not what we should have supposed from what is generally known of their scale, which is usually the pentatonic.

The circle of gongs of the Siamese (Figure 15) is there known as the *râung-wong* (*bonang* of Java and Borneo), and consists of sixteen brass gongs arranged in a nearly complete ellipse around the female player who squats in the centre and strikes them with two mallets. The gongs are suspended on raw-hide strings which pass through their turned-over flanges and are secured to the frame so that the metal shall not touch the wood. They are tuned to the pentatonic scale, the sixth from the prime forming its octave, running regularly from one end of the series to the other, and vary in diameter from five inches at the treble

end to seven inches at the bass. They are tuned by attaching balls of wax to them beneath, and are struck by mallets on the central boss.

The Burmese collection of gongs (*kye-zoup*), like the Siamese, has them arranged in graduated sizes in a bamboo frame: eighteen in a set so far as noticed. In Ava also is found a similar circle of upright drums.

In Nusalant, one of the Spice Islands, near Amboina, the gongs are suspended in a frame of *gaba-gaba*, the dried mid-rib stalk of palm leaves. The small brass gong of Ceylon is suspended by a handle of coir fibre.

From metal to wood again; and yet what else but a gong are we to call the suspended plates of hard wood used in China on which to beat time? The

wooden gong is used in that country to mark the intervals of religious services in temples; and a hollowed block of wood is struck with a piece of bamboo by the Chinese watchman to give an alarm. On it also the watchman beats the hours, the night being divided into five watches, beginning at seven p. m.

The African wooden gong used by the Niam-niams and Monbuttoos will be described when speaking of drums; also the similar instrument of the Fijians.

No great variety of bells coming within the purview of the present article was shown at the Centennial Exhibition.

The small bell, consisting of a hollow slit sphere with a ball inside, known to us as a sleigh-bell (French, *grelot*; German, *schellen*), was shown by several foreign countries, and is not particularly crude though it is ancient and widely disseminated. It is but the metallic form of a rattle, a hollow globe instead of a gourd or a wicker basket.

The little bells (*garunongs*) used as ear pendants by the Dyaks of Borneo are like the hawk bells of Europe, being bronze globes with a slit, and containing a small metallic ball. A number of these are worn in a cluster and make a pleasant jingling accompaniment to the dance.

The *marauouh* of the Copts in Egypt is a disk which has a number of bells around its edges, and is attached to a long handle. It is used in religious ceremonies. The Japanese instrument (*soezoeu*) consists of a number of these tiny bells attached to a handle. The religious use of bells is very ancient. The bells on the edge of Moses' robe, the eighty little bronze bells with iron tongues found by Layard at Nimroud, and the bells of ancient Egypt now in European and American museums, testify how old the instrument is. It is used habitually throughout the lands which own La-hsa as their religious centre, and, with many other ceremonies, paraphernalia, and practices, the rosary, asceticism, penance, shaven crowns, etc., some here and some there, has been adopted into the Christian church from Archangel to

Abyssinia and from the Caspian to the sea of Atlantis.

The jingling accompaniment of bells on the horses of the Assyrians, as shown in the sculptures, is probably a reminiscence or remainder of their former nomadic life. The "bells on the horses" are referred to by the prophet Zechariah. Bells on horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs are yet used, to prevent the straying of the animals, in Germany, Switzerland, Nubia, South Africa, and in America. The Niam-niams have bells of iron and of wood. The former are made of sheet-iron bent into a form much like our own cow bells; the wooden bell is for the dog, and is attached to a strap round the neck. The origin of the bell can probably be better studied in Africa than elsewhere. The crude and incipient bells of that continent clearly show their origin from nuts and rattles, some of them yet retaining the shape of nuts even when made of sheet metal or of wood.

The Makalolo minstrel also jingles his native bells of sheet metal.

Casting is a much later invention than forging of metal, and the earliest castings were probably of copper, unless lead or tin may have preceded it in countries where these white metals are abundant and accessible. The references to *brass* in the scripture translation should generally be rendered *bronze*; brass is a much later alloy, and an accidental one originally. The bells mentioned in Leviticus were doubtless of bronze; the people had but just left Egypt, where that alloy was common.

The native bronze bells of Peru and Mexico, made before the conquest, are cored castings of considerable merit. The Tezucans had some kind of sonorous metallic object, gong or bell, which was struck by a mallet, and gave the summons to prayer. The Peruvians had copper hand-bells, and also the spherical horse bells called by them *yottl*. Bells were hung in the palaces of the old Singhalese kings, and bell-metal is among the gifts recorded on the rock of Pollanua, A. D. 1187.

The ancient bell of China had nine nipples or small protuberances, repre-

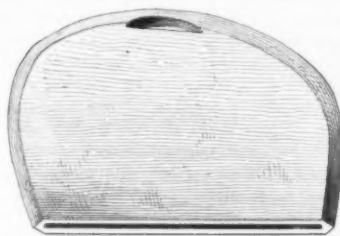
senting the nine provinces of the Celestial Flowery Kingdom, each of which was supposed to contribute. The ancient bells were sometimes round, with a continuous rim, and sometimes quadrangular or flattened, and with the rim deeply scalloped on both sides. Chinese bells have no clappers, but are struck by a muffled hammer. They say "strike" the bell, not "ring" it. Their bells are struck by hand to announce the hours, as they have no striking clocks.

The Chinese idea of suspending metallic plates in a row from a frame, the plates being tuned to give a regular succession of tones, has been already referred to. It is but a step to the instrument in which bells are similarly arranged. Carillons of attuned bells have long been used in Burmah and China. One was shown to Lord Macartney, in Peking, and they have since become very common in Europe and America.

Drums were in great force at the Exhibition, especially from Asia and Africa. The taste of the American savage does not run so much to drums as that of the African.

The great signal and alarm drum of the principal court of the Niam-niam chief, at the head waters of the Nile, is called the *manyunjee*, and is a hollowed trunk of wood mounted on feet. The same is used by the Monbuttoos, a little farther south, on the Welle River, a tributary, it is supposed of the Congo. This canoe-shaped gong has sides of unequal thickness, and gives out a different note according to the side on which it is struck; thus signals for war, hunting, or a festival are given, and, being repeated by the drums of a district, an assemblage is collected at short notice. None of the largest drums from Central Africa were shown at the Exhibition; but one of a different construction and more portable was brought by Colonel Long, of the Egyptian army, from an expedition into Darfoor, and was sent to Philadelphia. It is known as a *clincufu*, and is shown in Figure 16. It is thirty by twenty-four inches in size and made of a carefully hollowed slab of light, sonorous wood.

It approximates a semicircular shape, is flat, and has a handle on top to carry it by. It may be compared to a flattened wooden bell. Its greatest thickness is



(Fig. 16.) Niam-Niam Wooden Signal Drum. Egyptian Exhibit.

four inches, and it becomes thinner toward the mouth. It is hollowed out of a solid block, the wood being left about half an inch thick, the opening one inch wide. It is carried by a belt from the neck, but when beaten is held in one hand and struck with a padded mallet, as a bass accompaniment to other instruments.

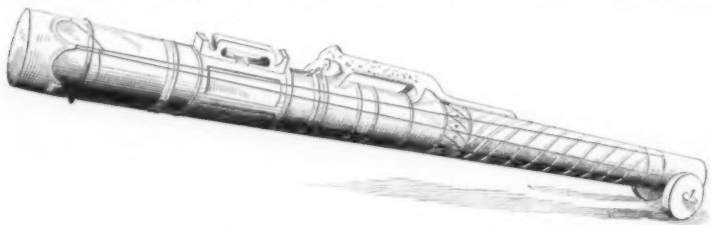
A drum of similar construction to the *manyunjee* is made in the Fiji Islands of Polynesia, one hundred and fifty degrees east of Darfoor. The race of cannibals inhabiting this group is the most ingenious of the whole Polynesian archipelago. Their wooden drum is made from a hollowed log of hard and resonant wood. That observed by the writer was heavy and of a dark color, almost like rosewood. It was five feet long and trough-shaped, the wood near the ends being left unhewn so as to stiffen the sides. The wood at the sides was two inches thick, and the opening was ten inches across and forty-eight inches long. A large bamboo is sometimes used for this purpose, the natural septum of the stalk being allowed to remain, and the length of the drum being the distance between the joints. The New Zealanders have also a suspended sonorous log, six feet long and two feet thick, with a deep groove in it. It is beaten with hard wood mallets.

Passing to Western Africa we find the drum in full feather, but assuming

the more usual type, a membrane of skin upon a wooden body. The drums in this fearful country are for different purposes: ceremony, war, amusement. The largest of all are, perhaps, the death drums of Dahomey, which are four in number, of different sizes. The largest is nine feet four inches in length, and the whole of them are ornamented with the skulls of enemies of distinguished reputation. In the charges of the Dahomey Amazons, one carries the drum on her head and another follows beating the drum-head violently with two sticks.

The idea of putting the skull of an enemy on a drum is that he shall tremble in terror whenever it is beaten.

The Angola drum, shown at Figure 17, and which was a part of the Portuguese colonies exhibit in the Agricultural Building at the Centennial, had been kindly shorn of its ornamental skulls before being sent across the Atlantic. One in the British Museum has yet its girdle of human jaw-bones. Figure 17 apparently belongs to what a learned casuist called "the long and thin sheep-headed tom-tom party." This drum is five feet



(Fig. 17.) Fetich Drum of Western Africa. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

long, is hollowed out of one log of wood, and is painted black all over, excepting the leopard with its prey in its mouth, — a common fetich of the natives. It is about eight inches in diameter at its larger end, and tapers down to about three inches at the smaller end, which rests on two wheels. The carved figures are of one piece with the remainder of the body. The goat-skins over both

ends are tied together and made tight with raw-hide strings. The handle by which it is drawn is in front of the fetich, and the instrument is dragged along the ground at the left of the drummer, while he beats upon it vigorously with a stick in his right hand.

The fetich drum of Angola, shown

in Figure 18, is carved from a single block of light-colored wood; it is about twenty-two inches high, and has a parchment cover secured by wooden pins, the membrane being evidently placed on while wet and then secured. It is perhaps not too much to assume that the animal is a grotesque imitation of the hippopotamus. The Ashantee fetich drum used in the sacrifice of human beings at the annual "customs" of Dahomey, is similarly carved. The antelope furnishes the ordinary drum skin of Africa, but for powerful "fetich" snake or crocodile skin is used.

One fan drum was noticed to have been made of an elephant's ear!

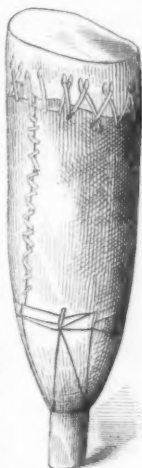
The problem of drum-making in tropical and semi-tropical countries, the materials at hand being very similar, is a simple one to state: given a block of wood naturally or artificially hollowed, or a gourd with a slice off the side; how to stretch a skin tightly over the opening so as to give a musical sound when struck? A number of illustrations of different methods of securing the membrane to the barrel or calabash were furnished at the Centennial and will be given.



(Fig. 18.) Fetich Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

A drum of Angola, used standing upon the ground and beaten with the hands, is shown in Figure 19. The hollowed wooden body is covered in part with calf-skin, and has a goat-skin parchment head secured with strings. The parchment head is laced to the calf-skin, and the latter is tied to the contracted portion of the body.

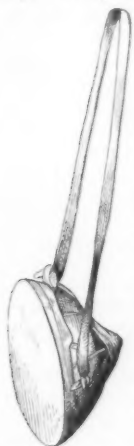
The drum of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is made from a section of a stem of the tamarind-tree hollowed into a cylinder; it is larger at one end than the other to give a difference of note when struck at the respective ends. The ends are covered with two pieces of goat-skin stripped of the hair and tightly strained and laced with thongs. A fire is invariably kept burning at their



(Fig. 19.) Hand Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

nightly festivals to dry the skin when it is relaxed by the dews and restore the tone.

The kettle-drum of the same region is shown in Figure 20. It is suspended by a leathern thong around the neck. The parchment head has strings of rawhide which are fastened at the back of the wooden body and stretched by cross-strings. Like most of the small drums of its class it is beaten with the fingers. The hand drum of Zanzibar is a hollow cylinder of wood, twelve inches in diameter and fifteen inches long, the single head covered with the dry skin of a ser-



(Fig. 20.) Kettle-Drum of Darfoor. Egyptian Exhibit.

pent. The open end of the cylinder is held against the breast and the head tapped with the fingers.

Crossing westward from Zanzibar nearly to the other side of Africa, only about three thousand miles, we find a drum made like that from Darfoor. The one pictured in Figure 21, however, is from one of the English dependencies, and was shown in the exhibit from the Gold Coast of Guinea. The specimen belongs to the British Museum. It has a hollow wooden body and a goat-skin head, fastened by rawhide strings to blocks upon the back, and tightened with wedges driven under the strings. The head of the drum is nine inches in diameter, and the drumsticks are of rawhide. The neck band is of native manufacture, and is woven cotton stuff, subsequently dyed with a blue bar-and-diamond pattern and sewed up into a roll.



(Fig. 21.) Drum and Neck Band. Gold Coast Exhibit.

A standing drum of the Gold Coast is shown in Figure 22. It is made of a



(Fig. 22.) Standing Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit. block of wood hollowed out; the shape and carving are very interesting as showing the succession of inventions and persistence of ideas. It is evidently an imitation of basket work. In a future art-

icle we shall be enabled to adduce instances from exhibits at the Centennial to illustrate the fact that wicker work preceded pottery and wooden ware. When a tribe familiar with basket-making proceeds to mold in clay, the basket is frequently taken for the mold in which to form the vessel, and the latter, when it is baked, retains the impression of the twigs. This appearance becomes conventional, and after the clay molder has outlived the necessity for a basket mold and acquires skill enough to mold the vessel by spatula and hand, or to use the wheel, he imitates the basket work of the incipient invention because that style, which has become one of ornamentation merely, is looked for to add grace and finish to the earthenware. So also of the wooden drum in question (Figure 22) and of a number of Kafir vessels which we shall consider in a future article, the conventional ornamentation must be actually carved upon the vessel in obedience to the taste of the people, although probably they may have long outlived any remembrance of the old process by which the peculiar appearance was originally given.

The hollowed wooden body of the drum (Figure 22) is covered with a snake-skin head four inches in diameter. The drum is eight inches high, and is apparently intended to be held between the knees in playing. It is vase-shaped, and from its shoulders rise five pegs to which the hoop of the head is stretched by grass or bark strings. The drum-



(Fig. 23.) Drumstick with Parchment Pad. Gold Coast Exhibit.

stick (Figure 23) belongs to this drum and is of peculiar form. The pad is a piece of parchment stretched over the hollowed end of the stick.

The membranes of all the drums mentioned are of rawhide or parchment, leather being almost unknown in Africa, besides which its sonorous power is much inferior to the untanned hide. Madagas-

car, so famous for fat cattle, has not had the art of tanning for more than about fifty years, and the various soft processes of tawing and rubbing with grease and brains are far more widely known and practiced among savage nations than any process of steeping in infusions of astringent bark. In Madagascar the drum is made of the hollow trunk of a tree covered with untanned ox-hide, the ends being drawn together by thongs of the same material.

The mode of straining the drum-head by thongs is not, however, by any means

universal, the practice of pegging or riveting the skin to the body being very generally known. Figure 24 is a hand drum of Angola on the western coast of Africa, and Fig-



(Fig. 24.) Hand Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

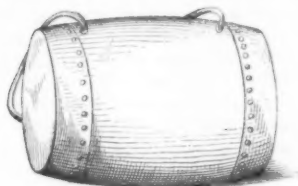
Malaysia. The Angola drum has a wooden body with a goat-skin head fastened by wooden pins; it is made tight by securing it while stretched and wet, and its tone must depend upon the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere. That may be supposed to matter little as it makes a noise, and it can be dried by the fire to tighten it.

The Balonda tribe, inhabiting a country north of Angola and Congo, on the west coast, have a similar method. The drum body is neatly carved from a trunk of a tree and the antelope skin is pegged on. One curious additional feature is found in the Balonda drum, namely, a square hole in the side, closed with a piece of spider's web taken from the egg case of a certain species of arachnida.

The Karagooes of the far interior of Africa, a little south of the equator, make a drum four feet long and one foot in diameter, covered with ichneumon skin. It is slung from the shoulders and played by the fingers. The drums for

new-moon occasions and war alarms are much larger.

The Malay drum, *klaung-küak* (Figure 25), shown in the Siamese exhibit,



(Fig. 25.) Malay Drum. *Klaung-Küak*. Siamese Exhibit.

has two heads, each twenty-four inches in diameter, which are strained over the ends and secured with rivets.

It is certain, from the bas-reliefs uncovered by Layard, that the heads of the Assyrian drums were secured to the bodies by rivets. They had, however, but one head and were beaten by the hands, in these particulars resembling existing forms in Asia. Their shapes were cylindrical and conoidal; they were carried in front of the person, head upward.

China showed a large variety of small drums and tam-tams, the mode of securing the heads being by rivets. They were from six to fifteen inches in diameter, and the heads in some cases bore no relation to the size of the body; in some instances the portion of head concerned in the vibration was not over two inches in diameter, and the sound was almost as sharp as that produced by rapping two ordinary lead-pencils together. The larger one of the two shown in Figure



(Fig. 26.) Chinese Tam-Tams.

26 has two pig-skin heads on a wooden body, on which the heads are shrunk and tacked. The smaller one has an almost solid body and but a single head, which gives the sharp sound referred to.

One curious feature is noticeable in the drum of the South African bushman. The instrument is known as the

water-drum, and consists of a wooden bowl with a skin tightly stretched over it; a little water is previously poured into the bowl to keep the skin damp. It is beaten by one finger and kept at a proper pitch by the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand.

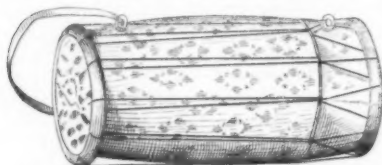
The whole tropical region of the eastern hemisphere is full of drums of the same varieties. The similarity of types over a belt of one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude would be remarkable but that the problem is, as has been said, really not a complicated one, the choice of material being somewhat uniform and the conditions of efficiency really simple.

While there are few drums in Asia or Malaysia as large as some of the African instruments, the smaller kinds may be said to extend from Senegal to Papua. The kinds used in India and Ceylon may be taken as a sample and will be stated *seriatim*, those of these countries being selected because they have codified the subject and given distinct names to those of different classes. The drums of uncodified Africa may be readily remitted to the same groups, so far as they are referable to Asiatic types.

The drums of India are various in shape and material,—cylinders, cones, bowls, spindles, plates. Those of Ceylon may be said to be large, small, kettles, cylinders, long, narrow, bulging, hour-glass-shaped. That most of these forms are not new is clearly proved by the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Indian monuments. The bas-reliefs of the Sanchi tope at Bhilsa, in Central India (A. D. 17), show drums of cylindrical shape to be suspended horizontally and beaten at both ends (Figure 27), suspended obliquely and beaten at one end (Figure 28), and kettle-drums to be played with sticks (Figure 29). These illustrations are from Siam, the Gold Coast of Africa, and from Hindostan, respectively.

The drum suspended from the neck and beaten by the hands at both ends is known in India as the *dhak*; in Ceylon as the *verri* or *verrigodea*; in Siam as the *ta-pohn*. The illustration (Figure 27) is of the latter. It has a woollen body

with parchment heads; the latter usually has hoops which are strained with rattan strings. The ta-pohn is two feet long, and is slung by a couple of staples and



(Fig. 27.) Sling Drum, Ta-Pohn. Siamese Exhibit.

a strap from the neck of the performer, who plays upon it with both hands.

The drum made of jack-wood and deer-skin and beaten with a stick at one end and a hand at the other is the *doula* or *daelle* of Ceylon. A similarly played instrument, but with a body of earthenware, is the *kara* of India.

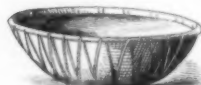
The drum held in the left hand and beaten with the right is the *ou-daelle* of Ceylon, and is commonly called the *arm-drum* by travelers in Africa, as it is often carried under the left arm while beaten by the right hand. Figure 28 illustrates one from the Gold Coast of Africa. It is made from a solid block of wood hollowed out.



(Fig. 28.) African Arm-Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The skin heads are connected by stretching strings that are tightened by a band tied around the waist of the drum, which is shown as standing on the ground and in position as used.

The small kettle-drums used in pairs are frequently of earthenware in India, and called *tikara*, the *tam-tam* or *tam-aton* of Ceylon. The Indian kettle-drum is shown in Figure 29. It has a wooden body and parchment head, with hoops and straps.



(Fig. 29.) Kettle-Drum, Tikara. Hindostan Exhibit.

The Javanese drums are standing (*ketipung*) or prone (*kendang*), and are played with the hands and fingers only.

One drum of Siam is a baked earthen vessel, open at one end and covered with sheep-skin at the other.

The Arabian *darabooka*, also used throughout Egypt and Syria, is a small drum on a hollow stem which serves as a handle. It is almost exactly the shape of a printer's old-fashioned inking-pad. The head is fish, snake, or lizard skin. The small end is open, the body of earthenware or wood.

The African calabash drum (Figure 30) is made upon a gourd of the largest size, being about twenty inches in di-



(Fig. 30.) African Calabash Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit.

ameter; the goat-skin is stretched with rawhide strings passing to a ring at the back. It is very sonorous and is played with sticks of stiff hide, probably from the rhinoceros. The hide of this pachyderm is used for whips and shields, and a number of the former were exhibited by the Orange Free State.

The most interesting drums exhibited by Egypt were those from the Upper Nile, the country recently penetrated by the troops of the Khedive, under Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Long, and others. That shown in Figure 31 is one of her own, cruder



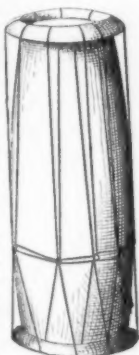
(Fig. 31.) Egyptian Drum.

than those used at head-quarters, no doubt, where French models are adopted. The Egyptian drums are of several kinds, as might be expected: tam-tams, tambourines, kettle-drums, and cylindrical, with one or with two heads. The sizes

exhibited were from eight to thirty inches in diameter. The kettle-drums have copper bowls.

The *klaung*, or standing drum of Siam (Figure 32), has heads fastened to hoops which are strained by cords that draw them toward each other. The hoops project beyond the face so as to rest upon the ground when either head is down and preserve the parchment head from contact with the soil. They are about twelve inches in diameter and thirty inches in length. The heads being of different diameters give different tones.

Somewhat the same construction is shown in the Japanese drum (Figure 33), but in the latter the central post against whose



(Fig. 32.) Standing Drum, *Klaung*. Siamese Exhibit.



(Fig. 33.) Japanese Drum.

ends the parchment heads are strained bears a very small proportion diametrically to the size of the heads themselves. The drum is shown standing, but is intended to be slung by a belt from the neck. The heads are strained by cords which pass around both hoops, and are tightened by a circumferential band. As the ends of the posts are of different sizes the heads give different tones, the extent of surface of the respective parchments concerned in the vibration vary-

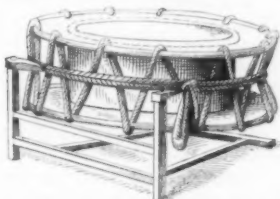
ing. The two are assumed to have equal tension, as they are tied together.

The Chinese standing drum shown in the Mineral Annex of the Main Building has the same general features as the Japanese drum just noticed, but its proportions are different. It is about three feet high, so as to be convenient for a standing player. The body is of wood handsomely japanned, and the heads are of pig-skin. The skin at either end is stretched over a hoop which extends outside of the body of the drum, and is held by cords connecting the heads. The skin is stretched and the tone raised by a cincture tied around the cords, and also by *knots*, in the manner usual with our own drums.



(Fig. 34.) Standing Drum, Chinese Exhibit.

The Japanese table drum (*tsutsumi*, "a drum beaten with sticks") is fifteen



(Figure 35.) Table Drum, *Tsutsumi*. Japanese Exhibit. inches in diameter and suspended from three arms on a stand. It has two parchment heads, a lacquered body, and the heads are strained with crimson cords. Either side may be turned up.

Kettle-drums in pairs were shown at the Exhibition, from Turkey and Tunis. The Turkish drums have copper bowls, and the parchment heads are strained by rawhide thongs to rings at the back. They are tied together so as to be thrown across the withers of a horse.

The kettle-drums of Tunis (Figure 37) have also metallic bowls which are hidden by a calf-skin covering sewed on

of oblong drums (*bowndae*) varying in size and suspended perpendicularly in a wooden frame by leathern strings. The

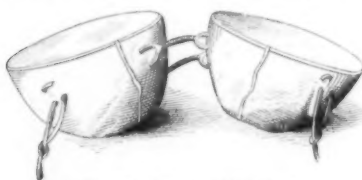


(Fig. 36.) Turkish Kettle-Drums.

over the cords which strain the goat-skin-parchment heads. They are ten inches in diameter, and are intended to rest upon the withers of a horse and to be beaten with sticks.

The Chinese kettle-drum is of wood, rests on three legs, and is covered with pig-skin.

There is a point at which the drum ends and the gong begins, or conversely; the Japanese seem to have discovered it. Figure 38 shows a gong mounted on a barrel shaped body, or it is a drum with a metallic head. It was the most gor-



(Fig. 37.) Tam-Tams from Tunis.

geous of its class at the Exhibition, and is suspended within a handsomely lacquered frame by means of a ring and hook. It is twenty-four inches in diameter, gaudily and grotesquely painted.

The Chinese name for the large drum elevated on a frame so as to be struck overhand by drumsticks is *kin-kou*; the latter portion of the compound word means simply "drum."

We have had occasion previously to notice several instruments in which pieces or parts, each one giving its own distinct and unalterable sound, were associated to form an instrument with a regular succession of tones. These are gongs, and harmonicons of wood, stone, metal, and glass. Drums are similarly arranged in sizes. The Burmese have a collection



(Fig. 38.) Gong Drum. Japanese Exhibit.

frame is circular, five feet in diameter and four feet high. The performer stands in the centre and beats on the drums with a small stick or with the hands. It is used in full band and in processions.

It is not singular, with their great use of drums, that African tribes should have conceived the same idea. The Latookas, a tribe of the Nile, arrange their drums in sizes so as to play a sort of tune.

Whether the Tahitians also use their drums in the same way we are not informed. They have them of various sizes, all cylindrical, and long in proportion to their diameter. They are beaten with the fingers only.

The New Zealanders, of all Polynesia, have no drums as the word is generally understood, that is, no drums of membrane. They have, however, the suspended wooden cylinder before referred to; it is not exactly cylindrical, but has a deep groove, making a sort of trough, which is suspended mouth downward and horizontally by cords of the New Zealand flax (*phormium tenax*). It is beaten with a hard wood mallet by a man who squats

upon a scaffold beneath it, and is sounded at night within the *pah*, or stockaded village, as a sort of watchman's alarm, to inform the villagers that he is awake and to notify prowling enemies that the guard is set. As the drum, so to call it, is made of a log six feet long and two feet thick, and the man is not sparing of his blows, it may be heard for several miles.

The only musical instrument of the Andamaner is a large red wooden board, supposed by Mouat to be a shield till he observed a captive native of the island standing on one foot and using the other as a drumstick upon the wooden gong, accompanying it with a howl. The *gins* (Australian women) beat time with the palms of their hands upon kangaroo skins doubled up into balls.

A much more recondite form of wooden drum, called *tehou*, is made in China. It is shaped like a flaring square box, the open side upward. It is made of a sonorous coniferous wood and stands on feet. The mallet, or tongue, is on a vertical post inside and is swung back and forth by the hand, which is introduced through a hole in the side of the box. It is really an inverted wooden bell, and forms a connecting link between the wooden gongs of the Niam-niams, Fijians, and Maori and the true bell.

In China a hollowed block of wood is struck, by the watchman with a piece of bamboo to give an alarm or announce the hours, by the priests in the temple to mark the intervals of the religious services, and by musicians to beat time.

At the risk of furnishing the advocates of the settlement of America from Asia with another argument, it may be mentioned that the Mexican *teponaztli* was a wooden drum like those of Africa and Polynesia, — with a difference, — and was used in religious observances like the Asiatic gong just mentioned. It differed in this, that, instead of a mere hollowing of the log, a sound board was left on the upper side, and this having two slits longitudinally and one across, two vibratory tongues were left, of unequal length and giving out two distinct tones as they were beaten respectively. The appearance of the slits was a much-elongated

letter H laid flat, **II**. This was a great refinement upon the mere pounding on a log hollowed naturally or artificially; the bottom of the log had a large square opening. These instruments were made of various sizes, small enough to be suspended from the neck, and large and powerful enough to be heard at a distance of three miles. An instrument of this kind has been noticed lately by a traveler in the Tierra Templada of the Cordilleras. That mere wooden gongs should be found in distant places where good timber is abundant is not surprising. Hollow logs are to be found in all woods, and the people must have perceived that a shell of sound wood was sonorous when struck, and that some kinds gave a more ringing and musical tone than others.

While speaking of Mexico it may be said that the ordinary drum of the Aztecs was cylindrical and had a deer-skin head, which was tightened by cords and knots as usual with us. It was beaten with the fingers. Bernal Diaz ascended the Teocalli in company with Cortez and relates that he saw the drums covered with the skins of great serpents. It does not exactly appear whether in the widespread use of snake-skin for this purpose there is merely the peculiarly good quality of the ophidian hide, or whether the "fetich" idea does not predominate. Serpent worship is all but universal in certain stages of civilization, and serpent myths are to be met with, as one may say, at every step.

Oviedo states that the Indians in Cuba had drums with human-skin tympani. Now and then this has occurred, and among tribes who preserve portions of their enemies it should seem to be about as convenient a method as any. The savage seems to appreciate the idea of thumping the skin of his foe after having eaten his flesh, perhaps, and of blowing into a flute made of his femur, and of using the phalange bones of his hands as a rattle, or the extreme joints of his fingers and toes with nails attached as a necklace, as in the Cape of Good Hope exhibit at the Centennial.

The word "drum" does not occur in

the authorized version of the Bible, but the Hebrew *toph* was the name of a small drum or tambourine, probably like the Arab *darabooka*, the *derbekkeh* of modern Syria. Fortunately we are not left in doubt as to the musical instruments of ancient Egypt and Assyria, for the monuments show them clearly, at least those of the drum class. Some of the wind and stringed instruments are not so clearly defined. With the pictures of the drums before us, or in our minds, we have only to turn our eyes to modern Syria, Egypt, India, Ceylon, or Java to find the precise counterparts of the instruments of thirty centuries since. Even the Hebrew name *toph* seems to have survived in the *doff* of the Arabs, a small hand drum of probably similar character.

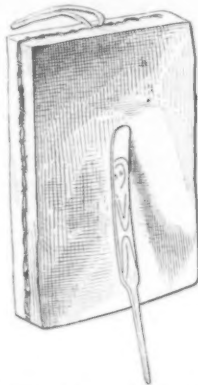
As no classification is absolute, we find it difficult at times to say where a drum ends and a tambourine begins, or perhaps it should be stated conversely, as the tambourine is the simpler and more primitive instrument.

The American Indians are far behind the Asiatics and Africans in their drums and tam-tams. Figure 39 is a drum of the Hoopah Indians of California. It has a square frame over which are stretched two dog or wolf skins divested of their hair and sewed together on the edge of the frame. It is the accompaniment of their dances and of the powwows of their medicine men. The stick does not belong to this actual drum, but is one made by the Kolosh Indians of Alaska.

It is used, however, in a similar manner.

What are popularly called drums in the descriptions of the North American ceremonial and war dances are properly tambourines, having narrow hoops of relatively large diameter and but a single head. The latter are made of such material as may be readily obtained: of antelope skin in temperate climes, of dog-skin farther north. The best sounding instrument with which the author is acquainted is a tambourine of the Unaleet Eskimo of Norton Sound; the head of this is made from the intestine of a white

whale. Like many others of its class it has a handle projecting outward from the hoop. The drum of the Yucea Indians of Sonora is a buffalo-calf skin stretched in a wooden hoop and tightened by cords. It has but one head.



(Fig. 39.) Hoopah Drum. Smithsonian Exhibit.

The rattle drum of China and elsewhere is a toy used in many parts of the Orient and in fact nearer home. It is shown in Figure 40. Being held in the hand it is so rotated that the little balls swing outward and then strike the heads as the direction of motion is changed. A similar one from Soudan in Africa



(Fig. 40.) Rattle Drum. Chinese Exhibit.

was shown in the Egyptian exhibit; it had glass beads at the ends of the cords. The Japanese rattle drum has a duplicate barrel, one upon the other, so that the heads face in four directions. Each has its pendant balls; the sound thereby is doubled, which is just so much gained.

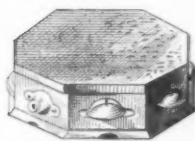
Tambourines were in force at the Centennial, from the African desert, the various countries of the Mediterranean, and from India. The same idea seems to obtain generally. The East Indian, however, has no little jingles; the Turkish has one circle of them, the Tunisian, two.

There are great differences of size, the Turkish and Tunisian being nine inches in diameter, the Hindoo double that size.



(Fig. 41.) Tambourine. Tunis Exhibit.

The Chinese tambourines are of various sizes and forms, the one shown be-



(Fig. 42.) Tambourine.
Chinese Exhibit.

ing an octagon eight inches in diameter, with jingling plates in seven of its sides. The cover is snake-skin. In the Barbary States a square tambourine (*doff* or *deff*) is employed. A parchment of sheep-skin is distended

on a square frame and four gut cords are stretched over the inside and increase the vibration.

From Miriam to Sambo the instrument has held its way among peoples that care mainly for rhythmical beats, for much sound irrespective of quality, for an adjunct to the dance rather than an accompaniment to the song. Some idea of the kind of music Nebuchadnezzar engaged, to give the signal for all to fall down and worship his golden image, may be formed from the Assyrian monuments. It could not have been as loud as the African taste, for the drums were small, and it is to be presumed that the tambourines, trumpets, bells, sistra, and cymbals were not allowed utterly to drown the various stringed instruments, — the harps, lyres, guitars, and dulcimers, — which formed so large a part of the band.

Edward H. Knight.

THE FIRST FAN.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

WHEN rose the cry, "Great Pan is dead!"
And Jove's high palace closed its portal,
The fallen gods, before they fled,
Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.
The answer hardly needs suggestion;
Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —
How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
The Thunderer deigned himself to offer;
The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —
You know he always was a scoffer.

"Vile shillins! 't is a monstrous price;
Say two and six, and further talk shun."
"Take it," cried Jove; "we can't be nice, —
'T would fetch twice that at Leonard's auction."

The ice was broken; up they came,
All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,

Each ready with the price to name
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —
Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy;
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled
Before the Jew a threadbare turban:
"Three shillings." "One. 'T will suit some old
Terrific feminine suburban."

But as for Pallas, — how to tell
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
Its heel confessed the need of darning;
"Gods!" low-bred Vulcan cried, "behold!
There! that 's what comes of too much larning!"

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
Her pupils dreadfully dilated
With too much living underground, —
A residence quite overrated;

"This kerchief 's what you want, I know, —
Don't cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —
You 'll find it handy when you go
To — you know where; it 's pure asbestos."

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,
And Dian with the breast of snow,
Chaser and chased — and caught, it may be:

One took the quiver from her back,
One held the cap he spent the night in,
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,
Strode up and showed his suit of armor;
So none at last was left behind
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone,—
 She always would be rash and flighty,—
 Her winter garments all in pawn,
 Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,
 The darling of the old religion,
 Had only left of all the doves
 That drew her car one fan-tailed pigeon.

How oft upon her finger-tips
 He perched, afraid of Cupid's arrow,
 Or kissed her on the rose-bud lips,
 Like Roman Lesbia's loving sparrow!

"My bird, I want your train," she cried;
 "Come, don't let's have a fuss about it;
 I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
 And you'll be better off without it.

"So vulgar! Have you noticed, pray,
 An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,
 And how her flounces track her way,
 Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk?

"A lover's heart it quickly cools;
 In mine it kindles up enough rage
 To wring their necks. How can such fools
 Ask men to vote for woman suffrage?"

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
 Her bird of every caudal feather;
 A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
 And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan! for beauty's hand,
 The lovely queen of beauty made it;
 The price she named was hard to stand,
 But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?
 Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune, Saturn?
 But o'er the world the Wandering Jew
 Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan,—
 In lonely isles of the Pacific,
 In farthest China and Japan,—
 Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux
 In summer court its cooling breezes,—

In fact in every clime 't is so,
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove
The pattern of the fan was given,
No wonder that it breathes of love
And wafts the perfumed gales of heaven!

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly!
The breath it wakes how fresh and grateful!
Behind its shield how soft the sigh!
The whispered tale of shame how fateful!

Its empire shadows every throne
And every shore that man is tost on;
It rules the lords of every zone,
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston!

But every one that swings to-night,
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
May trace its pedigree aright
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WA-HA-TOY-A; OR, BEFORE THE GRADERS.

LOOKING to the southwest from the high bluffs lying east of the town of Colorado Springs, we see two pale blue pyramids outlined against the sky. They are so distinct and so sharp pointed that if it were Egypt instead of Colorado one would not doubt their being chiseled pyramids of stone; and when told that they are mountains more than a hundred miles away, one has a vague sense of disappointment. They look at once more defined and more evanescent than is the wont of mountains; on a hazy day they are marked only by a slightly deepened color; a little more haze, and they are gone, melting sometimes out of sight

even under your eyes, like a mirage on the horizon. From the delicacy and softness of tint of these peaks, combined with their sharp-cut pyramidal outline, they have an inexpressible beauty as seen from the bluffs of which I speak; they enhance and crown the whole view, so much so that when people come home from the drive on the bluffs, the first question heard is always, "Were the Spanish Peaks in sight?"

Who called them, or why he called them the Spanish Peaks, I cannot learn; perhaps in old Castile there are peaks of the same soft tint and sharp outline; but the Indians named them better, Wa-ha-

toy-a, which being turned into English is the Twin Sisters, or, as some say, the Twin Breasts.

Gradually, as month after month one gazes on these beautiful far-off peaks, they take deep hold on the imagination. They seem to be the citadel gates of some fairer realm, into which we more and more yearn to look; and when the day comes on which we set out for the journey to their base, it is as if we were bound for some one of the El Dorados of our youth.

Starting from Colorado Springs to seek them, one must go by rail forty-five miles southward to Pueblo, and thence fifty miles, still by rail, farther south to Cucharas. It should be on an early June day. Then the mountain tops will be white with snow, the cotton-woods along the creeks and the young grass on the foot-hills will be of a tender green, the dome of sky will be vivid blue, and the radiant air will shimmer, spite of its coolness.

Set down at Cucharas at sunset, one feels tempted to run after the little narrow-gauge train as it puffs away into the wilderness and cry, "Hold! hold! It was a mistake. I will not remain." The whole town itself seems a mistake, an accident: a handful of log-cabins and wooden shanties in two straggling lines, as if a caravan of daguerreotype saloons had been forced to halt for a rest; plains to north, east, south of them, — bare, barren, shelterless plains, with only the cactus and low bunch-grass to show that the sandy soil holds in it an element of life. It must be indeed a resolute soul which could content itself with the outlook at Cucharas.

It was twilight before we succeeded in finding the springless wagon and the un-mated horses which were to take us six miles west to the town of Walsenburg, six miles nearer to the great Twin Sisters. The plains looked vaster with each deepening shadow; the grim, gaunt cactus stalks looked more and more fierce and unfriendly; of a deep purple, almost black, in the southwest, rose *Wa-ha-toy-a*, no longer soft of tint and luring, but a dark and frowning barrier.

"How like old skeletons these cactus plants look!" I exclaimed. "They are uncanny with their fleshless legs and arms and elbows."

"Heard of the Penitentes, I suppose?" replied our driver with seeming irrelevance.

"No," said we, wonderingly. "What are they?"

"Well, these cactuses are what they whip themselves with. I've seen 'em with the blood streaming down their backs."

It was a fearful tale to hear in the twilight, as we jolted along over the road, we and our driver apparently the only living creatures in the region. On our left hand ran the little Cucharas creek, a dusky line of trees marking its course; beyond the creek rose here and there low bluffs and plateaus with Mexican houses upon them, — houses built of mud, small, square, flat-roofed, not more than six or seven feet high. Surely the native Mexican must be first cousin to the mud-sparrow! He has improved on his cousin's style of architecture in only one particular, and to that he has been driven in self-defense. He sometimes joins his houses together in a hollow square, and puts all the windows and doors on the inside. When Indians attack mud-sparrows' nests, I dare say the mud-sparrows will do the same thing and leave off having front doors. On our left the dusky, winding lines of trees and the dark, silent hills crowned with the mud plazas; on our right the great, gray wilderness; in front the queer, nasal old voice almost chanting rather than telling the tale of the Penitentes, — what an hour it was!

It seems that there still exists among the Roman Catholic Mexicans of Southern Colorado an order like the old order of the Flagellants. Every spring, in Easter week, several of the young men belonging to this order inflict on themselves dreadful tortures in public. The congregations to which they belong gather about them, follow them from house to house and spot to spot, and kneel down around them, singing and praying and continually exciting their frenzy to a

higher pitch. Sometimes they have also drums and fifes, adding a melancholy and discordant music to the harrowing spectacle. The priests ostensibly disapprove of these proceedings, and never appear in public with the Penitentes. But the impression among outsiders is very strong that they do secretly countenance and stimulate them, thinking that the excitement tends to strengthen the hold of the church on the people's minds. It is incredible that such superstitions can still be alive and in force in our country. Some of the tortures these poor creatures undergo are almost too terrible to tell. One of the most common is to make in the small of the back an arrow-shaped incision; then fastening into each end of a long scarf the prickly cactus stems, they scourge themselves with them, throwing the scarf ends first over one shoulder, then over the other, each time hitting the bleeding wound. The leaves of the yucca or "soap weed" are pounded into a pulp and made into a sort of sponge, acrid and inflaming; a man carries this along in a pail of water, and every now and then wets the wound with it to increase the pain and the flowing of the blood. Almost naked, lashing themselves in this way, they run wildly over the plains. Their blood drops on the ground at every step. A fanatical ecstasy possesses them; they seem to feel no fatigue; for three days and two nights they have been known to keep it up without rest.

Others bind the thick lobes of the prickly pear under their arms and on the soles of their feet, and then run for miles, swinging their arms and stamping their feet violently on the ground. To one who knows what suffering there is from even one of these tiny little spines imbedded in the flesh, it seems past belief that a man could voluntarily endure such pain.

Others lie on the thresholds of the churches, and every person who enters the church is asked to step with his full weight on their bodies.

Others carry about heavy wooden crosses, so heavy that a man can hardly lift them. Some crawl on their hands and knees, dragging the cross. Crowds

of women accompany them, singing and shouting. When the penitent throws himself on the ground, they lay the cross on his breast and fall on their knees around him and pray; then they rise up, place the cross on his back again, and take up the dreadful journey. Now and then the band will enter a house and eat a little food, which in all good Catholic houses is kept ready for them. After a short rest, the leader gives a signal, and they set out again.

Last spring, in the eighteen hundred and seventy-sixth year of our merciful Lord, four of these young men died from the effects of their tortures. One of them, after running for three days under the cactus scourge, lay all Easter night naked upon the threshold of a church. Easter morning he was found there dead. What a comfort in the thought that the old prayer can never cease to ascend, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The twilight had deepened into night before the tale drew to a close, and it was with a sense of grief and horror, almost as if we had been transported to the very hill of Calvary, that we drove into the little Mexican town of Walsenburg, which lies in the Cucharas meadows only a few miles from the base of Wa-ha-toy-a.

From the tragedy we had been hearing to the cheerful low comedy of Sporleder's Hotel was a grateful change. A mud-walled, rafter-roofed, rambling but very comfortable old place was Sporleder's. From the porch you stepped at once into the "office," and through the office you came and went to your bedroom, and to the dining-room by a mysterious dim-lighted passage-way or through somebody's else still dimmer-lighted and more mysterious bedroom. The office was a bedroom, too; it held three beds, a wooden settle,—which was no doubt a bed also, though by day it held saddles and hunting gear of all sorts,—a desk, and a three-cornered fire-place built out, in the picturesque Mexican fashion, chimney and all into the room. They look as if children might have built them for play, these Mexican fire-places, but they

draw well and are wonderfully picturesque. The mud-walled bedroom was not damp: its one little window looked into a high Jefferson currant bush, and a cross-draught was established by the accident of a tiny opening at the eaves on the left-hand side of the room, just above the edge of the white-cotton ceiling which was nailed on the rafters. Through this little hole moonlight twinkled all night, and daylight twinkled in the morning long before the sun had pierced through the Jefferson currant bush. The beds were clean and not very hard. The food was wholesome. One might easily fare worse in many a pretentious house. The landlord looked as if he had belonged to the childhood of Hans Christian Andersen. He was an old German tailor; he wore an ancient blue dress-coat and a long black-velvet waistcoat, and did the honors of his clean little mud house with an old-fashioned and pathetic courtesy of manner. He had evidently seen much sorrow in the strange vicissitudes of life which had brought him to be an inn-keeper in Colorado.

Walsenburg is an old Mexican town. There are perhaps fifty houses in it, and more than half of these are the true Mexican mud huts, — mud floor, mud wall, mud roof; if there had been any way of baking mud till you could see through it, they would have had mud windows as well. As there was not, they compromised on windows, and have but one to a room, and many rooms without a window at all. These houses are not as uncomfortable as one would suppose, and by no means as ugly. The baked mud is of a good color, and the gaudy Roman Catholic prints and effigies and shrines with which the walls are often adorned stand out well on the rich brown. The mud floors are hard and for the most part clean and smooth. Gay blankets and shawls are thrown down upon them in the better class of houses; chairs are rare. The houses remind one more of bee-hives than of anything else, they do so swarm at their one small entrance; women and girls are there by dozens and scores, all wearing bright shawls thrown over their heads in an indescrib-

ably graceful way. Even toddlers of six and seven have their brilliant shawls thrown over their heads and trailing in the dust behind; I am not sure that they are not born in them. The little boys are not so much clothed; in fact, many of them are not clothed at all. The most irresistible one I saw wore a short white shirt reaching perhaps one third of the way to his knees; over this, for purposes of decoration, he had put a heavy woolen jacket much too big for him; thus arrayed he strutted up and down with as pompous an air as if he were a king in state robes; but the jacket was heavy; he could not endure it long; presently he shook one arm free of its sleeve, then the other, and then in a moment more dropped the garment in a crumpled pile on the ground, and with an exultant fling of his thin brown legs raced away, his shirt blowing back like a scanty wisp tied round his waist. His mother sat on the ground leaning against the wall of her house, nursing her baby and laughing till all her teeth showed like a row of white piano keys on her shining brown skin. I stopped and praised her baby; she spoke no English, but she understood the praise of the baby's eyes. By a gesture she summoned the hero of the shirt, said to him a single word, and in a second more he had sprung into the house, reappeared with a wooden chair, and placed it for me with a shy grace. Then he darted away sidewise, like a dragonfly.

All the women's voices were low and sweet; their eyes were as dark and soft as the eyes of deer, and their unfailing courtesy was touching. An old woman one of the oldest in the town, took me over her house, from room to room, and stood by with a gratified smile while I looked eagerly at everything. The landlord's daughter, who had accompanied me, had mentioned to her that I was a stranger and had never before seen a Mexican town. When I took leave of her I said through my interpreter, "I am greatly obliged to you for showing me your house."

With rapid gestures and shrugs of the shoulders she poured forth sentence after

sentence, all the while looking into my face with smiles and taking my hand in hers.

"What does she say?" I asked.

"She says," replied my guide, "that her poor house is not worth looking at, and she is the one who is obliged that so beautiful a lady should enter it." And this was a poverty-stricken old woman in a single garment of tattered calico, living in a mud hut, without a chair or a bed!

Early the next morning we set out again to drive still farther west. Our errand was to find the engineer corps who were surveying the route across the mountains into the San Juan country. The brave little narrow-gauge railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, which is pushing down toward the city of Mexico as fast as it can, is about to reach one hand over into the San Juan silver mines to fill its pockets as it goes along, and the engineers were somewhere in this region; just where, it was hard to learn.

"Over by Early's," said one.

"At the mouth of Middle Canyon," said another. Nobody knew positively.

At any rate there were the mountains; we could drive towards them on a venture. Wa-ha-toy-a in the south, the Greenhorn and Veta along the west, and beyond, the snowy, glistening tops of the main range; a grand sweep of mountain wall confronted us as we drove up the Cucharas valley. The Cucharas bottoms are chiefly taken up in Mexican farms: some small and carelessly tilled; others large and as well cultivated as the poor Mexican methods admit. The land is rich, and when the railroad opens up a market for its produce, these farms will become very valuable. We passed many Mexicans plowing in their sleepy, shambling fashion. One good-natured fellow showed us his plow, and only laughed at our raillery about its primitive fashion. It looked like the invention of some shipwrecked man, in a forgotten age. It was simply a long pole with a clumsy triangular wooden keel nailed on one end of it; on this was tied—yes, literally tied—a sort of iron tooth or prong. This scratched the earth lightly, perhaps two

or three inches deep, no more. This imbecile instrument was drawn by two oxen, and the man's only way of guiding them was by a rope tied to the near horn of the near ox.

Our road followed the river line closely. The banks were rich and green; thickets of cottonwoods and willows were just bursting into leaf; now and then we climbed up the bank and came out on fine plateaus, with broken table-lands, or "mesas," stretching away to the right and covered with piñon-trees. On these were herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, each tended by a Mexican herder. You would take this herder, as he lies on the ground, for a bundle of cast-off rags somebody had left behind; but as you drive past the rags flutter a little, a brown face appears slowly lifted, and a lazy gleam of curiosity shoots out from two shining black eyes. The rags are a man or a boy.

"Oh, how do they live?" I exclaimed.

"What poverty-stricken creatures!"

"Live!" replied the driver. "Give a Mexican five cents a day and he'll lie by and do nothing, he'll feel so rich. He'll squat on his heels and chew piñon nuts from morning till night. Last year they did have a hard time, though; the grasshoppers cleaned them out. They had nothing left to live on but *chili* [a fiery red pepper]. They had enough of that. Even the grasshoppers won't eat chili."

About ten miles from Walsenburg we came to a handful of frame houses scattered along the creek and conspicuous among the light-green cottonwood trees. Close on the bank shone out a new pine "meeting-house." "And Baptist, at that," said the driver, with a judiciously balanced inflection on the "at that," which might have left us amiable, whatever our predilections as to religions. This was a settlement of Georgians,— "all Baptists,"—and at a great sacrifice they had built this meeting-house. Just beyond the Baptist meeting-house lies the farm of an old Virginian, a man of education and refinement, who for some inexplicable reason buried himself in this wilderness twenty-five years ago, when

it swarmed with Indians. He so feared that white men and civilization would find him out that, whenever it was necessary for him to go to some trading post, he went in and out of his hiding-place by different routes and with his horse's shoes reversed that he might not leave a trail which could be followed. There was one interval of eleven years, he told me, in which he did not see the face of a white woman. He still lives alone; a Mexican man with his wife are his only servants: but his ranch is a favorite rendezvous for travelers, and in a few weeks the whistle of the steam-engine will resound through his lands. So useless is it for a man to seek on this continent to flee civilization.

It grew no easier to find the whereabouts of the engineers. Everybody had seen them; nobody knew where they were. We were twenty miles from Walsenburg; noon was at hand; our guide had no farther device to suggest; Early's had been his last hope; we were at Early's now, and neither in the log-cabin nor in the "store" could any news be had of the engineers. Very reluctantly we were turning to retrace our twenty bootless miles, when with a low chuckle our driver exclaimed, "By jingoes, if that ain't luck! There they be now!"

There they were, to be sure, twelve of them, laughing, shouting, clattering down hill in a gay painted wagon, coming to Early's for their nooning. Keen-eyed, bronze-faced, alert-looking fellows they were; a painter might have delighted to paint them as, a few moments later, they had flung themselves on the ground in a picturesque circle. As bronzed, as blistered, as hungry, as alert as any of them was the young Frenchman who three months before had seen nothing in life severer than the *École Polytechnique*, or less polished than the saloons of Paris and Washington. It is a marvel how such men "take" to wild life in the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps it is only the highly civilized who can appreciate the delights of savagery. Certain it is that there are no men in Colorado who so enjoy living in tents or in shanties, doing their own cooking, raising their own

potatoes, and hunting their meat, as do the sons and nephews of dukes and earls.

Our road back to Walsenburg lay on plateaus which overlooked the river interval up which we had come. The land was less fertile than in the meadows, but the opens were grand and breezy, with exhilarating off-looks to the north and east. We crossed the wagon road which leads into the San Juan mining district, and saw creeping along in a yellow cloud of dust one of the caravans bound on the pilgrimage to that shrine of silver, — eleven white-topped wagons, with ten mules to each wagon; the mules walked so slowly that the line hardly seemed to advance; its motion looked at a distance like the undulating motion of a huge dark snake with white rings around its body. In a few weeks these white-topped wagons will have disappeared from the landscape, and in their stead will be seen the swift-vanishing smoke of steam-engines doing in ten hours the work for which the mules took ten days.

A few miles out of Walsenburg I saw on a bare hill to the right of our road a strange object which looked as if a vessel had been thrown up there ages ago, and had lain bleaching till her timbers had slowly fallen apart. I never saw cast up on any shore a ghastlier, more weather-beaten wreck than this seemed. I gazed at it with increasing perplexity, which our driver observed, and following the direction of my eyes exclaimed, "Oh, there they are! Those are the crosses the Penitentes carry at Easter. They keep 'em stacked up here on this hill, and there would n't a living creature dare so much as to touch one of them nor to go past them without crossing themselves." As we drove nearer, their semblance to a wrecked vessel lessened, but the symbolic significance of the likeness deepened; there were eleven of them, some of them nine or ten feet long: nine were lying on the ground, overlapping each other, with their gray bars stretching upward; the other two were planted firm and erect in the ground. The sight of them gave to the narrative of the Penitentes a reality and an intensity which nothing else could have done. The gaunt

and rigid arms seemed lifted in appeal, and their motionless silence seemed as pregnant with woe as a cry.

The sun was just sinking behind the snowy western peaks when we reached Walsenburg. We had arrived at an important moment in the history of the little town. The graders had just come; the railroad was about to begin. In lazy, sauntering groups the Mexicans were looking on: women with babies in their arms, barelegged, barefooted, their gaudy shawls close draped, — they looked like some odd sort of fowls with brilliant plumage close furled; men leaning in feigned nonchalance against fences here and there; ragged, half-naked boys and girls darting about from point to point, and peering with intensest curiosity at everything; there they all were. I doubt

if there were a Mexican left in the town. The meadow was all astir; wagons, horses, men, stacks of implements, tents, shanties going up like magic, — already the place looked like a little city. Just as we drove up, a man advanced from the crowd, dragging a plowshare. Nobody took any especial note of him. He bent himself sturdily to the handles of the plow, and in a moment more soft ridges of upturned earth and a line of rich dark brown marked a narrow furrow. Swiftly he walked westward, the slender, significant dark-brown furrow lengthening rod by rod as he walked. His shadow lengthened until it became a slenderer line than the furrow in the distance, and was lost at last in the great purple shadow of Waha-toy-a. The railroad was begun; the wilderness had surrendered.

H. H.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.

I.

NIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes

The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes

The buds of the oak unsealed:

Not yet pours out the pine

His airy resinous wine;

But over the southern slope,

In the heat and hurry of hope,

The wands of the peach-tree first

Into rosy beauty burst:

A breath, and the sweet buds ope!

A day, and the orchards bare,

Like maids in haste to be fair,

Lightly themselves adorn

With a scarf the Spring at the door

Has sportively flung before,

Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

II.

What spirit of Persia cometh

And saith to the buds, "Unclose!"

Ere ever the first bee hummeth,

Or woodland wild flower blows?

What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,
And the boy's pure lip unpressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek?
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

III.

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets and coves and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

IV.

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over!
Who thinks, to-day, of toil?
The fields are certain of clover,
The gardens of wine and oil.
What though the sap of the North
Drowsily peereth forth
In the orchards, and still delays?
The peach and the poet know
Under the chill the glow,
And the token of golden days!

V.

What fool, to-day, would rather
In wintry memories dwell?
What miser reach to gather
The fruit these boughs foretell?
No, no!—the heart has room
For present joy alone,
Light shed and sweetness blown,
For odor and color and bloom!
As the earth in the shining sky,
Our lives in their own bliss lie;

Whatever is taught or told,
 However men moan and sigh,
 Love never shall grow cold,
 And Life shall never die!

Bayard Taylor.

SOUTH CAROLINA SOCIETY.

SOUTH CAROLINA was first successfully colonized in 1669, under the government of the lords proprietors. Afterwards colonists came over freely from England, France, and elsewhere. Those from England predominated, and were composed of two widely differing classes: first, Roundheads who wished to leave England — then passing through the corrupt era of the Restoration — and find a place where liberty of conscience was granted; and secondly, Cavaliers, impoverished by the Revolution, whom the king, for want of better means, had rewarded for their fidelity by grants of large tracts of land in the New World. Every religion was tolerated in South Carolina, but the Church of England was established as the state church. The sultry climate impaired the efficiency of white laborers. So, only a year or two after the first settlement, negro slaves were brought from the Barbadoes. They proved useful, and were at once imported so rapidly as soon to exceed the white population almost as two to one. Planting, with African labor, became the favorite occupation. Rice was naturalized and extensively cultivated.

The planters, who were chiefly the Cavalier immigrants, soon constituted a regular landed gentry. They resided on their estates, erected imposing mansions, kept fine dogs and horses, and hunted over their vast demesnes, on which game abounded, especially foxes and deer, in the true style of English noblemen and squires. The law of primogeniture was preserved for over a century. The fashions of England were imported for the

ladies, and the young men were sent over the water to pass through the English universities. Tea, coffee, chocolate, and delicious wines were kept on the tables, and every Sunday the ladies turned out in coaches driven four in hand, with the gentlemen galloping along outside on horseback, to hear their loved Anglican service read in the tasteful rural churches.

Such was the origin of the famous Palmetto aristocracy. Of course the planters were not noble by law (though it is a fact that under Locke's constitution several *bona fide* nobles were created with the title of landgrave), but socially and industrially they were a nobility, and politically they wielded such influence as to make them practical nobles. The rice planters were the aristocracy till after the Revolution. But after the invention of the cotton-gin, in 1793, the culture of cotton received a tremendous impulse, and it was ere long as much the staple of South Carolina as rice. So the aristocracy soon included as many cotton as rice planters.

There was also a landed nobility in colonial Virginia; and with this and that of South Carolina originated the *antebellum* aristocracy of the whole South, excepting, perhaps, Louisiana. But the Palmetto aristocracy undoubtedly set the type, — even the Virginians had to conform. For the old Southern aristocracy was characterized not only by the possession of lands but also of slaves; and "of the original thirteen States," says Bancroft, "South Carolina alone was from its cradle essentially a planting State

with slave labor. In Maryland, in Virginia, the custom of employing indented servants long prevailed; and the class of white laborers was always numerous, for nowhere in the United States is the climate more favorable to the Anglo-Saxon laborer than in Virginia. It was from the first observed that the climate of South Carolina was more congenial to the African than that 'of the more northern colonies;' and at once it became the great object of the emigrant 'to buy negro slaves, without which,' adds Wilson, 'a planter can never do any great matter.'"

Without detailing the development and spread of the system over the whole South, I propose to take it up as it existed in its prime just before the war, and describe its main features, together with those of the rest of Southern society.

The whites of the South, then, were divided into several distinct classes. There were, in general, the aristocracy, the respectable people, the working people, and the poor whites or sand-hillers. The aristocracy was founded on blood and wealth. A historical ancestry was indispensable; but if a "true blue" aristocrat became poor, though he would be turned down lower in his class, he would not be looked on as "degraded" to the class I have styled the respectable people. Culture would also gain a man influence among the aristocracy, but the lack of it would merely cause him to sink on the scale of his own circle, at the very foot of which he would still be immeasurably higher than a member of the respectable element. Pedigree, then, was essential. But the aristocrats were also powerfully distinguished in what I may call an industrial point of view. Some of them, from choice or from impoverishment, became lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers, factors, wholesale merchants, railroad presidents. But the main body were slave-holding planters, — not *farmers*. These planters generally owned thousands of acres of land and hundreds of slaves. The census of 1860 shows that the average area of plantations in South Carolina was sixteen hundred acres. Some gentlemen owned four

thousand slaves, and few members of the aristocracy owned less than two hundred. The planters employed their time in the chase, in dissipation, in study, in visiting, in the duties of hospitality, or, as was usual, became public men. Their estates were managed by overseers, who directed the agricultural operations and managed the slaves through colored deputies called "drivers." The houses of the overseers were placed near the "negro quarters," villages consisting of from ten to fifty or a hundred cabins, of either one or two rooms, and generally grouped around or near one or more spacious barns and stables, with a cotton-gin or two run by mule power, and a great compass screw.

The respectable people were known from the classes below them by their wealth and culture, and often were distinguishable from the aristocrats only by their lack of ancestral distinction; that is, there were many large planters among them. But usually when agriculturalists their plantations were small and their slaves few in number, so that they were called farmers in contempt. The respectable people, however, were mainly the commercial classes of the community, — merchants, clerks, corporation men, etc. Members of the respectable class were sometimes received into the aristocracy, although until several generations had elapsed it would be half on sufferance; sometimes plebeian planters would climb up to such high social eminence in regions where there were no aristocrats that they would become aristocrats by prescription, while influential plebeian families after a few generations of wealth and leisure (especially if they produced any distinguished men) were slowly recognized by the aristocracy. Of course among the respectable people there were various subdivisions, produced by degrees of wealth, education, or distinction, and they were by no means so strongly discriminated from the class below them, the working people, as from the aristocracy. A working man often climbed into the respectable class, — far oftener than a respectable man into the aristocracy, — because descent was not a

qualification, while wealth and culture, which were the qualifications, were of course attainable by energy. But still there was a general distinction. The respectable people, relieved from manual drudgery by their slaves, and imitating the airs of the aristocrats, looked with more than usual contempt on working people. This working class included men who (as a rule) owned no slaves, and had to labor for a livelihood with their hands, — carpenters, mechanics, farmers who did their own work, etc.

The poor whites lived on the sand hills in pine forests, as a general thing, though many of them also dwelt in the flat-woods. They were squalid, lazy, and extremely ignorant, almost as much despised as the blacks. They formed the pauper population of the South.

The residences of the planters were easily discerned by their size, — rarely having less than ten apartments, — their spacious verandas, and the lawn or park in front with its long lines and stately avenues of venerable oaks. They were generally constructed of wood, and in their rear was a kitchen, a group of negro huts, and at some distance a barn and ample stables. I will refer later to some urban features in the lives of the rice planters.

"The Southerner of pure race," says M. Michael Chevalier, "is frank, hearty, open, cordial in his manners, noble in his sentiments, elevated in his notions; he is a worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded from infancy by his slaves, who relieve him from all personal exertion, he is rather indisposed to activity, and is even indolent. He is generous and profuse. . . . To him the practice of hospitality is at once a duty, a pleasure, and a happiness. Like the Eastern patriarchs or Homer's heroes, he spits an ox to regale the guest whom Providence sends him and an old friend recommends to his attention; and to moisten this solid repast, he offers madeira — of which he is as proud as of his horses — that has been twice to the East Indies and has been ripening full twenty years. He loves the institutions of his country, yet he shows with pride his

family plate, the arms on which, half effaced by time, attest his descent from the first colonists and prove that his ancestors were of a good family in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and a tour in Europe has polished his manners and refined his imagination, there is no place in the world in which he would not appear to advantage, no destiny too high for him to reach; he is one of those whom a man is glad to have as a companion and desires as a friend. Ardent and warm-hearted, he is of the block from which great orators are made. He is better able to command men than to conquer nature and subdue the soil. When he has a certain degree of the spirit of method, and, I will not say will (for he has enough of that), but of that active perseverance so common at the North, he has all the qualities needful to form a great statesman."

The question now comes up, Has the influence of the aristocracy been impaired by the war? It undoubtedly has. Their undisputed dominance before the war was owing to three causes: (1) their immense possessions; they owned at least one half if not more of the two great articles of Southern property, slaves, and land; (2) their lineage; and (3) their superior culture, social and intellectual.

Now the first cause was enough of itself to insure their ascendancy. They owned most of the property and paid most of the taxes; and as the property-holding class in the South were the voters (most Southern States used to restrict the suffrage to citizens owning a freehold of not less than fifty acres, and require members of the legislature to possess a freehold of five hundred acres and own ten negroes) there was never a necessity of asking the body of the people what to do. But the slave property of the aristocracy has utterly gone; and three fourths of their real estate have passed into the hands of plebeians or negroes, while the rest is depreciated in value. In fact, their distinction as slave-holders and as a landed gentry has ceased. They have been forced to work with brains and hands, and are industri-

ally reduced to the level of the other whites, of whom, apparently, they now form a part. So it would be impossible to say that they have not lost power.

Yet at this day, as of old, Southern aristocrats are our public men and statesmen, and the fire-eating policy has again prevailed all over the South.

The explanation is simple. While the industrial power of the aristocracy has been taken away, their ancestral distinction and their intelligence and social superiority to the mass of the whites have remained intact. They compose the highest circle of Southern society, which is looked up to and copied by all below, with how much awe words cannot tell. Then Southerners have a national character, well defined, of their own; and whatever individual possesses in their strongest form the traits constituting that character is sure to attract popular admiration and acquire influence. Now the aristocracy were largely instrumental in molding this national character of the South, and its members exhibit Southern traits in their intensest form. So they are revered by the people, and are the popular heroes and leaders. The names of aristocrats still appear as the honorary members or trustees of every association, as the managers of public balls and entertainments. If a lyceum, a college literary society, or a political club wish an address delivered, they select an aristocrat — often venerable and known to history — as orator, and their hall is crowded with eager listeners. If a new joint-stock company is started, its success is assured if some members of the aristocracy can be induced to accept nominal positions as directors. The insurance companies invariably select ex-Confederate generals for their state agents, and their lower agents, as well as those of the sewing-machine companies, are members of the aristocracy. Gentlemen of the old school abound among us, can be told from all others by their indescribable air of cultivation and distinction, and are worshiped by the people. The aristocracy regard themselves, and are acknowledged, as select and as deserving special consideration.

As far as poverty will permit them, they keep up their old customs and traditions. Whenever an aristocrat is compelled to mingle with the respectable and working classes, they treat him with a respect which is positively amazing; there is a tacit understanding on both sides that he is among them but not of them, which, such is human nature, actually causes them to "boot-lick" or dance attendance all the harder. It is impossible to describe the fearful excitement produced when an aristocrat is hurt or killed in one of our numerous political fracas. One of the chief reasons why the whites turned over to the straight-out policy during the last campaign was in consequence of the passionate appeals made them after the Hamburg massacre not to desert their old general, Butler, whether he had done right or wrong, and leave him to fight his battles alone with Governor Chamberlain, whose kitchen organ in Columbia was crying out for Butler's arrest.

As a consequence, the old divisions of Southern society yet exist. The aristocracy is discriminated from the respectable people, the respectable people from the working class, though less strongly than of yore, and all from the sandhillers.

Then again the commercial men of the South, the respectable people, perhaps have never had anything to do with politics. In old times they looked on politics with positive aversion as being something utterly unfitted for practical men, and so never mixed in political strife; for, as I explained in my paper on *Morals*, the old-time Southern politician had to be a "gentleman of honor" and a fiery orator. Now this is still the conception of a statesman in the South; that is, the popular ideal of a statesman is a man who is a polished gentleman, chivalric in his bearing, able to deliver eloquent addresses brimming with sharp denunciation and vehement exhortation, and who is ready to back up his words with the pistol. Our practical men, at least those old enough to lead, still dislike having anything to do with politics. They stay away from political conven-

tions or take back seats. They decline nominations to office, while the aristocrats, still all fire and all born orators, are the very ones on whom the people look as the embodiment of statesmen; and not only do they come forward as candidates for positions as if nobody had a right to oppose, — as a matter of course, — but the people look on their doing so as eminently proper, and are aghast, scarcely less aghast than the aristocrats, if some presumptuous plebeian ventures to set himself up against them. In short, their political ascendancy is yet looked on, and will long be looked on by the Southern whites as an unquestionable portion of the eternal fitness of things.

Then there remains their intellectual power. Fully one half — perhaps three fourths — of the educated men of the South (especially of the college-bred men) used to be aristocrats. Now when the aristocrats were forced to work after the war, to avoid starvation, they of course, as far as possible, selected brain work in preference to manual labor. They became lawyers, doctors, ministers, and teachers. Consequently over three fourths of the members of the learned professions in the South are aristocrats. Especially is the bar stocked with them, and lawyers generally have their way in politics. The colleges, too, ever since the war have been eager to get aristocrats into their professorships. General Lee was made president of a famous college in Virginia. The Hon. Robert W. Barnwell, ex-United States senator from this State and the friend of Jefferson Davis, was made the head of the old South Carolina College when revived before reconstruction. I could mention dozens of other instances. But as I have said, the aristocrats turned teachers, too, — teachers of the schools. Hundreds of impoverished ladies of the aristocracy also became teachers in boarding-schools and grammar-schools for girls. I hardly exaggerate when I say that the training of Southern youth is now confided to the old aristocracy. They impress their manners and opinions on their pupils, and the consequence is that the rising

generation of Southerners surpass their fathers in Southern bigotry and anti-Northism. I was actually about to omit mentioning that the press, with all its immense power, is also in the hands of the aristocracy; for of course the sanctum was as favorite a resort of impoverished aristocrats as school teaching, etc. I will merely instance the facts that the leading democratic daily of Charleston (the organ of Hampton, Butler, and the democratic central committee) is edited by Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett; and that the only democratic daily of Columbia is edited by Mr. C. P. Pelham, ex-professor in the college over which Preston and Barnwell have presided.

The aristocracy, then, are yet the public men of the South. But whereas they used to drive the people before them with the lash and pistol, as it were, they are now merely guides, trusted and followed, indeed, and likely to be so for a considerable time, but whom the people can refuse to follow if they choose. Until the recent campaign, for instance, the people of this State insisted on the selection of very straight paths.

The great body of the aristocracy, as I have observed, were ruined by the war, — some steeped in poverty to the very lips at once. Not a few sank under the blow into insanity. Others were seized with apathy and despair. They lived on, as best they were able, selling their lands and personal property as necessity pressed them. Others went manfully to work. Plenty of high-bred and haughty women, widowed by the recent strife, hesitated not to enter the field and superintend their laborers. Most gentlemen discharged their overseers and managed their own estates. Young scions of the aristocracy hired out to their more fortunate neighbors as overseers, or scrupled not to become clerks, teachers, or depot, express, insurance, and sewing-machine agents. The ladies advertised for boarders, became teachers or governesses, or took in sewing. Those families who were not immediately prostrated contrived, as I have said, to drag on for a while. They persisted in retaining their carriages, drivers, and outriders, in giving

stately family dinner-parties, in handing wine to visitors, in making formal visits. Gradually they descended. They became their own drivers, they opened their own gates. Their vehicles grew old and dingy. Their horses, at first kept solely for riding or driving, were worn out at the plow or sold; mules replaced them in the carriage. Their dinners were given at intervals few and far between. Their main solicitude became to avoid starvation. Many were compelled to do their own cooking. Most of them waited on themselves. The merchants, after crediting them until ruinous amounts were lost, demanded cash. Many were sold out for private debts. Their efforts to keep up appearances have been often truly pitiable.

Since the war the people of South Carolina have had many old home associations broken up. Hundreds of houses were burned during the war; almost as many have since been fired by incendiaries. Bankruptcy was the universal order after the cessation of hostilities. Many have been sold out for taxes. Three fourths of the whites have had to change either their homes or their locality. This has caused much mental suffering. The negroes also have been incessantly moving. The great majority left their old owners. They are very troublesome servants to keep, so that they rarely remain anchored long in any one vicinage. Indeed, this leads me to say that one of the chief grievances of white ladies since the war has been the way in which house servants who leave them and hire to others gossip about them or slander them to their new employers. In old times, as every family had certain favorite old house servants who were never sold and always stayed with their owners, this annoying gossip was an unknown thing.

The negroes generally took the family names of their owners on being set free; though a third or more of them, whose owners had been cruel, adopted the name of some former white master noted for kindness, or picked up names anywhere. They often bear distinguished names, and in police items one reads of Arthur Middleton being put in the guard-house

for drunkenness, or Drayton Bull, Grimké Legaré, or Preston Laurens committed for petit larceny.

The carpet-baggers have been severely ostracized, socially, by the whites. The scalawags also, as the native white republicans are styled, have incurred the same treatment. The whites have insulted them and had nothing whatever to do with them, unless in the way of business or when there was an axe to grind. The same remarks will apply to the treatment of Northerners up to a year or so ago. But since then these last have met with far more attention, owing to political reasons, though the most superficial observer can detect that cordiality is by no means reëstablished. By Northerners I mean those who are not carpet-baggers; visitors, immigrants, or travelers.

The negroes generally still address the whites as Massa, Master, Boss, and Miss or Missis (for Mrs.), although, of course, all who are in politics or have money, together with not a few of the more insolent of the common mass, have dropped these titles for Mr. and Mrs. The main body of the colored people are inclined to be very respectful to the whites they know or are hired to. Occasionally a pert maid or man servant will address their employers as Mr. and Mrs. instead of Master and Miss, but the whites are very jealous of such innovations; I have known several nurses discharged because they refused to prefix Master to the names of the children. The whites call the negroes by their Christian names, except the elderly ones, who are called uncle or daddy, aunty or mauma. The negroes have commenced pretty generally to Mr., Mrs., and Miss each other. They are excessively fond of titles. Brother and Sister are also very ordinary appellations among them, and were made fashionable, I believe, by the Union League. It is esteemed disreputable among the whites to Mr. a negro, though of course it is frequently done when a white man has a bill to lobby through the legislature or other favor to request. The same remark will apply to touching the hat. As there are very few negroes (and these chiefly office holders) who are

entitled to such rights by possessing such means and power as to raise them to the class of gentlemen, the difficulty rarely arises. The whites have many contrivances to avoid the use of such salutations. They will call a negro "Senator Smith," or "Sheriff Smith," or "Colonel Smith" to escape addressing him as "Mr. Smith." The papers have habitually avoided mistering negroes, but do it occasionally for obvious political effect.

Whites will ride on the same seats in cars with blacks if the latter are traveling in the capacity of servants, nurses, etc. But they would die before doing the same if the latter were traveling as equals. The negroes, however, are permitted to, and frequently do ride in first-class railway and in street railway cars. This liberty at first encountered much opposition from the railroad conductors and white passengers, and led to several fights, expulsions, and lawsuits. But it is now so common as hardly to provoke remark, although if a negro enters a car in which all the other travelers are white the latter, if they do nothing else, yet plainly evince aversion, and, if practicable, a wide space is left around such intruders. It is not often, though, that any of the blacks besides the politicians enter first-class conveyances on account of poverty; second-class tickets are purchased.

It is not thought wrong for a white baby to be suckled by its colored nurse. White children are always brought up with negro children as playmates. When the whites finish a meal, the colored servants remove the things to the kitchen and there eat from the same crockery the whites have just used. Yet, though all these familiarities—the most intimate imaginable—are not considered out of the way, the formal recognition of social equality is a thing as impossible as the production of the machine of perpetual motion; it is utterly, unutterably abhorrent to the Southern mind.

I do not believe that there are in the State a half dozen married couples with the wife white and the husband black or colored; but there are three or four in-

stances in every county of colored women or negroes married to white men. So strong is the sentiment among the whites against such unions that few are, like Geoffrey Hunter, bold enough to wed with a Toinette. It condemns them to bitter hatred and irrevocable social ostracism among their own race. They generally have no resource but to associate with the colored people and become negroes in all but color.

The negroes are freely admitted to the theatres in Columbia, and to other exhibitions, lectures, etc.; but a wide berth is given them by the white audience if the hall be not crowded. In Charleston and the country towns they have not thus far attended or secured entrance to such places. But to shows under canvas, such as circuses, magic-lantern exhibitions, and so on, they are invariably allowed admission. In Columbia they are also served at the bars, soda-water fountains, and ice-cream soloons, but not generally elsewhere. From the hotels they are invariably excluded. In Columbia, Charleston, and the larger towns, they have their own boarding-houses; especially in the first place, where there are many officials, legislators, etc.

A white church in an up-country town wished to dispose of its lecture room in which the Sunday-school had been held. The county educational officials (some of whom were colored) bought it for a state school-house. It remained unused, however, for several months. About six weeks after its sale the white ladies in town proposed to give a concert. The lecture room was the only suitable hall in the village. Accordingly, the gentleman who was acting as their agent proposed to hire it for the occasion, after making a long explanation to them about its not having been used as yet by the radicals. But on hearing of this, one of the most prominent of the ladies instantly declined to have anything further to do with an entertainment which was to be given in a building owned by negroes. The concert was abandoned.

A widow in Marlborough, in destitute circumstances, desiring to send her son to Harvard, wrote to the president, and

through his kindness obtained favorable terms for tuition, etc. She was very grateful and in high spirits. At the last moment, however, a misgiving struck her. She dispatched another epistle, telling the president that she was *so* much obliged to him, and so forth, but that she had heard that negroes were in Harvard as students; and concluded by inquiring if it were true. The president sent a cold but courteous reply in the affirmative. The young man has never entered Harvard.

A very light mulatto, through a misapprehension, secured a night's lodging at a hotel in Chesterfield. The white guests forthwith departed. But on proper explanations being made by the proprietor, his patronage slowly revived.

The negroes (and by this term I mean both blacks and mulattoes) have among themselves social rank and aristocracy outrageously severe and strictly discriminated. This was the case even before the war, as Mrs. Stowe has noticed in her famous novel. These distinctions are local, so that no generalization could be made of the various classes. But the gradations are founded principally on official station, position in the church, possession of money or real estate, former ownership, and city birth. Those who have been trained up "genteelly" in white families of the highest respectability, as waiting men, maids, drivers, and so on, of course pride themselves not a little on their polished deportment; and those who are able to work on their own account (for instance, to rent land and to farm, to keep a smithy or to be carpenters) hold themselves considerably above such as have to hire out as laborers.

The whites are, like all other Americans, fond of military titles. The negroes, with their customary propensity to imitation, have become eager to procure commissions in the national guard, and to call each other captain and colonel and major.

In his family the colored man is tyrannical to the last degree. His wife generally cooks for him, and both, together with the children, hire out during the

day. In order to prepare dinner no work is done from twelve o'clock to two. The negroes of the wealthier sort naturally imitate all the social customs of the whites, paying homage to the ladies, preventing the females from working, sending the children to school, living in fine houses, employing servants, supporting a good table, and keeping carriages and horses. The lower classes of negroes also copy, as far as they can, the habits of the whites. All are desirous of sending their children to the public schools, and contrive at intervals to do so, but the lack of means prevents a regular attendance,—the children must work. The whites have a violent prejudice, nay, hatred, against these laudable efforts at civilization, and take every opportunity to insult such negroes as make them. "Your wife and children had better be at work in the field," is a remark frequently heard. Of course, however, there is excuse for this feeling of the whites. The airs which the negroes assume often interfere with their efficiency as laborers, and give them a demeanor insolent and presumptuous; and to such novelties the whites are not yet accustomed.

The negro rarely possesses any home attachments. He is continually on the wing, as I have before remarked; and as he can with facility ingratiate himself among strangers of his own color, he would not be disconcerted were he as quickly transported from one State to another as Aladdin's wife or as Nouredin in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The Southern gentleman yet displays much of his old chivalry of sentiment and behavior. Women are worshiped in the South by lovers and sons and gentleman-acquaintances, and they will prove in the end the chief obstacles to reconciliation with the North, as they are very conservative. Every young man is afraid, if he associates with a Yankee or a republican, that his sweetheart will cut him, or his mother and sisters look grieved. The Southern lady, as a Northern authoress has recently observed, is usually far more helpless and fragile than her Northern sister. She is never al-

lowed to do a thing if a gentleman is with her. Socially and politically, the state of women in the South is much less advanced than in the North. Nor is there much prospect of an amelioration. The idea of females voting or speaking in public is extremely distasteful to Southern whites, and even more so to the women than to the men. Southerners traveling in the North, and seeing ladies participate in public meetings, come back disgusted. A female lecturer from the North spoke in Charleston winter before last, but only a few rowdies went to hear her. The negro females are very roughly handled by the males, and colored children are treated by both their fathers and mothers in a way that would make Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer shudder.

The negroes used to be kept, as I have said, in cabins clustered together near the residence of their owner or his overseer. Since their liberation they have shown quite a tendency to desert these relics of their former subjection. Many of the "negro quarters," indeed, on isolated and very rural plantations are yet inhabited, but a large number all over the country are tenantless and going to ruin. Still more have been pulled down. A negro will buy a small lot of ground and erect on it a hut, the materials of which he has acquired by purchasing a cabin in a desolate "quarter" and pulling it down. They generally contrive to buy all their lots in one vicinity, and that just outside the borders of a town or village; so that every Southern town — at least this is the case in South Carolina — is divided into two sections: the main town, populated principally by whites, and containing the finest structures; and the "free town" (which the whites often dub "Liberia"), consisting chiefly of wretched log-cabins with wooden shutters, mud chimneys, and but one room. Of course most white families of affluence have in their yards inferior houses for the colored servants. Many maids even sleep in their employers' houses, although in such cases they are never assigned to a separate apartment (an attic, etc.) with beds, but pass the

night on a pallet spread on the floor of their young mistress's chamber.

The food of the negroes is coarse and barbarously prepared, where they live apart from the whites. Their dwellings, as I have observed, have usually but one room, in which they sleep, cook, eat, sit, and receive company. Their culinary utensils, in most cases, consist simply of a large iron pot, an oven, and a few tin pans, all of which, most likely, have been previously well worn and thrown aside in the kitchens of the whites. Sometimes they own a spider, and generally a coffee pot and mill, which, as before, have been broken to use in the "buckra's house." They eat either directly out of the cooking instruments, or employ tin pans and cups, and (when they can afford it) thick-grained crockery painted with red flowers. They use their fingers or pocket-knives, steel forks, pewter spoons, and a worn-out table-knife or two. Their food rarely includes more than hominy, corn-bread, rank fat bacon sides, coffee, and cheap molasses for breakfast. The coffee is without milk and sweetened by molasses. At dinner they have corn-bread, rice, — if thrifty, — pork "sides," and vegetables slimy with grease. At supper the same articles appear as at breakfast, minus the meat. On Sundays a plate of wheat bread, either biscuits or hoe-cake, is prepared for breakfast as a luxury, and what is left is warmed over for dinner and supper; and the coffee is rendered more palatable by a modicum of exceedingly coarse brown sugar. The gardens of the negroes contain only a few species of plants: sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes more rarely, peas, beans, water-melons, and collards, the last altogether preponderating. A family that can afford it keeps a pig impounded during the year, fattening it to kill at Christmas. But the negroes have yielded another proof of Macaulay's assertion that in every human being there is a tendency to ameliorate his condition. They are ambitious to increase the comforts of life, as well as to give leisure to their females and education to their children. Many of them have invested their earnings in a cow,

and most of them rear fowls. But side by side with this tendency may often be descried the fatal disposition that has been the curse of Ireland: the desire, if I may so put it, to burrow in a hole. They will buy an acre or two, build a cottage, move in, and live in sloth and filthiness on what they can raise on their half-cultivated lot.

All the above remarks will apply with but few variations to the condition of the sand-hill whites, most of whom are inveterate beggars.

Since the war many ladies, both among the aristocrats and the respectable class, have been obliged to do their own cooking. In fact, one is esteemed fortunate to be able to employ a cook. The kitchens used to be detached from the dwelling-houses, and after being cooked the meals were brought across the yard to the dining-room. But this plan has fallen into desuetude, the ladies, not liking to bring dishes across the yard, cooking in some apartment of the dwelling-house. Stoves have come into universal use, something which was not the case when there were plenty of negroes to bend over the fire. Most ladies, too, have to be their own house-maids, sweeping out, dusting, and making the beds. The boys cut the wood, and the girls assist their mother. With such families, as a consequence, hospitality has been below par. When company arrives, the lady of the house is taken entirely aback. She is usually altogether prevented from sitting in the parlor, as she has either to cook or to set the table. Even if servants are employed she has to oversee them, as negroes never do anything without being told. The fare is nearly always homely and (owing to the unskillfulness of the amateur lady cook or the ignorance and coarseness of the negro cook) badly prepared. The crockery is not only cracked and old, but is odd. I used to ask—until I learned better—the lady of the house, when dining out, to pass me her plate (as of course families very generally wait on themselves) so that I could help her to some dish before me. “Oh, no,” she would answer; “I won’t trouble you; just hand me the dish, and I will

help myself.” Chance sometimes revealed the motive of her obstinacy. All the plates had been given to the guests and to the family (some of the latter, perhaps, taking soup-plates), while, concealed behind the tea-service, she was eating from a saucer. When one course (if, as is exceedingly infrequent, there is more than one) is finished, some member of the family, one of the boys, usually, will arise, clear the table, and put on the dessert.

Not only stoves but sewing-machines and other household utensils are much more common than before the war. The whites, having to do their own work, are clamorous for conveniences in which they would not indulge their slaves. It is proper to remark, however, that the negroes are usually rather too uncivilized to be trusted with labor-saving machines requiring any delicacy of management. Negro seamstresses always (except a few who were reared and trained in cultivated families) perform coarse sewing, and the washer-women, I might as well remark, badly damage the clothes they work on, iron-rusting them, tearing them, breaking off buttons, and burning them brown; and as for starch!—Colored cooks, too, generally abuse stoves, suffering them to get clogged with soot, and to “burn out” in half the time they ought to last.

It was for a time a rarity to see a new buggy or carriage, or a decent horse, in the State. The horses were spoiled for driving or riding by plow service, and the only vehicles were those preserved throughout the war. The carriages of the best-off citizens were lumbering, shabby, old, *ante-bellum* coaches, drawn by either two mules or a mule (with a shaved tail) and a regular Rozinante. The harness would be patched, the whip worn down one half and turned into a handle for a leather lash. To a large extent this is yet the case, though at present many are able to keep a decent buggy; but new carriages are scarcely ever seen. In Columbia, however, the republican officials, white and colored, sport magnificent twenty-five-hundred-dollar turn-outs, with livery and blooded

stock. In fact, at one time, it was thought a sure sign of dishonesty, by the whites of that city, for a man to dash about in a fine carriage or landaulet.

The homes of the negroes are dens of filth, giving off an intolerable stench. They were formerly compelled to devote some attention to cleanliness by their masters, but neglect it, now they are free. Their beds are clotted with dirt. Their domestic habits and relations are extremely barbarous, unsettled, and immoral. In consequence of their bad food and unhygienic conduct they are usually diseased to a lamentable degree. "How do you do, this morning?" To such an inquiry a colored person will never reply, "First rate." The invariable response is, "Well, I'm rather poorly," "I'm not so well, this morning," "I'm sorter middling, sir," or "I'm jes' betwixt and between." The whites ridicule this as affectation, but really half of it is *not* put on. The rate of mortality among the negroes, both in cities and in the country, greatly exceeds that of the whites. Yet their constitutions must be wonderfully hardy to stand the strain they bear so well.

Dressing among the whites has been very plain. Threadbare garments, with holes at the elbows and shreds on the edges of the sleeves, have been quite common. Broadcloth has been so scarce as to excite a stare, and that, too, even in towns. Ladies thought themselves fortunate to get beyond calicoes. But for a year or so past a new era has been dawning. Broadcloth is often seen; ladies wear more costly outfits. The fashions of the North are, of course, imitated by the wealthy. Godey, Harper's Bazar, Demorest, Peterson, and Frank Leslie are very ordinarily subscribed to. The dress of the negroes is simply disgusting; their clothes are stiff with mingled grease and dirt. It is unpleasant to have one of them approach within ten feet of you. They keep a tin basin at home in which they sometimes wash. But it is more customary to see them performing their ablutions in the horse trough, wiping their faces on their sleeves. During the summer they bathe in creeks,

putting on their clothes while still wet. Their babies are kept in a horribly filthy condition.

The negro children in isolated places hardly ever wear more than a shirt, and it is not so startling a thing to see them playing about naked. Half the clothing of the negroes is begged from the whites, who give them cast-off garments nearly worn out. It is often impossible to discern the original piece of a coat or pair of pants, or its intended color, owing to the number of party-colored patches. They sometimes make suits out of gunny-bags. Their shoes are brogans or worn-out boots begged from the whites. The women wear turbans or go bare-headed. The negro men, as a general thing, did not wear hats before their emancipation. But they have since displayed quite a zeal to procure head wear, though not a few yet go uncovered. Negroes never bring their hats into white people's houses; they drop them on the steps or on the piazza or just inside the entry door, on the floor. They don't know (unless house servants) how to knock at doors. They will wait at the front gate an hour, till some one comes out to them, or rattle the gate or beat on it—or perhaps on the front steps—with their sticks (they all carry sticks), but will never come up the steps and knock.

Yet, so contradictory is human nature, notwithstanding what has been said, the negro is essentially a dandy, loving fine dress and decorations above all things. The females, particularly, are excessively fond of colors, and delight to parade on Sundays in the cast-away habiliments of their mistresses. The legislators and others in their higher society are first-class swells. Among women of pure African extraction a white man can never discover one really beautiful, although the males are sometimes undoubtedly handsome. But among the mulattoes, and especially those the most of whose blood is white, there are occasionally to be observed females who can lay claim to unmistakable beauty, and whose color adds all the more to their loveliness from recalling associations of the East.

Tobacco is used by nearly every man

and boy in the South. Among the whites for a long time succeeding the war, pipes, being less expensive than cigars, were extensively in request. Cigars, though usually cheap ones, are now, however, in every-day use. The office-holding blacks are, of course, extensive consumers of such merchandise; indeed, they are about the only purchasers among us of the finest brands. The common negroes always beg the stumps of white men's cigars, and all their women smoke! The females among the sand-hillers also make use of the weed.

Every man, white or black, rich or poor, aristocrat or plebeian, keeps a gun or pistol. The whites are nearly always first-class marksmen. There is so much forest land in the State that a mile's walk from a city will conduct you to game, and of course those who live far from gay cities and the ways of men have much ampler facilities for hunting. Deer, though they are undoubtedly much thinned, are found in the river swamps; foxes are often encountered, and wild turkeys, birds, squirrels, raccoons, opossums, and rabbits abound. Sporting is, therefore, universally popular. The negroes, when first permitted the handling of fire-arms, were as inferior to the whites in sharp-shooting as the Mohican chief in Cooper's novel was to the Deerslayer. Practice, however, has improved them; and the only limit to that with them is the expense. Every Southerner is also ambitious to own blooded stock, horses, dogs, hounds, and game fowls; want of means, though, has seriously interfered with the gratification of such tastes. Horse-racing and, to a less degree, cock-fighting are popular to excess. The negroes in their humble way imitate; they all own dogs, and frequently plume themselves on their fine roosters. The white is invariably a good, usually a graceful rider, and is fond of the exercise. The negro loves nothing better than to be allowed to mount on horseback, and is always a good rider, rarely a graceful one. White ladies used to be famous for their equestrian accomplishments, but, owing to the inferiority of all the horses in the country, they now seldom ride.

Circuses appear in this State only during the fall and winter. The fondness for them is, of course, universal, but is most ardent among the negroes and poor whites. They took in so much money from the former, year before last, that the legislature passed a law requiring all circuses to pay a license fee of one hundred dollars for every day they exhibit. Photographers perambulate the country occasionally, and meet with extensive patronage, especially from the negroes. Magic-lantern shows under canvas, minstrel companies and jugglers also reap a rich harvest among the sand-hillers and colored people. At circuses there are always placed two series of seats on opposite sides of the tent: the whites occupy one of these, the negroes the other. The clown and other performers invariably, unless their duties take them round, stay on the side nearest the whites, facing pointedly towards them, and never vouchsafing the colored folks a glance; and at these latter the clown never fails to throw jest after jest. The minstrels, too, always have jokes to make on the negroes and the republican party.

There are no first-class theatres in the State, and only three or four of an inferior description in Columbia and Charleston. Nevertheless, at the latter place the audiences at classic performances are highly intelligent and critical. Indeed, I doubt if an actor has a harder ordeal to undergo anywhere else in the United States except at Boston. Charlestonians rarely manifest their enthusiasm, and even when the playing is keenly relished the artists see but little to indicate that such is the case.

Negroes predominate in the crowds at cheap shows, circuses, the courts of justice, hangings, and so on. In all such gatherings each race contrives, by a process of elective affinity, to congregate by itself. Executions are yet public, and are never attended, even in the remotest county seat, by less than six or seven thousand people. They are intensely demoralizing. When a negro, for instance, is to be hanged he usually has religious services in his cell daily for a week prior to the appointed time. These

are opened to the public, and are thronged by those of his own race. On the scaffold prayers are made, which extract groans of assent from the concourse, frenzied by the speech of the usually repentant and confessing criminal. Hymns are then sung to wild airs, the colored spectators joining. A dead silence then ensues; this is broken by the falling of the drop, and as the doomed man is launched into eternity a piercing and universal shriek arises, the wildest religious mania seizes on the crowd, they surge to and fro, sing, and raise the holy dance. The scene is often shocking above description.

A strong taste for traveling is growing up among the whites. Before the war this was by no means so prevalent, or, at least, so noticeable. There are several watering-places and mineral springs in the State, which are every year numerously visited. The custom of journeying North is being resumed as rapidly as poverty will permit. I believe this taste was created by the late civil contest, which, by taking thousands of men to a distance from their homes, gave them a love for adventure and for seeing strange places. The example of the aristocrats before the war was not such as to encourage this disposition in the lower orders of society. They were, as a rule, self-content, and averse to going abroad — unless for a formal trip to finish off their education — where they would have to mix with strangers. It was, perhaps, a natural result of slavery. The younger members of the working class proper among the whites, together with the sand-hillers, form a vast majority who have never been above ten miles from home nor seen a locomotive.

Social life in Charleston is very peculiar so far as relates to the highest circles of society. The private residences are usually large and, though old-fashioned, convenient. They have numerous latticed balconies and are environed with ample yards, provokingly walled, in which the orange and other delicious fruits are propagated, or which are filled with rare and choice flowers. The houses, thus situated, have a delightful

and indescribable air of retirement and comfort. They are owned mainly by wealthy planters on the neighboring seacoast and islands. Each of these, also, has usually a large-sized residence on his plantation, and there and in Charleston he and his family reside during alternate portions of the year. There the rice planters keep up their old customs as far as possible and form a nucleus about which Southern aristocracy may yet be restored.

Every year the Masons, Grangers, and other organizations hold sessions of their grand bodies in Charleston or Columbia; at the latter place there is also an annual state fair. On these occasions, as well as other celebrations, the railroads reduce their fares one half, and thousands of visitors throng the cities. Gayeties of this nature were at a discount for several years after the war, but are now fast reviving. Public entertainments, concerts, tableaux, county fairs, balls, etc., not to mention private parties and dances, have become as common as in normal times. Amateur base-ball clubs have sprung up everywhere. Public match games between Nines from a distance, which lead to dinners and picnics, are frequent. These things indicate the healing of the late wounds.

As usual, the negroes imitate. They are literally crazy about traveling. The railroad officials are continually importuned by them to run extra trains, excursion trains, and so on, on all sorts of occasions: holidays, picnics, Sunday-school celebrations, church dedications, funerals of their prominent men, circuses, public executions. The fare is generally, on all such excursions, reduced to fifty cents for the round trip from any point passed. They attract whole counties of negroes, and it is delightful to witness their childish wonder and enjoyment and behavior on the cars. The colored youth, too, have begun organizing base-ball clubs, which often challenge each other to match games. And hops and parties, though of course of a pretty uncouth kind, are frequent among the younger blacks of both sexes.

Thanksgiving Day is not considered

or celebrated as a holiday by the whites, who keep on with their usual business. Slimly attended religious services are held, but no turkeys are killed. The negroes observe it to some extent in their churches and by picnics. Christmas is, however, indisputably the Southern holiday among all classes and conditions of men both white and colored. Easter and Good Friday were many years ago not very generally observed, except by the liturgical churches. They were esteemed too popish; now, however, they are rapidly increasing in favor with all denominations among the whites. The blacks, of course, know nothing about them. The whites altogether refrained from celebrating the Fourth of July up to the year before last, when, for the first time since the war, the military companies of Charleston and Columbia joined in Augusta, Georgia, with the similar bodies of that city in a commemoration of the day. But this year there was no attempt at all to observe it. The Centennial at Philadelphia awakened considerable interest in this State, from which it received many visitors. The negroes universally celebrate their emancipation on the Fourth of July instead of on the real anniversary.

It was a custom formerly to give the negroes several days of rest at Christmas time; and they still insist on the dispensation, which has become perpetual by prescription. The negro is a thorough believer in holidays, of which he takes a great number.¹

Excepting base-ball clubs the negroes have among themselves scarcely any social associations, if I may so term them, a fact which contrasts singularly with the zeal which they have evinced in connecting themselves with political and religious organizations. They have, perhaps, in the State about half a dozen local and languishing temperance societies. But the whites have rigorously shut them out from national orders like the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, the Masons, and the Grangers. Nor have they had sufficient intelligence and energy to found such fraternities among

themselves. The only exception to this is a branch of the Masonic brotherhood, which has a few sickly subordinate lodges and a state lodge; for this a charter was obtained, I am informed, from the state lodge of Massachusetts. These colored Masons are not recognized by the white lodges or grand body of the State.

The various orders which I mentioned above are favorite institutions among the whites. The Patrons of Husbandry, in particular, have a very flourishing organization. There are frequent reunions held of the survivors of old Confederate brigades and regiments, at which sentiments are usually expressed not precisely loyal to the Union. Among the females the Ladies' Memorial Associations enjoy much popularity. These are local in character, I believe; when feasible, they give dinners, concerts, fairs, and other entertainments for the purpose of raising money to build a public monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers buried in the vicinity. Scores of these monuments have already been erected. Addresses the very reverse of friendly to the national government are delivered on these occasions, as well as on Memorial Days, when the whole white population of a town turns out in procession, headed by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and decorates the graves. Poems, too, are commonly recited, either specially written for the occasion by local bards unknown to fame, or such "old, old stories" as Collins' ode, "How sleep the brave."

There is also among the ladies an organization having for its object the construction of a monument to the memory of Calhoun. A year or so ago it was proposed to turn over the funds they had accumulated to the Ladies' Memorial Association, above described, to assist in the work of rearing monuments over the dead Confederates. The suggestion was approved by the newspapers, which said that were this "iron man" (as Miss Martineau called him) for a moment to awake he would sanction the idea. In Charleston there is also a "Home," founded by popular contribution, for the impoverished widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. This charitable insti-

tution has undoubtedly rendered much needed and meritorious service.

The colored people of all tints are regarded as negroes by the whites, and these mixed bloods associate with those of pure African extraction on terms of perfect equality. I have never encountered any cases where a mulatto put on airs, or was the subject of jealousy to a black on account of his white blood.

My task is now done. But before closing I trust I shall be pardoned a little sentiment. The old plantation days are passed away, perhaps forever. My principles now lead me to abhor slavery and rejoice at its abolition. Yet sometimes, in the midst of the heat and toil of the struggle for existence, the thought involuntarily steals over me that we have seen better days. I think of the wild rides after the fox and the deer; of the lolling, the book, the delicious nap, on the balcony, in the summer-house, or on the rustic seat on the lawn; of the long sittings at meals, and the after-dinner cigar; of the polished groups in easy but vivacious conversation in the parlor; of the chivalric devotion to beautiful women; of the pleasant evening drives; of the visits to the plantation, with its long, broad expanse of waving green, dotted here and there with groups of industrious slaves; of the long rows of negro cabins with little pickaninnies playing about them; of the old well with its beam and pole for drawing, and of the women with pails of water on their heads; of the

wild old field airs ringing out from the cabins at night; of the "Christmas gif', Massa," breaking your slumbers on the holiday morn; of the gay devices for fooling the dignified old darkies on the first of April; of the faithful old nurse who brought you through infancy, under whose humble roof you delighted to partake of an occasional meal; of the flattering, foot-scraping, clownish, knowing rascal to whom you tossed a silver piece when he brought up your boots; of the little darkies who scrambled for the rind after you had eaten your water-melon on the piazza in the afternoon, — and, "as fond recollection presents them to view," I feel the intrusive swelling of the tear of regret. And so it is with every Southerner: tears rise in his heart and gather to his eyes as he thinks of the days that are no more. The Southerners of old used to be perhaps the happiest of men. There was nothing to disturb them, nothing to do, nothing they wished done that others were not at hand to do. Happiness was not only their being's end and aim, but its enjoyment their one occupation. Now the cares of life, the struggle for a living, weigh them down. It often strikes me, as I think of the intense enjoyment of the olden time, that perhaps just as the strongest force in physics is evolved from the greatest consumption of material, so it is ordained in human affairs that the most exquisite happiness shall be founded on the intensest misery of others.

A South Carolinian.

ROSE DANIELS.

FROM out the door Rose Daniels came:
The grass was crisp beneath her tread,
And, where had glowed the maple's flame,
A few sere leaves shook overhead;
The naked grape-vines, snake-like, hung,
From the low roof to which they clung,

And one tall mallow's blackened stalk
Lay half across the narrow walk.
Her hand upon the gate she stayed,
Glanced all around, like one afraid,
Then turned her weary eyes and took
Of her old home a long, last look, —
At the low door-way, and the dead,
Vine net-work on the roof above;
“Here is the end of love,” she said;
“The end of love!”

Ten years before (it almost seemed
That rosy time of hope and pride
Was something she had slept and dreamed)
She passed that gate a happy bride!
'T was May time then: the lilac flowers
The south wind shed in purple showers,
And, by the pathway, gemmed with dew,
The border pinks were budding new;
Above, the robin caroled loud;
A flower with honey-burdened breast,
That droops by its own sweetness bowed,
Her heart grew faint with joy opprest;
“No more,” she cried, “I ask of bliss,
No more I crave of Heaven above;
All blessedness seems mine in this
Rich gift of love!”

Ten years! what changes they had brought!
Now, gazing on that cottage door,
Her saddened life's most cheering thought
Was, “I need cross it never more!”
For, dark with sorrow, wrong, and sin,
Her memories of the rooms within;
There harsh reproaches, cruel sneers,
Had mocked her unavailing tears;
Low taunts had flushed her cheek with shame,
Or stung her till her wrath grew bold,
Till in her heart love's flickering flame
At last had died, and left it cold.
“And whom,” she questioned, “can I trust?
None seem my haunting doubts above;
I've proved Hope false, and found, in dust,
The end of love.”

With trembling hand she shut the gate,
Drew close her faded shawl, and fast,
Like one who is afraid to wait,
Down the long hill-side way she passed;
But when the short turn of the road
The white stones of the graveyard showed,

A sudden light shone o'er her face,
 So quiet seemed that resting-place;
 For, 'neath its frozen grasses slept,
 In dreamless peace, the little child
 Above whose cradle she had wept,
 And o'er whose coffin she had smiled;
 For, "God be thanked," she whispered low,
 "My precious one is safe above;
 It never will be hers to know
 The end of love!"

Marian Douglas.

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT.

II.

THE ARREST.

HAD Thomas Morton contented himself during his residence in New England with the sports of the field, or with making observations on the habits and usages of the Indians, he might probably have lived and died at Ma-re Mount. At least such neighbors as he then had in the quiet Plymouth settlement would hardly have disturbed him, and the other straggling planters would have had no disposition to do so. He might, also, to the very end have persisted in observing his favorite anniversary, even though he had erected a new May-pole, gay with garlands and ribbons, every recurring spring. Unfortunately for him, however, he was not there for that purpose. He had a keen eye for a bargain as well as for nature and enjoyment. He was there to trade with the Indians, and trade with them he would and did after a fashion consistent neither with the well-being of the savages nor with the safety of the infant settlements. The two things the savages most coveted were spirits and guns, — fire-water and fire-arms. For these, then as now, they would give anything they possessed. The trade in fire-arms had been forbidden by royal proclamation issued by King James in 1622;

the less dangerous "liquor traffic," as it is now called, was scandalous, but not yet under the ban of law. Morton, however, cared little either for law or morals, and the savages flocked to him as to their natural ally. He probably treated them well; at any rate, though he denied that he was in the custom of giving them liquor, he unquestionably invited them to participate in his revels, and employed them to hunt and fowl for him, putting guns into their hands and instructing them in their use. They showed themselves apt pupils, also; for not only were they swift of foot, but they were remarkably quick of sight and thoroughly familiar with the haunts and habits of all descriptions of game. Learning thus how to use guns, the savages became eager to possess them. A petty and illicit trade in fire-arms had long been carried on by the adventurers and fishermen who trucked for furs along the coast, but it had never taken any regular shape or, indeed, assumed formidable proportions. Now, however, it seemed as though Morton was about to reduce it to a system. In cheap exchange for his surplus weapons there poured into the store-room at Merrymount a profusion of furs of the bear and the otter, the marten and the beaver, together with those choicer deer-skins which the savages valued at three or four beaver-skins, and the robes of the

black wolf, one of which was looked upon as the equal of forty beavers, and as being a gift worthy of the acceptance of a prince.

For a time, trade at Merrymount was brisk, and the money of the adventurers was as recklessly spent as it was easily made. The profits of the peltry trade thus conducted were as large then as they were nearly two centuries later, when upon them the foundations of the largest private fortune in America were securely laid. Naturally, however, Morton soon found his available stock of spare fire-arms exhausted, and so he made haste to send to England for a new and larger supply. The reputation, such as it was, of his post was now established, and the masters of the vessels, of which an ever-increasing number, already amounting to fifty sail a year, frequented the coast, all looked into the bay for barter and refreshment. Things, indeed, went prosperously with the remnant of the vanished Wollaston's party, and those who had put their trust in its erratic leader doubtless looked forward to years of always larger accruing profits.

As might naturally have been expected, however, Morton's neighbors watched his proceedings with a disfavor which rapidly assumed the shape of deep alarm. At first they were merely scandalized at his antics and complained that his people, like Weston's before them, were destroying the trade in furs by their reckless modes of dealing. Nothing except fire-arms and ammunition possessed any attraction to the savages, and, in the strong language of Governor Bradford, "they became madd, as it were, after them, and would not stick to give any prize they could attaine too for them." Now, although the neighboring settlers were Puritans and Separatists, they were also poor men and shrewd dealers, eager to turn an honest penny in the way of trade, and they by no means fancied being driven out of the market in this wise. But more than this, they had come into New England to stay. They were not mere adventurers on the shore of a savage land, seeking, regardless of every ultimate consequence, at once to secure

whatever they could extract from it. They were here with their wives and their little children, living at best in feeble communities on the outskirts of the forest or, in the case of Morton's immediate neighbors, as solitary families or single individuals. To men thus situated the presence of such a reckless gang as Morton's was more than an annoyance; it was a menace. Accordingly, when Governor Bradford came to these events in his history he gave vent to an outburst of indignation and alarm which is in curious contrast with the usual moderation of his language. "O the horribles of this vilanie! how many both Dutch & English have been latly slaine by the Indians, thus furnished; and no remedie provided, nay, y^e evill more increased, and y^e blood of their brethren sould for gaine, as is to be feared; and in what danger all these colonies are in is too well known. Oh! that princes & parlements would take some timely order to prevent this mischeefe, and at length to suppress it, by some exemplarie punishment upon some of these gaine thirstie murderers, (for they deserve no better title.) before their collonies in these parts be over throwne by these barbarous savages, thus armed with their owne weapons, by these evill instruments, and traytors to their neighbors and cuntries." It is the commencement of a long refrain, — a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, — which has gone up from the frontier for two centuries and a half, and which is heard as clearly through the reports of the war department of to-day as through the pages of the annalist of 1627.

The frightened planters now began to meet Indians prowling through the woods armed with guns. As yet they were only in search of game or furs, but to men living in absolute solitude on the verge of an infinite, unknown wilderness, even the poor survivors of the Massachusetts tribe were a cause for apprehension. It was impossible that in imagination at least conspiracies should not always be forming behind the inscrutable veil of the forest, which would be revealed only as they had been revealed on the terrible 22d of March in Virginia, when the war-

whoop had given the first intimation of danger. Five years had now elapsed since Pecksuot had vaunted his "pictured knife" in the face of Miles Standish at Wessagusset, and since Watawamat's ghastly head had scowled from the top of the Plymouth block-house. The terror occasioned by the nervous blow thus dealt them by the Puritan captain could not be expected to remain forever fresh in the minds of the savages. Though cowed, the leopard does not change his spots, nor the Indian his nature. Thus the planter's safety grew daily more precarious. The instinct of self-preservation told him clearly enough that such a condition of affairs could not be suffered to continue. But, on the other hand, the remedy was not very clear. If it came to a trial of strength, the master of Merrymount, even without his Indian allies, was more than a match for all the settlers about Boston bay combined. The number of his retainers as yet was small, but the place threatened to become a refuge for loose and disorderly characters, whether runaway servants of the planters or deserters from the fishing fleet. Thus it might before long be a question whether even the Plymouth colony was able to abate the growing nuisance. Under these circumstances the heads of the straggling plantations met together to confer. The wide-spread apprehension which had been excited by Morton's proceedings is clearly proven by the extent of territory from which those who joined in this action were brought together. What are now Portsmouth and Salem were represented, as well as Nantasket, Weymouth, Boston and Charlestown on Boston bay; yet these settlements altogether probably did not number fifty souls of all ages and both sexes. It was finally determined to invoke the assistance of the comparatively powerful Plymouth colony, which then may have numbered a population of some two hundred in all. Letters were accordingly prepared and sent in charge of a delegation to that place, the people of which upon full consideration of the reasons urged upon them and of the common danger decided to interfere.

Though the application very distinctly looked to the suppression of the Merrymount settlement, the Plymouth elders thought best not to have recourse to force at once. They were well enough aware that Morton was not a promising subject to labor with in the spirit, yet, knowing that their own standing with the authorities in England was not too strong, and being anxious above all things not to give King Charles's Council for New England any convenient handle against them, they wished to proceed deliberately and to exhaust every means of peaceable relief before going to extremities. A letter was accordingly dispatched to Morton, pointing out the perils to which his methods of dealing exposed the settlers, and admonishing him "in a friendly and neighborly way" to desist from such dangerous practices. The result of the interview between the Plymouth emissaries and the master of Merrymount was anything but satisfactory to the former. Morton carried matters with a high hand. He very distinctly told them that they were meddling in matters which did not belong to them, that the Plymouth colony had no jurisdiction over him or his plantation, and that he proposed to continue to deal with the Indians in any way he saw fit. The discomfited messengers returned with this reply, which was probably not unexpected, and the master of Merrymount pursued the uneven tenor of his ways. Then presently, as things did not improve but rather grew worse, the elders of Plymouth, following strictly the scriptural injunction, sent to him a second time "and bad him be better advised, and more temperate in his termes, for y^e countrie could not beare y^e injure he did; it was against their comone saftie, and against y^e king's proclamation. He answered in high terms as before, and that y^e kings proclamation was no law; demanding what penaltie was upon it. It was answered, more then he could bear, his majesties displeasure. But insolently he persisted, and said y^e king was dead and his displeasure with him, & many y^e like things; and threatened withall that if any came to molest him, let them looke to them

selves, for he would prepare for them." This insolent defiance, also, he seems to have enforced with a liberal use of expletives which were probably far more familiar to the mouths and ears of the dwellers at Merrymount than to those of Plymouth. Then at last patience failed; they were a generation slow to wrath, but there was an end even to Plymouth long-suffering. They had plainly gone too far now to hesitate. Morton, "petie-fogger" that he was, might be correct in his law that King James's proclamation had died with him in 1625 and had not since been renewed by King Charles, and that, even had it been, it bore no penalty; but of this they must take the risk. If they hesitated now there was an end to all order in New England. Conscious that he had browbeaten them, Morton's insolence would know no bounds. So it was at last resolved to send Captain Standish to Boston bay with a sufficient backing to insure Morton's speedy arrest. This conclusion was reached in the latter days of May or early in June, 1628. In obedience to orders Standish at once set sail, accompanied by a force of eight men. Whether a plot had been laid to assist him by entrapping Morton at Wessagusset does not appear; but in any event he found the man he sought at that place and there secured him. The moment he felt himself in custody the tone of the lately defiant Morton seems to have undergone a surprising change; for, assuming an air of virtuous astonishment, he innocently inquired why he was subjected to such violence. In reply he was reminded of the criminal acts to which his attention had been called, and he at once, with sublime impudence, requested to know who was the author of the complaint against him. Thereupon, when his custodians declined to furnish him with the desired information, he at once stood upon his rights as an Englishman, and, peremptorily refusing to answer any charges, demanded to be forthwith set at liberty. This view of the case naturally failed to recommend itself to Captain Standish, who prepared to remove his prisoner early the next morning to Plymouth. Meanwhile measures were

taken to secure him over night. Six men, as he himself asserts, were put on guard over him, and one even lay on the bed with him to render more impracticable any attempt at escape. Elated with the complete and speedy success which had crowned their expedition, his captors during the evening appear to have indulged in some grim festivities with their Wessagusset hosts and confederates, in which their prisoner felt little inclination to join. In consequence their slumbers would seem to have been of the soundest, for presently the wakeful Morton contrived to slip off the bed, and passed two doors without being detected. As he went out, however, the last or outer door shut to so violently as to waken his custodians. What is supposed to have ensued can only be told in the fugitive's own language: "The word which was given with an alarme, was, ô he's gon, he's gon, what shall wee doe, he's gon? the rest (halfe a sleêpe) start up in a maze, and like rames, ran their heads one at another full butt in the darke. Their grand leader Capitaine Shrimp [Standish] tooke on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest, and their bird gone. The rest were eager to have torne their haire from their heads, but it was so short, that it would give them no hold."

Morton was once more at liberty, nor in the night and so near the woods was it any easy matter to recapture him. In a direct line he was but a mile or two from his home, but the Monaticquot ran between him and it, and, as he had no means of crossing, it was necessary for him to take the longer road around, by the points where the river was fordable. This increased the distance to at least eight miles; but he was well acquainted with the path, and was moreover aided in finding it by the vivid lightning of a thunder-storm which illumined the night. He went resolved on forcible resistance. He reached his home before morning and at once set actively to work on his preparations. There was no time for idling; with the early day Standish and his party would cross

the Monatiquot in their boats, or come round through the bay, and a short walk across the upland would bring them upon him. Morton's entire force now consisted of but seven men beside himself, and, fortunately for Standish, five of these had at this particular time gone up into the interior in search of furs. His available garrison, therefore, was reduced to three,—himself and two others. Nothing daunted by this disparity of force, he and his followers got out all the guns they could find on hand, four in number, and made ready on the table an ample supply of powder and ball. Having then made fast the doors they very fortunately proceeded to defy their enemies over their cups. It would seem that, whatever resulted, they were determined that at least Merrymount should to the last be Merrymount. They had not long to wait. A friendly savage presently appeared, and gave warning that the pursuers had left Wessagusset and were already close at hand. They soon made their appearance, and, blissfully unconscious of the preparations which had been made to receive them, marched directly up to the fortified house, where Standish called for an immediate capitulation. The unfortunate Morton was now reduced to a reliance for his defense on his own unsupported arm, for the courage had clean oozed out of one of his men, while the other was hopelessly and helplessly drunk. Nevertheless, putting on a bold face, he met Standish's summons with a defiance, and, when the latter proceeded to force an entrance, he sallied bravely out, musket in hand, followed by his single staggering retainer. He even made as if he would fire on the Plymouth captain. The struggle was, however, as ludicrous as it was brief. Pushing aside the carbine, Standish advanced and seized Morton, who was himself probably none too sober, as subsequently his weapon was found so overcharged as to be half-full of powder and ball. Even while this was going on, Morton's reeling follower completed his superior's overthrow by running "his owne nose upon y^e pointe of a sword y^e one held before him as he entered y^e house."

This man's hurt, however, does not seem to have been a very severe one, as Governor Bradford goes on to add that "he lost but a litle of his hott blood." The result of "this outrageous riot," as he termed it, was that Morton became again a prisoner, and this time with small prospect of escape. Indeed, he was forthwith carried to Plymouth; while, of his retainers at Merrymount, some of the worst were dispersed, while others less irreclaimable remained about the house and deserted May-pole in the expectation that their master would ultimately be released and return.

The expense of this first police effort on the part of the embryotic New England confederacy, including, of course, the expenses of Morton's imprisonment and subsequent passage to England, fell upon the Plymouth colony. The sum of £12 7s. was contributed by those who had participated in it, although Bradford asserts that this by no means made good its cost. Of the amount, £2 10s. only were forth-coming from Plymouth, whose people considered themselves least of all benefited by the abatement of the nuisance, while Conant and the others at Salem paid £1 10s.; William and Edward Hilton at Rye, N. H., paid, the first £2 10s. and the last £1; two planters at Weymouth, named Jeffrey and Burslem, paid £2; the widow of David Thomson, on Thomson's Island, 15s.; William Blackstone at Boston, 12s.; and those living at Nantasket, whose names have not come down to us, £1 10s. This contribution was, of course, a voluntary one and in no way a proportionate levy, but it is interesting as showing the situation and, in some respects, the relative means of all those who then lived in New England. Referring to Morton's subsequent return, Bradford complained that the money was spent to little purpose; but it would not so appear. Practically, as a result of this expenditure, the Wollaston settlement was broken up and an end was put to the open trade in fire-arms and ammunition. Whether that in furs revived on a more legitimate basis does not appear.

Shortly after Morton was brought to Plymouth a council was held to deliberate on his case, at which it was decided to send him a prisoner to England, with letters to those in authority setting forth the reasons why he had been arrested and asking to have criminal proceedings instituted against him. From Plymouth he was in the first place sent to the Isles of Shoals, where he was detained for a month, and then dispatched to his destination under charge of John Oldham, who was also bearer of the letters respecting his case. There are not many names more frequently mentioned than Oldham's in the early history of Plymouth; and, indeed, he was once expelled from that settlement with divers strange and ignominious ceremonies, of which Morton has himself left the following graphic account: "A lane of Muskietiers was made, and hee compelled in scorne to passe along betweene, & to receave a bob upon the bumme be every muskietier, and then a board a shallop, and so conveyed to Wessagus-shoare, & staid at Massachussetts." Perhaps, remembering this experience, Oldham may have felt a little friendly sympathy with his prisoner. Whether that was the cause of it or not, however, Bradford distinctly says that Morton "foold" him, and that consequently no proceedings whatever were had in the matter in England. So Morton escaped without even a rebuke. Nor was this all. In the summer of 1629, to their unspeakable disgust and astonishment, the magistrates of Plymouth saw the irrepressible Morton again landed in their settlement; and when they remonstrated that he had not yet answered the charges preferred against him, with consummate impudence he coolly replied "that hee did perceave they were willfull people, that would never be answered; and derided them for their practises and losse of labour."

The most unaccountable thing of all about Morton's reappearance at Plymouth was that he had been brought back there by Isaac Allerton, the agent of the colony. Bradford very distinctly asserts that Allerton had received a bribe, but

whether this was the case or whether he too, like Oldham, had been "foold" by the cunning adventurer cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is that his course gave great offense at Plymouth; but none the less, in defiance of public opinion, he continued for some time to harbor Morton in his own house, employing him as a scribe. At last, however, the quondam Lord of Misrule was once more compelled to depart and to seek refuge in his old haunts. But, during his year of enforced absence, great changes had taken place in New England, — changes nearly affecting the plantation at Passonagesait. On the 6th of September, 1628, just three months after Morton's arrest by Miles Standish, John Endicott had landed at Naumkeag, and the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which included Merrymount within its limits, had come into existence. One of the earliest acts of the new magistrate had been to take order as to the condition of affairs at Mt. Wollaston. Shortly after his arrival he had gone over there with a few followers and effectually quenched the smoking flax; for, after sharply rebuking the lingering remnants of Morton's band for their profaneness, and admonishing them to look well to their future conduct, he had emphasized his remarks by hewing down the May-pole and by rechristening the spot as Mt. Dagon. In the selection of this name he exhibited, also, a characteristic familiarity with scriptural mythology; for Dagon was that sea idol of the Philistines upon whose day of solemn feast Samson had pulled down the pillars of Gaza's temple. So when Morton at last returned to what had been Merrymount, it was only to find the very name of the place obliterated, his house deserted, his followers dispersed, and his darling May-pole level with the ground beneath the flying leaves of autumn.

He was, however, a man of cheerful temperament, and he seems to have accommodated himself as best he might to his altered circumstances. But his trials were far from over. Indeed, it was absurd to suppose that a loose roysterer such as he — believing in nothing, jeering at everything — could long

live side by side with the austere, God-fearing Puritans who had now established themselves over against him at Salem. Under the circumstances of his past career had he been as pure as ice and as chaste as snow he would not have escaped calumny: but he was neither. He seems to have returned to Mt. Wollaston in the autumn of 1629, and by the summer of 1630 he was in serious trouble with Endicott. He refers to a General Court held in Salem, but of which we have no other record, and at which he says he was present. There Endicott submitted certain articles to the planters, which all of them were called upon to sign. Their tenor was "that in all causes, as well Ecclesiasticall, as Politicall, wee should follow the rule of Gods word." Morton states that he alone refused to sign without the proviso, "So as nothing be done contrary or repugnant to the Lawes of the Kingdome of England." He then refers to some provisions for the regulation of the peltry trade, to which also he refused his assent; and he intimates that an attempt was subsequently made to arrest him, which he frustrated by leaving his house and taking a temporary refuge in the woods. There seems to be little doubt that he proved himself a thorn in Endicott's side, in deriding whom, according to his own account, he passed much of his time. John Endicott, however, was not a man likely to be "derided" with impunity by such as Morton; and so, if they were not trumped up, which is more than probable, complaints began to come in against him from both the Indians and the English: it was alleged that he had stolen a canoe from the former; that he had fired a charge of shot into a party of them from across a river when they had delayed answering his call for them to come and ferry him over; that some years before he had murdered a man who had ventured money in his plantation; and so on. Accordingly under date of August 23, 1630, at the very first General Court held after the arrival of Governor Winthrop at Charlestown, it was "Ordered, that Morton of Mount Woolison should presently be sent for by

processe." Two weeks later, on September 7th, he was arraigned before the magistrates. In those days criminal proceedings were somewhat arbitrary in their character, and the principal part which would seem to have devolved on Morton upon this occasion was not to defend himself, but to receive, with as much philosophy as he might, the sentence which the court had already decided to be suitable to the nature of his offenses. It was in vain, therefore, that the gentleman of Clifford's Inn vehemently protested and entered his pleas to the jurisdiction of the tribunal; he was peremptorily silenced by cries from the assistants of "Hear the governor! Hear the governor!" And he did hear the governor with sensations which must have rendered him dumb with amazement as that dignitary proceeded to impose upon him the following swingeing sentence: "Ordered, that Thomas Morton of Mount Wolliston shall presently be set in the bilbowes, & after sent prisoner into England by the shipp called the Gifte, nowe returneing thither; that all his goods shal be seized upon to defray the charge of his transportation, payement of his debts, and to give satisfaction to the Indians for a cannoe hee unjustly tooke away from them; & that his house, after the goods are taken out, shal be burnt downe to the ground in sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction, for many wrongs hee hath done them from tyme to tyme."

Neither was this sentence a mere empty threat. The master of Merrymount, Sachem of Pasonagesit as he loved to call himself, and Lord of Misrule as the Puritans called him, did indeed sit in the stocks, while the neighboring savages, "poore, silly lambes," came and looked at him with astonished eyes. Then his habitation at Merrymount was before his own eyes "burnt downe to the ground, and nothing did remaine, but the bare ashes as an embleme of their cruelty."

Morton's first arrest by the Plymouth authorities was almost unquestionably justifiable from every point of view. With his usual graceless impudence he subsequently asserted that the real ground of complaint was not that alleged, but

envy at the prosperity of his plantation and his gain in the beaver trade; nor yet that in chief, but most of all because he "was a man that indeavoured to advance the dignity of the Church of England; which they (on the contrary part) would labour to vilifie; with uncivile terms: enveying against the sacred booke of common prayer, and mine host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practise of piety." Yet he never denied that he was in the custom of selling fire-arms to the savages; and, indeed, he studiously ignored that particular charge. That he would have denied it quickly enough if he could is apparent from the distinctness with which he declares that he never was guilty of the other crime of selling spirits to them. In arresting and sending him to England for trial, therefore, the Plymouth magistrates showed great moderation and their usual conscientious desire to act strictly within the law. Had they been of another and more modern type of settler, they would no doubt have disposed of him in a far more summary manner. Even as it was, Morton asserts that Standish was beyond expression enraged at the moderation shown towards him, and threatened to put him to death with his own hand. This, however, may well be questioned. Meanwhile, the justice of his second arrest and consequent punishment by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay is not so obvious. For his misdeeds prior to their arrival he had been arraigned before the proper authorities, and they had not proceeded against him. Legally at liberty, he had voluntarily returned to Plymouth and had at least been tolerated there for a considerable length of time. When he returned, therefore, to his home, until he should have committed some new misdemeanors the grounds for his further prosecution are not apparent. The charges alleged against him were certainly not of a character to justify the extremely harsh sentence inflicted, for they amounted to nothing more than taking an Indian canoe, and a vague suggestion of other offenses. Had he continued the illicit trade in fire-arms after his return, or even kept up

his May-pole revels, we may feel very sure that due emphasis would have been given to the fact. Nothing of the sort was even intimated. Dudley says that he was punished that it might appear to the Indians and to the English that the magistrates meant to do justice impartially between them. If this was indeed the case, it would seem that in their eagerness for an example of doing justice impartially between races the magistrates were somewhat unmindful of impartial justice to individuals. It is true that both Dudley and Bradford also say that a warrant was received from the lord chief-justice of England for Morton's arrest to answer capitally for some more grave offense alleged to have been committed by him before he came to America. But, though this would unquestionably necessitate his being sent back to England, it hardly seems to warrant the confiscation in advance of conviction of all his goods and the burning of his house. These were high-handed acts of unmistakable oppression.

The probabilities in the case would seem to be that the Massachusetts magistrates had made up their minds in advance to drive the man out of the country. His presence at Mt. Wollaston was a standing menace to them in various ways. Apart from all illicit dealings which they may have apprehended between himself and the Indians, they seem to have regarded him with the same apprehension that they did the mysterious Sir Christopher Gardiner, and for the same reason. They suspected him of being an emissary of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and interested in the efforts to invalidate their grant of the territory of Massachusetts Bay. Both Sir Christopher Gardiner and Thomas Morton were accordingly hunted out of New England, with and without law. That Gardiner was an agent of Gorges admits of no doubt. Up to the time of his second arrest there is, however, no evidence whatever that Morton was, though there is no doubt he afterwards became one. That he was an extremely undesirable character to have about an infant colony like that presided over by Endicott and Winthrop admits

of no dispute; and perhaps their severe treatment of him was justified by the exigencies of their position. But whether from this point of view justifiable or otherwise, it proved in the event a serious blunder. To have left him alone would have evinced in them a larger share of worldly wisdom. At most a mere nuisance at Mt. Wollaston, Morton rose to the dignity of a formidable enemy when driven away to Whitehall. In Massachusetts he was under Winthrop's eye and within reach of Endicott's hand; in London, as will presently be seen, he became the instrument of Gorges, and inspired the eager malignity of Laud. An end was indeed made of him in New England, and that quickly; but he could hardly be blamed for feeling a sense of wrong and injustice, or for nourishing against those who had despoiled him a bitter spirit of revenge. And this he passed the rest of his life vainly attempting to gratify.

The remainder of Morton's career may be disposed of in few words. The sun of Merrymount had forever set behind Governor Winthrop's bilboes. That portion of its master's sentence which provided for his transportation to England in the Gift proved more difficult of execution than those other portions of it which related to his exposure in the stocks or the destruction of his house. The master of the Gift wholly refused to carry him. Accordingly he remained a prisoner in Boston for nearly three months, until, towards the end of December, a passage was secured for him on the ship *Handmaid*. Upon his arrival in England he was thrown into Exeter jail. He could not, however, have remained there long, for the next year he was at liberty, and busily intriguing through Sir Ferdinando Gorges for the overthrow of the Massachusetts colony. A letter full of hope, which he wrote on the subject to Sir Christopher Gardiner, happened to pass through Governor Winthrop's hands, and was by him intercepted and opened without the smallest apparent scruple. Two years later he had developed into a truly formidable opponent, having in some way, doubtless through Gorges's influence, secured the ear of Archbishop

Laud. In conjunction with Sir Christopher Gardiner and Philip Ratcliff (who for some animadversions on the Salem church and the government was sentenced to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished, to which Morton adds, to have his nose slit, his tongue bored through, his face branded, and to pay a fine of £40) Morton then petitioned the king in council to vacate the Massachusetts charter. The attack excited the gravest apprehensions among the friends of the colony, and the danger was warded off only through their most strenuous exertions.

A year later, in 1634, Morton believed that his hour of triumph and revenge had at last surely come. For his old enemies, the magistrates of the colony, the news was indeed sufficiently startling. In consequence of a fresh assault on the charter, a special commission had been created for the management of the colonies and the revocation of their charters, with Archbishop Laud at its head. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was to be sent out as governor-general. Under these circumstances the destruction of the colony seemed nearly impending. Morton could not control his elation. Having himself seen the new commission, which had passed the privy seal, upon the very day on which it was sent to the lord-keeper to have the great seal annexed to it, he was so indiscreet as to write in triumph to William Jeffrey, one of the old settlers under Robert Gorges at Wessagusset, boasting to him of what had been done and indulging in many threats against Governor Winthrop, whom he called "King Winthrop," and the gratification of "cropping" whose ears he stated had been granted in advance to his friend Ratcliffe. Unfortunately for him, however, "his very good gossip," as he familiarly called Jeffrey, — who, by the way, had been one of the contributors to the expense of his first arrest, — was not entirely in sympathy with him on the subject to which his letter related. Accordingly it was forthwith carried by him to Governor Winthrop, who, having read it, methodically filed it away as another rod in pickle, so to speak, for the un-

lucky Morton, as he found out ten years later.

At this time, however, Morton not only became a place-holder, but he had the keen satisfaction of gratifying his spite against one at least of the Plymouth magistrates. It fell out in this wise: Edward Winslow, being at the time in London as agent of the Plymouth colony, exerted himself strongly against Archbishop Laud's new commission. Morton, thereupon, maliciously prompted the archbishop to charge him with having performed the marriage service in America, he being a layman, and then testified that he had himself seen him do it. Of course Winslow's answer that he had acted as a magistrate wholly failed to satisfy the primate, and the Plymouth agent was thrown into the Fleet prison and kept there seventeen weeks.

The body known as the Council for New England had at this time succeeded by degrees in getting its affairs into a condition of inextricable snarl. As a short way out of the difficulty, and as part of the Gorges-Laud commission scheme, it resolved to resign its charter into the hands of the king, on condition that all the territory included within its domain should be granted back to the members of the council individually. In view of the fact that large tracts of this territory had already been alienated by the council to others who then occupied them, the scheme was one of bare-faced spoliation, thoroughly in keeping with the Star Chamber dynasty which King Charles was then systematizing in England. Twelve associates accordingly proceeded to a distribution of New England among themselves by lot, and for the completion of the business it only remained to pass the deeds and oust the present occupants. Thomas Morton was then "entertained to be solicitor for confirmation of the said deeds under the great seal, as also to prosecute suit at law for the repealing of the patent belonging to the Massachusetts company; and is to have for fee twenty shillings a term, and such further reward as those who are interested in the affairs of New England shall think him fit to deserve

upon the judgment given in the cause." Like all the others this new and most formidable attack on the charters failed; but it failed only from circumstances which have never been accounted for, and which Winthrop attributed to the immediate interposition of the Almighty. John Mason, of New Hampshire, the most energetic, persistent, and dangerous enemy the colonies had, died in London about this time; and the ship which was being built to bring over the new governor-general "in the very launching fell all in pieces, no man knew how." For the time being the charter was safe. Just at this juncture the long gathering civil trouble between king and Parliament assumed a definite shape in the ship-money issue, and from that time forward the attention of Charles and his primate was wholly absorbed in the increasing difficulties at home. New England was left to administer itself.

Morton's occupation was now gone, nor is it known where or how he lived during the next eight years. In 1637 his book, the *New English Canaan*, was printed in Holland, and in it he took such revenge as lay in his power upon his old persecutors, particularly Standish, Endicott, and Winthrop, who figure ludicrously enough under the names of Shrimp, Littleworth, and Temperwell. Endicott was, however, the object of his special animosity, and he thus contemptuously describes the state with which that sternest of Puritan magistrates sought to surround himself in primitive New England. After referring to him as "a great swelling fellow" who "crept over to Salem" he thus goes on: "To ad a Majesty (as hee thought) to his new assumed dignity, hee caused the Patent of the Massachusets (new brought into the Land) to be carried where hee went in his progresse to and froe, as an embleme of his authority: which the vulgar people not acquainted with, thought it to be some instrument of Musick locked up in that covered case, and thought (for so some said) this man of littleworth had bin a fidler." . . . In connection with Endicott, too, the worthy Dr. Samuel Fuller of Plymouth, who went from there to

Salem to minister to the sick emigrants shortly after their first arrival, did not escape him. He accuses him roundly of quackery, and says, "yet hee did a great cure for Captaine Littleworth, hee cured him of a disease called a wife."

At last, in 1643, in the midst of the civil war and just as the scales trembled in the balance at Newbury before turning finally against King Charles, Thomas Morton once more found his way back to Plymouth. It was twenty-one years since he had first landed there "in the month of June, Anno Salutis: 1622," and he must now have been a man in the decline of life. He seems, however, still to have retained his sportsman's tastes, for we next come across him exciting the intense wrath of Miles Standish by fowling over his domain at Duxbury. Subsequently we find him again in trouble in Boston, where on the 9th of September, 1644, after the lecture, he was called before the court of assistants and charged with having made the complaints against the colony before the council in 1633. He denied the charge, claiming that he was called only as a witness to facts stated in an information filed by others. Then at last he was confronted with his letter to William Jeffrey; and there was Governor Winthrop—"King Winthrop," the "cropping" of whose ears was specially provided for in black and white under his own hand—sitting among the magistrates before him. Such evidence could not be gainsaid. In the early days of New England, and upon sound reasons of public policy also, to enter an appeal to the king was looked upon and treated as an aggravation of each original offense. To be summarily stripped of all one's possessions, see one's house burned down, and be banished by a colonial magistracy might not be pleasant, but at least it was final. Neither then nor subsequently did any sufferer do more than waste his time and remaining substance by seeking to carry his woes before the sovereign. Thus practically the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay exercised a somewhat singular jurisdiction. Not only did they settle what crime was and

define its limits, but they also both meted out adequate punishments therefor and saw them summarily inflicted. The law was locked up in their bosoms, and the bilboes were handy. A lively recollection of past experiences probably satisfied Morton on these points. He was enough of a lawyer to know that it was useless for him to kick against the pricks. For the time being, however, he was merely committed to jail, there to await the arrival of yet other evidence which was expected from England. As this did not come, after about a year of imprisonment he was again called before the court, and, after some discussion, fined one hundred pounds and set at liberty. The reason for which leniency Governor Winthrop thus explains with delightful *naïveté*: "He was a charge to the country, for he had nothing, and we thought not fit to inflict corporal punishment upon him, being old and crazy, but thought better to fine him and give him his liberty, as if it had been to procure his fine, but indeed to leave him opportunity to go out of the jurisdiction, as he did soon after." Broken down by years, imprisonment, and misfortune, the once roysterer Thomas Morton left for the last time the province of Massachusetts Bay and sought refuge at Accomenticus, in Maine, where York now stands, and there about the year 1648 he died, old, poor, crazy, and despaired.

Still, in Morton's case, also, the whirligig of time has not been without its revenges. It was Captain Miles Standish who in 1628 arrested him and destroyed his rising prosperity. There is probably no single legend connected with early New England history with which so many people are familiar as with Captain Miles Standish's vicarious courtship of the Puritan maiden who afterwards became Priscilla Alden:—

"Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words
of Priscilla, . . .
But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of
his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak
for yourself, John?'"

Among the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden was a granddaughter, Hannah Bass, who in 1688 married one Joseph Adams, of Braintree, whose descendants at the close of another century became by marriage and inheritance the owners of Mt. Wollaston. There one

of them now resides close to where Morton's May-pole stood. It thus happens that while Miles Standish, with ignominious violence, expelled from his home the first master of Merrymount, the last master of Merrymount traces a descent from Miles Standish's successful rival.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

THE WARD OF THE THREE GUARDIANS.

I.

On the afternoon of New Year's Day in 1858, the medley of troops, teamsters, and adventurers who composed what was called the Utah Expedition lay huddled in a dreary camp, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the shallow valley of Black's Fork, a few miles south of a little stone redoubt named Fort Bridger, which is still visible from the track of the Pacific railroad. They had marched from the frontier of Missouri in June, confident of entering the Salt Lake Valley before the first bleak storms of the autumn. But the Mormons rose in arms, fortified the canyons which were the avenues to their capital, harassed the army by burning wagon trains and stampeding the quartermaster's cattle, and finally arrested its march in this desolate spot, a hundred and fifty miles east of the Salt Lake, from which it was separated by the massive and snow-bound barrier of the Wasatch Mountains. Between bluffs three or four hundred feet high the river murmured down to the fort under a sheet of ice, and ran zig-zag along a strip of bottom-land half a mile wide, which was clad in unbroken snow save in the bends of the stream, where it was dotted with log-huts and tents, from whose chimneys a hundred thin ribbons of smoke floated quietly up into the sky. Among them rose a tall flag-staff, shaped from a mountain pine, on which a starred-and-striped ensign was flapping in the frosty air. A few

shivering willow bushes and cottonwoods, despoiled of foliage and charred by fires set by the Mormons, lined the edges of the fork, but no evergreens softened the glare of the landscape, and, besides the streamers of smoke, not a sign of life was visible, except on the flat tops of the bluffs where sentinels were pacing.

Inside of a wide-spreading hospital-tent, which was pitched near the centre of the camp and loomed conspicuously above its neighbors, there was a gathering, this dreary afternoon, whose gayety was in merry contrast with the savage and sombre scenery without. The officers had conspired with the only lady who was sharing the discomforts of the campaign—the wife of the lieutenant-colonel of one of the infantry regiments—to celebrate the day with the best approach Camp Scott could make to the New Year's usages of the Fifth Avenue. The lieutenant-colonel's wife was an older campaigner than most of the conspirators. In fever-hospitals at Vera Cruz, in tangled ambushes among the Everglades, and in all the perils of frontier service, she had followed her husband for twenty years, with a fortitude that rendered her ingenious in the expedients of military life. So in a hospitable chimney built of timber and clay at one end of the tent a huge fire was devouring half a cord of logs; the floor of the pavilion was laid with planks from dismantled wagons; and on a long table built of the same material, and covered with strips of gaudy calico provided by

the sutler for the Salt Lake market, there were the remnants of a feast, the masterpiece of which was a monstrous pie, secretly composed by the general's aide from dried apples and dough, with some hair oil that had been discovered among the sutler's stores. Butter for many a month had been a thing only of memory and of hope. So with lard. So also with all fresh fruits and vegetables. The wagon trains which the Mormons intercepted and burned two months before contained almost all the bacon that belonged to the army rations, and four thousand men were struggling to survive the winter of an Esquimau without the aid of his usual diet. So familiar had the situation become that the disclosure of the composition of the pie crust caused not a quail in the most delicate stripling who partook of it.

It was during the burst of laughter which greeted the revelation of the secret of the pastry that the general, tapping my shoulder, drew me aside into a corner of the tent, and startled me with the whisper, "Would you like to go to church on Easter in New York?" I think it must have been a minute before I replied; for something in his manner satisfied me that he was not joking, and set my fancy wandering off across a thousand miles of snowy desert, and then floating down the Missouri River, steaming across the land a thousand miles further, and arriving at Trinity Church on a sparkling morning of the early spring, when the yellow buds of the willows were swelling in the grave-yard, and a battalion of pretty girls, with dainty new bonnets, was pressing through the portal to the music of organ and orchestra and chanting children's voices.

Five days afterwards I had finished my preparations for the long and perilous winter journey to "the States." Half a dozen men, selected for my companions and escort, were sworn to secrecy as to even the fact of the adventure; and its purpose was only communicated to me in confidence, lest some accident might befall the dispatches which I was to bear. The situation was indeed serious. A private inspection of the commissary

stores had convinced the general that they were insufficient to subsist the army till military operations could be resumed against the Mormons; the dispatches contained an earnest appeal to General Scott to force a convoy of provisions through to the camp; and I was warned that the fortunes of the campaign would largely depend upon the safety and speed of my journey.

It was a dark and dismal evening when I raked the ashes over the embers of my camp fire, tied up the door of my tent, and crossed the ice at the bend of the creek to take supper with the general and get my last instructions. I was to set out before dawn the next morning, and, for fear of outlying parties of Mormons, instead of striking due east was to travel south along Green River to the mouth of Bitter Creek, follow that up as far as the snow would permit, and then journey northeast, by the compass, across the table-land towards the Wind River Mountains, till I should reach the Sweet-water and the Oregon trail that leads through the South Pass. At the general's table I found the famous old trapper, Jim Bridger, who had been summoned there to give me information about the route.

Bridger was a marvelous and interesting character. In physical appearance a counterpart of Cooper's Leatherstocking, he was unbent by age, without a morsel of superfluous flesh, and lithe and sinewy as a willow wand, with a skin as brown and wrinkled as parchment shriveled by heat. For almost fifty years he had trapped and hunted in these boundless western wilds, from the Red River of the North to the Staked Plains of Texas. He gazed upon the expanse of the Great Salt Lake a generation before Frémont trod the shore. Even as early as 1830, so he often asserted, he had seen the wonders of the Fire River Valley, a tale which we were fond of inciting him to tell, and to which we listened with a steadfast incredulity that reached its climax when the old man, after a description of the head waters of the Yellowstone as abounding in orange groves and crocodiles, insisted that the ground

spit fire at every step and spouted forth geysers three hundred feet high. Peace to his prevaricating soul! We know today that what we esteemed his most monstrous lie was seasoned with truth.

One of Bridger's aggressive traits was a fanatical faith that everything loveliest in the world was to be found somewhere between Kansas City on the one side and Sacramento on the other. The fascinating feature of the general's supper consisted of a course of beef sausages, which were manufactured by an ingenious machine that had just been constructed by a corporal who was detailed for duty as a carpenter. This machine was the envy and the despair of every inhabitant of the camp who had tasted of its products, for the daily diet at all the other mess-tables had now for many weeks consisted of steaks and joints from the tough cattle of the quartermaster's trains, which tasked the strongest jaws and the most resolute digestion. Bridger honestly regarded the device of this machine as worth in itself the whole cost and peril of the Utah Expedition. He would sit by the hour watching its operations with the immobile interest of an Indian. I doubt whether he ever had heard of the Jacquard loom, or of Erastus Bigelow's carpet-weaving machine; but, even if he had, he would have rated those inventions far inferior in genius and benevolence to Corporal Jenkins's sausage-mill. Accordingly this evening, when the table was cleared and we were gathered around the fire, Bridger, with a tin mug of apple-jack compounded of whisky and dried apples in one hand, and a pipe stuffed with Lynchburg tobacco in the other, waxed eloquent over the comforts of the camp.

"My last words to you, doctor," said he, addressing me by name, with an old German title which some of my acquaintances had discovered and imported to the camp, "are, remember these assassins when you get to York city. You won't find their equal in the States, if you s'arch for it from Council Bluffs to Novy Scoshy. What more on aith can a man hanker for this winter, lieutenant?" he added, diverting his conversa-

tion to the general's aide, who also was sipping apple-jack in a corner of the fireplace.

Now the general's aide was a handsome young officer who was chafing visibly under the privations of the campaign, and more than once during the autumn had expressed a wish to be plastered with postage stamps and sent East in a mail-bag, if he could escape in no other way. "If you mean me, Uncle Jim," he said quickly, "I think it's an infernal shame for the United States to keep a fellow here for six months knee-deep in the snow, with no women in camp except the lieutenant-colonel's wife. I don't count for anything the six sergeants' wives who do washing. The sausages are pretty good, but for my part I want a little more female society."

"Female society is it you want?" replied Bridger; "why, man, there's some twenty thousand of it across the mountains, just one hundred and thirteen miles; and you'll be in the thick of it before June. Can't you wait till then?"

"But, Uncle Jim," returned the lieutenant, "I don't believe, from all I've heard about the folks in the valley, that it's the kind that I care for."

"You're a derned sight too proud for your business, young man," hotly responded Bridger. "I know that you're an eddicated cuss, but my nateral eye for a woman is as sharp as yours. For ten year and more, down yonder on the fork, I've seen every hand-cart train that forded Green River bound for the lake, and you're out in your reek'ning if you think you can't find as eddicated women in the valley as any you've got at home. Now, there's Sam Peckham's wives," continued the old man, while he filled his pipe; "there was sixteen of 'em when I last heard of Peckham, and the last time I saw 'em myself was three year ago, when I was over in the city a-bargaining of the old fort to Lew Robinson. We went up to Peckham's to sign the papers, and there was Jane Moore, — his fourth. I tell you, young man, that you'll s'arch far and long in York city for such a woman as she is."

"Who's Sam Peckham?" struck in

the quartermaster, joining our group by the fireside and stirring his mug with an iron spoon as he approached.

"Who's Sam Peckham?" responded Bridger, repeating the question. "Why, Captain John, I'd 'a' suspected you'd 'a' known more 'n that about the people over in the valley that you're going to do your trading with next summer, if you can get within bargaining distance of 'em. Sam — why, he's clear 'way up nigh the top of the whole Mormon pack. Not a picter card, but about a ten spot. He's one of the twelve apostles. You see Sam had a way of keeping in with the right and left bowers and the other picter cards; — I mean Brigham and Heber and the rest of the saints high in glory, — and he made a good thing out of it, and he's got about as many flocks of all kinds, two-legged or four-legged, as any of the fellers in the Old Testament that they like to preach about in the Mormon Tabernacle. He was their Perpetual 'Migratin Agent five year, more or less, shipping all the saints from England; and he kind of sot his brand on the purtiest there was, and when they got as far along as the top of the bench above the city, the whole lot of picter cards was there and picked 'em out from the hand-carts accordin' to the marks that the 'postle to the Gentiles had writ over aforehand. But Sam, — he was an old head! He'd got a kind of privit brand of his own, and he sent along only five marked with it, which all was saved up for him. But when he come back himself he brought eleven more in a lump."

"Now, Jane Moore, as I was a-saying," continued the old man, addressing himself again to the young lieutenant, who sat drumming with his fingers on the bottom of the tin mug which he had emptied and turned upside down, "Jane was Sam's fourth, and was one of them that come ahead. I was there the day they crossed the fork. First there come some cows and twenty or thirty women a-wading across, and then there come a string of hand-carts, with pervisions and furniture and babies in 'em, and the men a-hauling and a-pushing of 'em, and then there come a wagon with two steers and

a piano and a looking-glass with a gold frame — as handsome a looking-glass as you'll find in any bar-room in St. Louis — and a sick woman in the bottom of the wagon along with the piano, and then there come Jane and Henerietta."

"I suppose that Henerietta," interrupted the lieutenant, adopting Bridger's superfluous syllable, "was Sammy's fifth."

"You're wrong there, lieutenant," said Uncle Jim, "as you'd found out soon if you had n't been so quick. Henerietta was the purtiest eight-year-old girl that ever I saw afoot with a hand-cart train; and Jane, she was over-young looking to be her mother. Well, they two stood atop of the bank, up in the greasewood, watching the wagon slant down the cut in the clay to the fork. But when the steers touched water they just shied off sideways, and the tongue it snapped short off, and the wagon slipped on the off-wheels and just tipped the whole load into the fork, — the piano and the sick woman and the looking-glass. The woman, she floated; and the looking-glass, it smashed; and we hooked the piano out chock full of water, and carried the whole of 'em up to the fort. It was hard to pull that looking-glass all the way from Ioway city and smash it just here almost in sight of the Promised Land."

Here Bridger paused for a moment, utterly absorbed in a silent calculation of the cost of the looking-glass and its transportation, and the total loss by the breakage, and I doubt whether he ever would have regained the thread of the story but for Captain John, who broke the pause by asking, "Whereabouts on the bank do you say that you left Jane and Henerietta standing four years ago, Uncle Jim? If they're still there, I'll send down to-morrow morning and fetch them up to camp. It's cold weather for an 'edicated' woman and girl to be out so long."

"That ain't fair, Captain John," said Bri'ger. "As soon as we'd picked the sick old woman out of the fork, we took her up to the fort, and she died there two days after. I observed that she took to the Christian scriptures, instead of Jo

Smith's Mormon Bible, for her dyin' consolations. She was a poor old creeper from Cornwall. Lots of 'em come from thereabouts. It's a mining country, as I've heerd, and I s'pose that the poor creepers who live in the burrows there think that everything that sunlight lays on must be as good as it is bright. If it wa' n't so, there would n't be so many of 'em trapped by such smooth-tongued fellers as Sam Peckham. We buried the old woman just behind the northeast corner of the fort, inside of that place that your artillery major has put up with a brass gun in it. He calls it a demilunette, but it looks to me like any other ornery stone-wall. I took Henerietta on to my old shoulders, with her purty little ankles hanging one down on each side, and carried her across the water on my back."

Just here the adjutant entered the tent with my bundles of dispatches, sealed, and securely bound with red tape. The last farewell was soon said, and I was wandering through the camp to warn my companions to be ready betimes in the morning.

Our party was in the saddle by starlight, before the first streak of dawn glimmered above the eastern bluff, and when Camp Scott awoke to another day of its monotonous life, we were ten miles away on the trail to Henry's Fork, where we were to select our horses and pack-mules from the herds which were pasturing there near the dragoons' camp. That evening a courier from Camp Scott brought down to me another package of dispatches, and a letter from the general's aide, the young lieutenant, which inclosed one of the neat little three-cornered notes in which the pass-words for the day were usually communicated to those who were entitled to them. Opening it, I read:—

HEADQUARTERS CAMP SCOTT, }
January 8, 1858.

Parole: *Jackson and New Orleans.*
Countersign: *Henerietta's ankles.*

The next morning we were far away on our bleak journey to the States,—a jour-

ney of a thousand miles through snow-drifts, in which we should find only two spots where there was a roof that sheltered a white man.

II.

It was near sunset on a bitter afternoon early in February, when we struck the Oregon trail. For two days we had not been able to collect fuel for a fire. The snow lay so deep on this part of the route across the dreary table-land that during the whole of the preceding week we were compelled to break the crust and trample a path ourselves, to make a passage for our animals, and we were fortunate to accomplish in this way five or six miles between sunrise and sunset. This day the thermometer had marked eighteen degrees below zero at noon. Every one of us was weary and on the verge of sickness, and several were frost-bitten. But there was spirit enough left to raise a hearty cheer when Jo Brooks, who led the trampling column and had just surmounted a swell in the table-land, pointed to some dark knolls in the distance and cried out, "The Sweetwater!"

We toiled with renewed courage long after the yellow streaks of sunset had faded into gray in the gloomy evening sky. The snow became thinner after the crest of the bluff was turned which bounded southward the bottom-lands of the stream, and soon we were able to mount and press forward with increasing speed. The outlines of the dark knolls grew more distinct in the dusk, and were recognizable as the cliffs on the other side of the river. At last we crossed the frozen ruts of the broad emigrant-road, but did not rest until we reached the river-side at a bend where the current was so swift that a strip a hundred feet long was free of ice,—a welcome sight to our eyes, for ever since we began to ascend Bitter Creek, more than a fortnight before, we had obtained water only by melting the snow.

After unpacking the mules and turning them loose to pick a difficult meal of

bunch-grass, the first care was to search for wild-sage bushes enough to make a fire for warmth and cooking. I remained by the pack-saddles while my companions dispersed on this business. The search was long, but one man after another brought his scanty tribute to the pile of brush, until the store was large enough to justify kindling part of it, and the first gleam of the blaze was greeted with shouts from the distant searchers.

Jo Brooks was the last to return to camp, and came loaded with an armful of boards, each three or four feet long and about a foot wide. My first thought was that he had happened upon a wagon which had been abandoned by the side of the trail; and I was just on the point of proposing that we should bring in the rest of the vehicle, when I recognized, by the light of the flame which sprang up as he cast one of the boards upon the smoking brush, the very different source from which he had obtained them. Something in my look compelled Jo to an apology, which he was quick to make, and which took the tone of a defense.

"When I helped bury the poor creeturs, now three years ago, doctor," said he, "I never thought I'd have come to this. But somebody will suffer to-night, sir, after all the men have gone through these two days, unless this fire can be kept up till we get into marching order again, and I don't believe there's a single ghost among the whole of them as would grudge his wooden tombstone to keep a fellow from freezing. I never did the like of it but once before," Jo continued. "That was in the early spring of '52, ten miles the other side of Fort Laramie. Two of us had gone out still-hunting after buffalo, and were caught in a storm one afternoon, with the sleet driving right into our eyes so that we could n't make a hundred yards an hour towards the fort; and we were soon out of our reckoning and quarreling about the points of the compass. It was near midnight when the storm held up, and it cleared off bitter cold. We were huddled in a gully, where we'd sought shelter below the top of the bluff, so that the body of the storm swept over our heads; but we were wet to the

skin, and our clothes were frozen stiff to our backs. Bob Hutchins was the first to crawl out, and then came back almighty quick, looking scared. Just up above us, on the edge of the bluff, he had run square on to two of those kind of four-post bedsteads, sir, that the Sioux bury their dead on. Bob was thinking of ghosts, but the only thing I could get to thinking of was fire-wood. It took a while for me to pry Bob's courage up to the mark, but I got him up to it at last, and in less than half an hour we had both of those four-posters down, and everything there was on top of them, and we burned the whole of it that night. If we'd been seen or known by any of the Ogalallays about the fort, the skin on our heads would n't have been worth insuring for ninety-nine and nine tenths per cent.; but two dead Injuns saved two live white men from freezing that night, and this 'ere lot of head-boards, sir, is going to help do the same by six more."

I brought the rest of the boards to the fire and examined them by the blaze. Some traces of red chalk were visible on one or two of them, but rain and snow in the three years had effaced all their meaning. Not a single word or figure was intelligible. While I made the examination, Jo discoursed to his companions about the burying-ground which he had robbed of this lumber.

"I thought I knew the place, boys," said he, "the moment we turned the swell of the ground and caught sight of the river; but I was n't dead certain of it, and if there's one thing more than another that I've learned in ten years' knocking round in these parts it is not to fire till I'm sure of my shot. It did n't seem to me, though, that there could be two bends in a hundred miles like this one; and so, while the rest of you were looking after the horses, I crossed the river on the ice, and, sure enough, there was the old ship-fever camp of 1855, where I was nurse. It was a Mormon hand-cart train. Somebody'd got ship-fever on the voyage, and it broke out bad among them before they got to Laramie. The major would n't let them stop at the fort, but sent the army doctor out to

them with a lot of medicine; and somehow, after a while they crawled along as far as here, when they had to haul over across the river and set up a regular hospital for six weeks and more. Two thirds of the poor devils died and were buried yonder, and there is n't one of those boards that I did n't see as wet with tears as if it had been rained on."

At dawn, the next day, Jo and I started from the camp to gather up the mules, leaving the rest of the men busy arranging the packs and cooking the morning meal. When we were out of ear-shot I said to him, "You have n't kept good faith with me, Jo Brooks. You know as well as I do that I would n't have trusted you on this journey if I had suspected that you ever were a Mormon."

"I never was a Mormon, sir," answered Jo. "What makes you think I was?"

"How did you happen to be traveling with a Mormon hand-cart train three years ago?" I replied.

"Bless your soul, sir," said Jo, "if that's what troubles you, I can make it clear enough in twenty words. You see I've been a good deal of a vagabond in my day, and in the spring of 1855 I was lying round loose in Saint Jo, ready for a job of any sort, and the job came along then in this fashion. There was a lady at the hotel, who had been there some days, waiting for another lady to come up the river. She came at last—this other lady—the whole way from New Orleans, alone except for a little girl there was with her. These two women were bound for Salt Lake, and Bob Hutchins was there to take them out,—the same fellow I told you of last night, sir. Bob was a sneaking kind of Mormon; that is to say, he was a hot one in the valley, and cooled off and made believe Gentile at the forts or down in the States. He hired me to help, and we started out,—the two ladies, and Bob and I, and the little girl with us. The women and the girl rode in a four-mule wagon, with a piano and a big looking-glass, and tied themselves up of nights; and Bob and I, we drove on the front seat by day and slept outside by night

on buffalo skins. We'd passed Laramie, say thirty miles, when we caught up with the sick hand-cart train; and the two women did what the major and the folks at the fort had n't the stuff in them to do. They just went in among those poor devils as if they'd been their own flesh and blood; and what was more, they put Bob and me to nursing, too. Bob was scared of the fever,—he always was a coward,—and the second night he cleared out and took the four mules along with him, and hide nor hair of that fellow has been seen in these parts since. While we were lying here, a party of Mormons from the valley came along, going East, and the ladies paid me off, and one of them turned about and went back with the missionaries. But I stood by the camp till what was left of the hand-cart people got a-going again, and then I bargained with some Oregon emigrants, that were passing, for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon with the other lady and the girl. I saw them all off on the way to the valley, and then I doubled back to Fort Kearney and hired myself out to the sutler there for that winter."

"Yes," said I, "I know all about that. The little girl's name was Henrietta, and the name of the woman that went on with her was Jane Moore, and the other woman's name was—what was her name, Jo?"

"It was an uncommon name, sir," said Jo, looking almost as frightened as Bob Hutchins when they burned the Indian mummies. "How did you know about all this, sir?"

"I shan't tell you, Jo," said I; "but do you pledge me your word of honor that you never were a Mormon?"

"I do, sir," replied Jo.

III.

Six months later, a brilliant evening in July, I was sitting with Peter Dotson, the United States marshal, upon the veranda of my little adobe cottage in Salt Lake City. I went to church in New York on Easter, and saw the pretty girls and new spring bonnets; returned to the

camp in May, across green plains and torrents laughing in the sunshine, where so little while ago there stretched dreary wastes laced by ice-bound rivers; and entered the Mormon capital in June, a few days after the peace commissioners who carried President Buchanan's pardon to Brigham and Heber and the rest of Uncle Jim Bridger's "pictier-cards" and "ten spots," Sam Peckham included.

As we rode through Echo Canyon we inspected with curiosity the rude embankments which the saints threw up against the approach of the army. Then we crossed the Weber River, traversed a chain of romantic gorges, climbed a steep pass of the Wasatch range, and at last began the descent into the valley of the Salt Lake. All along the slope of the mountain the path was lined with rose-bushes in full bloom, with clusters of columbines, and with party-colored tufts of wild flowers drooping under the weight of rain-drops. A dense mist sprinkled the hill-sides, so that we did not obtain our first view of the beautiful city until we emerged from Emigration Canyon. Then the sky was clear overhead, and the sun was burning away the clouds from all the summits of the western mountains. But they still clung to the peaks which bound the valley on the southeast, and there they almost covered the snow on the crests of the range. At our feet lay the deserted Mormon capital, embowered in foliage. The line of the Great Salt Lake glittered on the western horizon.

The transition from the misty gloom of the mountain gorge was so sudden that the whole party uttered a cry of delight. We spurred our ponies over the slope, those of the company who had lived in the city pointing out the prominent buildings as we galloped along,—the tinned cupola of the City Hall, the Mansion and Lion House of Brigham Young, the structures in Temple Square, and the arsenal. Adown the valley, on each side of the great southern road, lay broad fields of grain to which the showers had imparted a lively green. Through the plain we could trace the windings of

the Jordan by the glitter of the sunlight on its bends. As at last we clattered through the city, not a soul was visible except a group of half-naked Indian boys paddling in one of the rivulets which flowed along the gutters. The night of our arrival, Dotson, who was an old settler and had been "run off" by the Mormons in 1856, took quiet possession of his house, which consisted of one bedroom, a kitchen, and a pantry, and gave accommodation there and in the yard to the civil officers of the territory, for three or four weeks, until the Mormons returned to the deserted city and Brigham gave permission to the saints to let us lodgings. During this time I inhabited a huge covered wagon, one of the well-known "arks of the plains," which I wheeled into the yard. I used to climb into it at night on a short ladder, which I pulled up after me; and truly there were such attractions in that mediæval style of life that I quitted the old ark with a good deal of regret, to take quarters just across the broad street, in Elder Josiah Baxter's one-story adobe, of which I secured a lease at an exorbitant rent for six months.

The respect which the army showed for all the possible rights of property of the Mormons was one of the most remarkable instances of good discipline I ever have witnessed. A fortnight elapsed after our arrival before it reached the city. Meanwhile a few hundred Mormons—all men—had come up from their great camp on the western shore of Lake Utah, where the population, withdrawn from their settlements, to the number of nearly thirty-five thousand souls, had overflowed the little town of Provo, and been squalidly lodged ever since the early spring in board shanties, wigwams, log-huts, bowers of willow branches covered with wagon-sheets, and even in holes dug into the hill-sides. The day the troops marched across the town these few hundred men forsook all the public places and watched sullenly, through chinks in barricaded windows, the passage of the blue columns which poured along the lonely streets from morn till sunset. Yet under such circumstances of

opportunity and provocation not a single instance of trespass upon a house or a garden-plot could be recorded against a soldier, or even against any one of the thousands of teamsters or camp followers. The army pitched its tents that night on the banks of the Jordan, below the city, and a few days afterwards moved quietly southward to a permanent camp more than thirty miles away, leaving the twenty-one Gentiles who were crowded into Pete Dotson's little house and yard alone among the Mormon inhabitants, who immediately began to return to the city by thousands. Their trains usually came up the valley from Provo by daylight, and were driven into town after sunset; and from the airy lodgings which I occupied in Dotson's yard, I could hear, night after night, from dusk to dawn, the incessant tapping of hammers as the boards with which almost every door and window had been covered were torn away. Elder Josiah Baxter, Dotson's neighbor, arrived among the earliest, and I at once engaged the "refusal" of his cottage, which was conditioned upon his obtaining the consent of Brigham to let it to a sinner like myself. We conducted the negotiations in his cellar under circumstances of extreme dampness and secrecy, and Brigham ratified the bargain, probably after devout consideration of the fact that the rate of rent amounted to a bare-faced spoliation of the Gentile tenant.

On this balmy summer evening, then, Pete Dotson and I were sitting upon the veranda, smoking our pipes. Elder Baxter and the two aged Mrs. Baxters were hoeing in the garden (which he had reserved to himself in the lease), and crooning the melodies of their faith while they toiled in the moonlight. The elder was of a morose turn of mind, and yet so practical withal that he was well aware of the relation of rhythm to manual labor. I had observed his method with the Mrs. Baxters before this evening. They would start work to slow metre. His favorite hymn, to begin with, I remember opened with a stanza alluding rather pointedly to our invasion of the Territory, which ran, —

"The trials of the present day
Require the saints to watch and pray,
That they may keep the narrow way
To the celestial glory."

The elder "deaconed" off the first three verses, and both of the Mrs. Baxters united with him in the fourth. They would hoe down, say, two rows to this dismal tune, and then the elder would strike up something a little more lively:

"A church without a prophet is not the church for me:

It has no head to lead it; in it I would not be.
But I've a church not made by man,
Cut in the hills by Brigham's hand:
A church with gifts and blessings;
Oh, that's the church for me!"

and both Mrs. Baxters would thereupon fervently repeat, —

"Oh, that's the church for me!"

The elder's climax was reached in a sacred ditty entitled *The Bridegroom's Supper*: —

"There's a feast of fat things for the righteous preparing,
That the good of this world all the saints may be sharing;
For the harvest is ripe, and the reapers have learned
To gather the wheat that the tares may be burned.
Chorus. Come to the supper, come to the supper,
Come to the supper of the great bridegroom."

I think they always had themselves in mind as the wheat, and their Gentile tenant as the tares. During this chorus both Mrs. Baxters would hoe spasmodically, while the elder would drop his hoe and accompany his voice with a violent clapping of his hands.

On the present occasion we had surmounted the trials of the present day, but had not yet been invited to the bridegroom's supper, when our attention was diverted from the singing by the arrival of two riders who galloped up to the veranda, hitched their horses carelessly, and in a minute or two were seated like us with their feet over the railing, to the certain disgust of the elder and his brides, for one of them wore a military uniform which the saints detested as the livery of their oppressors. It was the general's young aide, the compiler of the New Year's pastry at Camp Scott, and the author of the countersign of the 8th of January. His companion was

the United States attorney for the Territory.

"Look here, doctor," exclaimed the latter, after the first greetings were exchanged, "the general has shirked a pretty piece of work off on me, and I want you to help me through with it. These military folks (begging your pardon, lieutenant) beat civilians all hollow in shirking. If they can find somebody to indorse a paper over to, and to give them a receipt for it, that's all they ever care for;" and saying this he tossed into my lap a bundle of dispatches which the aide had brought from the camp.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

"Take them inside, and strike a light and read them," he replied; "then give me your answer to-night, for I must send word back what we can do about it, and as the lieutenant goes back to-morrow I should like to send by him."

So I left the three on the veranda cracking jokes upon old Baxter and his wives, whose voices were uplifted just then in the avement, "Oh, that's the church for me!" and, lighting a candle inside of the cottage, I read a series of documents which told the following story:—

Mr. Julian Perego was a gentleman of Spanish descent, who resided at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, England, and possessed a comfortable fortune. Both he and his wife were Romanists, and in 1852 they put their child, a girl then six years old, at a Roman Catholic school in Norfolk. During the next year domestic difficulties arose between the husband and the wife, and in 1854 Mrs. Perego kidnaped the girl from the school and escaped with her to North America. She was met in one of the Western States by her sister, who had emigrated from England a year or two before. The father received information that the mother and child came first to New Orleans and took passage up the Mississippi. Then he obtained tidings of the meeting with the sister; and then all traces of them were lost. Mr. Perego possessed sufficient influence in 1855 to procure special instructions from the home government to the British consuls at New

Orleans and some other American ports to assist him to regain his child, but when these instructions reached Louisiana Mrs. Perego and her daughter had departed up the river, and all his attempts to pursue them proved fruitless. At last, early in March, 1858, he received a letter, dated at New Orleans, from John Hyde, a well-known Mormon refugee, which informed him that Mrs. Perego was again in that city, and that the child was living in Utah, under the assumed name of "Lucy," with her aunt, Jane Moore, who was a wife of Elder Samuel W. Peckham, an important Mormon dignitary. The following extracts from the correspondence complete the narrative:—

MR. JULIAN PEREGO to the EARL OF MALMESBURY, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. March 26, 1858.

... "I have not seen either my wife or child since the abduction of the latter in 1854, and I have never been able to hold communication in any manner with my child. Now I am, as your lordship may well believe, most desirous alike to rescue my little girl, now twelve years of age, from the most improper hands to which she has been committed, and from the Mormons' society altogether, and to prevent Mrs. Perego from regaining possession of her; and it is to request from your lordship any aid which as minister for foreign affairs you may be able to afford me that I venture to intrude myself upon your notice. The mode (if any) in which you can best promote my object of saving my child from apparently almost inevitable ruin will doubtless suggest itself to your lordship; but premising that I yesterday addressed a letter to his excellency, Mr. Dallas, the American minister in London, applying for any aid which he in his official capacity can afford me, I would most respectfully suggest that by your lordship's communication with the government of the United States on my case, and recommending it to their attention, they might be induced to issue orders to the commander of their forces now proceeding to the Mormon settlement, to the effect that on the capture of the Salt Lake

City my daughter shall be committed to safe hands till I shall be apprised of the fact and I can go or send for her, or otherwise to aid me in recovering my daughter. The only apology I can offer to your lordship for thus intruding a matter so wholly domestic upon your attention is this: that, so far as I know, there is no course that I individually can pursue which it is at all probable would be attended with success."

BARON NAPIER, British Minister at Washington, to LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State of the United States. May 24, 1858.

"I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Julian Perego, of St. Albans, Herts, England, to the Earl of Malmesbury, conveying an account of the circumstances under which his only daughter, Henrietta Perego, was abducted when eight years of age from his control and transferred to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake City. Her majesty's government have instructed me to request that you will lend your good offices towards the recovery of the child by directing the military and civil authorities of the United States to afford such assistance as may be in their power to Mr. Perego, or his attorney, or to any of her majesty's consuls, with the view of securing the personal safety of the daughter and her restoration to her father."

LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, to JOHN B. FLOYD, Secretary of War. May 26, 1858.

"I transmit herewith the copy of a communication addressed to this department by Lord Napier, and have the honor to request that you will be so good as to cause the necessary inquiries to be set on foot by the military authorities of the United States, with a view to the restoration of the daughter to her father, in accordance with the wishes expressed by the British government on the subject."

COLONEL SAMUEL COOPER, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, to the Commanding Officer of the Army in Utah, via Leavenworth City, Kansas. June 15, 1858.

"The secretary of war desires that you cause inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of gaining information respecting the young woman alluded to in the

inclosed letters, and should it appear that she is still among the Mormons that you adopt such measures as may seem to you advisable to bring about her release from their community and her restoration to her friends."

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, commanding the Department of Utah, to the United States Attorney for the Territory. July 27, 1858.

"I presume that the duties enjoined upon me in my military capacity in the inclosed correspondence were expected to be performed in the contingency that the relations of the people of this Territory to the federal government should be still unchanged on the reception of the instructions. Now, inasmuch as there has been an amicable adjustment of the difficulties heretofore existing, and the supremacy of the law is reestablished, I do not doubt that under the circumstances the design of the department will be fully accomplished by my handing over the papers to the civil authority, that such proceedings may be instituted as shall lead to the recovery of the little girl and her restoration to her father, in accordance with the request of the British minister, who asks the interposition of our government for that purpose."

I instantly recognized, of course with some astonishment, that the subjects of these dispatches were the heroines of Bridger's discourse the night before I left the winter camp on Black's Fork, and of Jo Brooks's story on the bank of the Sweetwater, both of which had frequently come back to my mind during the intervening months. Folding up the papers and leaning out of the window, I heard the group on the veranda discussing the chances of discovering the little Henrietta. Baxter and his wives had ceased crooning and hoeing, and had gone to bed.

The attorney was relating how, soon after the receipt of the dispatches, a few hours ago, he had sent a trusty person to Sam Peckham's house to ask if the fourth Mrs. Peckham had come up yet from Provo. The messenger was received by the first Mrs. Peckham, a sage woman, who suspected at once some secret

purpose in the inquiry, and asked for a clearer specification of the wife in question, to which the messenger had replied that her name was Jane Moore, whereupon Sister Peckham denied stoutly that she had now, or ever had, any conjoint wife of that name. Dotson, after cursing the imprudence of the messenger, was declaring his purpose to find the girl and her aunt though he should search for them a year; but one of the others availed himself of the well-worn illustration of the needle and the hay-stack.

I caused not a little wonder, therefore, when I said hopefully to the attorney, "I'll take the case with you, and if Peter will give me the appointment of a deputy-marshal I'll engage to find the girl within a week."

"I won't appoint a Mormon," said Dotson.

"It is n't a Mormon that I want," I replied; "it's a fellow named Jo Brooks, who was one of the men that went to the States with me last winter. I hear he came back this summer with a wagon train; and the chances are ten to one that the lieutenant can lay hand upon him over in the camp within twenty-four hours. If I can't have him, I want Uncle Jim Bridger; and if I can't have Uncle Jim — well, I might be willing to put up with the lieutenant there, if he'll take off his shoulder-straps and enter the civil service."

"What in thunder do you mean?" exclaimed the person last described.

"Don't you remember," said I, "the bogus countersign you sent me down on Henry's Fork last January? Just remember that, and think of names, and you'll begin to get some light about this girl and her aunt."

"By Jove, they are the very pair that old Bridger was talking about," broke out the lieutenant, evidently recalling the evening in the general's tent.

Then in a few words I told them about Brooks and the burying-ground on the Sweetwater.

The lieutenant rode back to camp the next day with a letter assuring the general that the attorney, with my assistance, would undertake the case, and re-

questing a modest remittance of money for the expenses of the search. In reply, Jo Brooks was sent over to report to me; but we were advised that according to the ordinary course of affairs at Washington no provision had been made of any fund for executing the business enjoined in the dispatches; that probably Mr. Cass, Mr. Floyd, and Lord Napier, and the other distinguished gentlemen enumerated in the letters, "counted upon the benevolence of the legal profession." Lawyers, like physicians, were expected to practice free for ministers' families, and here were concerned no less than two ministers for foreign affairs and one at war, besides one envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

"I suppose," remarked the attorney dryly, as we finished the reading of the general's unsatisfactory epistle, "that we might throw in Sam Peckham for the fifth minister concerned, considering that he's one of the twelve apostles."

We were too deep in the case, however, by this time, to retreat for any pecuniary cause; and so that very afternoon Brooks was sworn in as a deputy marshal, intrusted with a writ of *habeas corpus* which we had sued out in the father's name, and put on the search for the child. Not to make a long story of his adventures, his previous acquaintance enabled him to discover her and her aunt within a few days, and the writ was served and return was promptly made to it in the aunt's name by Brigham Young's former attorney-general, Hosea Stout, a hot-headed old polygamist, who indiscreetly admitted in the return almost all the facts which we desired to prove.

The hearing before the judges was held in Elder Baxter's cottage, for it contained the largest room of which any of the Gentiles in the city at that time had possession, since Brigham, while granting his followers leave to let us lodgings, had not yet conceded a place for the business of the courts. My board bedstead, turned up on edge and covered with buffalo robes, was the judicial bench; the judges and the counsel were accommodated with seats on barrels and soap-boxes; and Jane and Henrietta occupied

my only two chairs. The chief-justice told me long afterwards, in confidence, that the top of the barrel, covered with a striped Navajo blanket, on which he sat gave way at a critical stage of the proceedings, but that a keen sense of the dignity of his office rescued him from the ordinary consequences of such a mishap, and enabled him to sit out the rest of them on the sharp edge of the staves.

The day before the hearing the general sent us private word that he would order a squadron or two of cavalry over to the city, if we apprehended a violent interruption of the trial; but after a consultation between the marshal and the judges the offer was declined, although, to tell the truth, every one of us was sensible that there would be serious risk of an outbreak. The hour fixed for the hearing was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the marshal took the prudent precaution to pack the room beforehand with all the Gentiles there were in the city. Admittance, however, was given to as many Mormons, and a crowd of one or two hundred saints occupied the yard below the veranda, and gazed curiously in through the open windows. I doubt whether there was a man in the room (the judges included) who did not carry a "six-shooter" in his pocket or under his coat tail, and a single shot would have been the signal for a "free fight." But the trial was conducted quietly, and even solemnly. The testimony of Jo Brooks, combined with the incautious admissions of the return to the writ, made a perfect case; judgment was awarded for the discharge of Henrietta from the custody of the aunt and her delivery to us as the representatives of the father, and at sunset on the 4th of August the marshal, the attorney, and myself were left alone with the child in our possession.

Sam Peckham did not appear in person. The aunt was a neatly dressed woman twenty-eight or thirty years old, reserved in her manner, and bearing a manifest impress of education and polite associations. Remembering Bridger's description of her, I credited the old guide with accidentally telling the truth. Her self-possession and that of the child were

perfect. Evidently they had been instructed beforehand as to the probable result, and had concerted their demeanor. So, when the judgment was pronounced, she quietly delivered the child to the marshal, took Hosea Stout's arm, and swept out of the room with the air of a grand lady. The child did not shed a tear or make an exclamation, and sat bolt upright in her chair while the audience dispersed, nor did she offer to stir when the senior Mrs. Baxter entered the room and began to remove the barrels and soap-boxes, brush the floor, and put the scanty furniture to rights.

The conversation while the old woman was at work was reserved, for she clearly was bent on playing eavesdropper. At last, having garnished the house, and no pretext offering for a longer stay, the elder's wife could contain herself no longer. Perching her left elbow on the handle of her broom for a rest, and shaking her right hand defiantly at the marshal, who had not scrupled to intimate that we wished to be left to ourselves, she addressed us as follows:—

"Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you despoilers of the helpless and violators of the innocent, to be sittin' here in council over this 'ere ewe lamb? Dog on you, Peter Dotson," she proceeded, directing her indignation specially at the marshal, "if I'd 'a' known what you were a-plottin' this last week, I'd 'a' saved that young thing's soul, and sealed her to a saint in glory, if I had had to make my Josiah take her his own self."

With this the young girl arose from her chair, and walking quickly to the window where I was standing, and from which I turned as she advanced, struck me a sudden and vigorous blow with her clinched fist in my face.

"Glory hallelujah!" exclaimed Sister Baxter, escaping rapidly through the door-way, "the child's got the Holy Spirit in her, and all the powers of hell can't snake it out."

A few minutes afterward we heard the old woman hoeing in her garden-plot and singing dolefully in her usual strain:—

"The trials of the present day
Require the saints to watch and pray,

That they may keep the narrow way
To the celestial glory.¹⁹

We had found and captured Henrietta. What to do with the little vixen now was the serious question.

IV.

Miss Henrietta Perego was a black-haired, brown-eyed gypsy, bounding with unconscious health, and not overgrown, for her age, in bulk or stature. Her passion was satisfied or exhausted by the success of her assault. She listened with evident interest to our discussion of the disposition to be made of her, but refused to reply to any questions, and did not stir again from the chair in which the marshal gently but firmly replaced her until, hearing the decision that we should ask the chief-justice to take care of her, over night, she arose without suggestion, took Dotson's hand, and did not falter or attempt to escape on the way. It seemed as if she made a nice and accurate discrimination between the lawyers and the officer, regarding the attorney and myself as the active agents, and Peter as the passive instrument of her capture. But on better acquaintance I came to doubt whether her character was mature enough to comprehend such a distinction. In most of her phases she was only a reckless child.

At his little cottage we discovered the chief-justice cooking his own supper with the aid of an Indian boy, whom he had begged or bought from a Uinta chief during the previous winter while I was in the States, and had christened Tom. Tom's most prominent feature was a wonderful shock of coarse and brilliant black hair, as thick as the fur of a beaver, which the judge caused to be closely cropped at short intervals. How he and his master first devised their means of communication I never knew. When I returned to the camp in May, they possessed a system of exchanging ideas through a combination of pantomime with a gibberish of the Ute and English languages, and the kind old man had made some progress towards

instructing Tom, through this obscure medium, in the Christian scheme of salvation.

The object of our visit did not surprise the judge; and he remarked to us, with a dry smile, that he had intended to call at Elder Baxter's cottage after supper to offer the same service which we came to request. During our conversation Tom and Henrietta struck up a familiar acquaintance. The artful reserve of the girl dissipated like a cloud, and soon she substituted herself for the judge in the culinary processes at the fire-place. She also helped to spread the table, and satisfied us by her share in the meal that mental distress had not impaired her appetite. The novel companionship with Tom diverted her thoughts from her past life, if indeed they ever dwelt there seriously at all. Inquiries which I afterwards made about her mode of living in Elder Peckham's family led me to believe that within certain simple limits of restraint she had been free from all instruction, and was more truly at this hour a child of nature than the Indian boy was after his half year's discipline in the judge's service. Tom made up a bed for her, of skins and blankets, in the corner of a pantry that led out of the kitchen. Then in the kitchen he made a similar bed for himself; and before we left the cottage the two children were sound asleep.

The marshal and the attorney walked back with me to Elder Baxter's, and there upon the western veranda, where just a week ago the latter had tossed me the general's dispatches, we resumed consideration of the serious problem what to do with this extraordinary child. The more we considered it the more difficult it appeared. Our hasty and efficient response to the general's appeal to "the benevolence of the legal profession" had got us into a predicament of which I suspect that Mrs. Peckham the fourth was not unconscious when she swept out of the court room on Hosea Stout's arm.

On only one point were we agreed: that was, in cordial imprecations upon Mr. Julian Perego, of St. Albans, Herts, England, for doing his domestic business

by proxy. (I must observe here, in justice to us, though I take part of the credit from the record, that during the whole debate no allusion was made to the pecuniary side of the question, although we justly might have reckoned it into the account as an aggravation of the embarrassment.) Midnight overtook us with no intelligent plan devised for disposing of our ward. The difficulty was to combine safety with any decent and adequate provision for her custody and comfort until we could contrive the means of sending her to Washington. We separated, agreeing to meet after breakfast and exchange any ideas which might suggest themselves meanwhile.

I awoke early with a notion about the subject which I proceeded at once to act upon. The sun was rising when, having succeeded in opening Dotson's barn and saddling my Indian pony without disturbing his household, I rode under Peter's window and listened to the snoring of the good man. Everything he did was done so thoroughly! If I should wake him by calling from the outside at that hour, so I reasoned, I should risk receiving a shot through the window. In those days every Gentile in the city slept with a revolver by his bedside. Scrawling on a slip of paper, by the uncertain light, "*I've gone to Camp Floyd to see the lieutenant-colonel's wife; the C. J. and Tom must take care of the girl till I get back.*" I pushed it under the window-sash.

By following the great southern road down the valley of the Jordan, the distance to Cedar Valley and Camp Floyd was about fifty miles; but I had heard of a cut-off, leading up a canyon on the east and down another on the west of the Oquirrh Mountains, which would shorten the journey one third. So, instead of following the Jordan southward, I forded the river and rode towards the Oquirrh range across the arid, level bottom of the valley. Three villages (or "forts," as the Mormons call them) lay at intervals of six or seven miles along the route. They were disconsolate abodes indeed for human creatures. A thick mud wall, surrounded by a ditch so clogged with filth that the thread of wa-

ter within it seemed to crawl instead of flow, and inclosing a square about three hundred yards in diameter; a row of crumbling adobes and crazy log-cabins abutting on the wall along each side of the esplanade; half a dozen groups of tow-headed children tumbling over one another like puppies at play; a flock of geese, a few sheep closely shorn, and now and then a cow or an ox straying at will; a bronze-faced, hard-fisted woman milking a goat; and here and there a wagon or a tip-cart roasting in the sunshine, with the wheel-tires dropping from the shrunken felloes, — imagine these in the case of one of the forts, and you have the picture of all three. The land around them was entirely incapable of cultivation, for want of water to irrigate it. The only fields inclosed and tilled in this part of the valley lay near the foot of the mountains, along the brooks which flowed down the canyons.

Between the first and second forts my pony cast a shoe, which delayed me at least three hours before I could find a blacksmith to replace it. So it was past one o'clock when I rode under the wall of the third fort and turned into Rose Canyon. The heat was intense, and I was almost choked with the dust which rose from the parched soil at every step. The pony was very tired, and so, being satisfied that I should reach the camp long before sunset, I let him jog slowly, nibbling the tops of the tufts of grass which sometimes were so tall that they nodded above the horn of my Mexican saddle. Wherever a scythe could get a fair sweep between the road and the alders which skirted the babbling brook, the Mormons had been mowing, and in a little while I met a wagon laden with the hay and surrounded by half a dozen saints on horseback, who eyed me curiously. Desiring to confirm my belief that I was in Rose Canyon, I asked them whether I was on the right road to reach Cedar Valley and the soldiers' camp across the mountain. After a brief consultation behind the hay-cart, their leader informed me civilly that I was not, and told me to turn back and take the next canyon to the north; and they were kind

enough to detail one of their number to show me the way. I was cordial in my thanks to the young man, who rode with me across the slopes at least a mile to insure my making no mistake. My sense of obligation was so great that I even lent him my pocket-flask and a plug of tobacco, the first of which he returned to me half empty, and the second he did not return at all. Bidding him a friendly good-by, I trotted into the canyon which he pointed out, pausing only for a moment to cut a switch from a scrub oak, with which I urged the pony into a gallop, while I recalled to mind the New Year's pie and speculated on what the lieutenant-colonel would give me to-day for dinner.

At last it occurred to me that I had been riding quite long enough to have turned the summit of the ridge, according to every description of the route which had been given me in the city. The flowering shrubs around were very fragrant, and the brook was noisy and cooling, and the scenery very picturesque; but I was not diverted so far from the aim of the journey as to forget to look at my watch. That told me it was already four o'clock, and still I was jogging along upon the ascent. The road dwindled into a wood-trail, with faint signs of wagon tracks; this narrowed into a horse-path; and that disappeared among the grass under a clump of pine-trees. I had been ascending abruptly for two or three miles, and now, a few hundred yards above my head, I could see specks of snow along the rocky edge of the ridge which sharply cut the sky. The sun was setting when the pony stood on the summit, knee-deep in a snow-drift, and from his back I could look down three or four thousand feet—not into Cedar Valley. I believe that I should be pardoned here and hereafter for any disrespectful remarks about my obliging Mormon friends which I might have made had anybody been present to hear them.

There was no alternative but to descend the mountain by the same path by which I had climbed it. Between nine and ten o'clock, by the light of a waning moon, I reached a farm-house on the

plain, where I was hospitably received by a saint whose family already had gone to bed. It consisted of two wives and seven children, and the whole household occupied a single room. He gave me a ragged but clean quilt for a covering, and I stretched myself upon the floor with my saddle for a pillow. Pony fared better than his master, for he was picketed within reach of an ample meal of fresh hay. I fell asleep while my host (who, notwithstanding the warmth of the night, was sweltering in a feather-bed) struggled with an argument intended to convince me that the North American Indians are the lost tribes of Israel. The discourse was interspersed with pithy pieces of advice and warning to the two older boys, who got into a fight in bed, and with lamentations over the bad prospects of the crops. In justice to the old man I must add that he was perfectly sincere, and that according to his means he treated me very kindly. His charge the next morning for entertaining me and pony was twelve and one half cents. I put a gold dollar into his hand, and he put it into his pocket before either of his wives could catch a glimpse of it, and blessed me fervently and prayed that I yet might be gathered into the fold by the Good Shepherd. Then I rode away into the canyon from which I had been turned back the previous afternoon, and reached the lieutenant-colonel's quarters before breakfast.

The scenery of Cedar Valley was enchanting. On every side but the south-east it was encompassed by steep mountains; but there, across a broad interval, the eye could follow for fifty miles the snowy ridge of the Wasatch range. In a gap between the hills in the foreground glimmered the blue basin of Lake Utah. Dense groves of the trees which gave their name to the valley skirted its entire circumference. Near one of these groves the camp was pitched, and almost every tent was prefaced with a bower of cedar branches, and carpeted with the fragrant twigs. The general might have fancied himself Judas Maccabæus keeping the Feast of the Tabernacles with the Jewish army. The dust,

however, was almost intolerable when it was raised by petty tempests, which came nobody knew whence, and blew nobody knew where, at any and every hour of the day. As I rode up to the lieutenant-colonel's tent, one of these provoking gusts swept away the cloth with which the servants were laying the table for breakfast in the bower, and whirled it against pony's head and shoulders, so that, seizing it, I was able to present myself to its mistress and beg for hospitality and counsel under a flag of truce.

Breakfast over, I stated the case which was perplexing the guardians of our English waif, and found, to my delight, that I had not counted in vain upon the clear insight and sound sense of this excellent lady.

"The girl," she said, "is amused to-day by her new playmate. But to-morrow she will sorrow for her aunt, and become unmanageable. My advice is that you make friends with the aunt and give the child to her charge until you can send her East. If she has any genuine affection for the child she will undertake the charge — especially if you can pay her for her trouble; and if she does possess the influence you say over Mr. Peckham, he, being a man of substance, can be persuaded by her to give you security that the child shall not be lost or come to harm. What kind of security it shall be is a matter for you lawyers to determine. I think that under the circumstances the father will have no just cause to complain of such a risk. If this plan is not practicable, bring the child here to the camp. I will not engage to take care of her myself, but I will promise to find some one here to lodge her safely and comfortably. I know one of the sergeant's wives whom I could trust with her; but I do not hesitate to advise adopting the first course, if it is possible, for the sake of the child's own happiness."

When pony turned the corner from Main Street in Salt Lake City late that night, I knew by two little specks of fire which were glowing upon the veranda of Elder Baxter's cottage that the marshal

and the attorney were smoking there as usual and awaiting my return. Indeed, they had been waiting in that very place ever since sunset. The diagnosis of the case by the lieutenant-colonel's wife was perfect. During the day Miss Henrietta had quarreled with Tom, and after that had behaved as ill as possible, slapping, kicking, and even biting every one within her reach. About nine o'clock Tom had come over to Dotson's with a message from the judge that she had cried herself to sleep.

When I made my report it was voted by our council that the lieutenant-colonel's wife possessed more common sense than the whole bench and bar of Utah Territory, and the marshal was deputed to enter into immediate negotiations with Jane Moore.

She proved to be a person of strong common sense, although the fact of her conversion to Mormonism would be conclusive to the contrary with unreflecting persons. How a woman of her intelligence and good manners, used to all the best associations of the English middle classes, ever came into her relation to Elder Peckham was and still is to me a puzzle. In the days that followed, I opened the door more than once for an explanation of the mystery, but she always avoided a disclosure. She received the marshal amiably, avowed a sincere acquiescence in the decree of the court for the return of the child to the father, pledged her word to enter into no conspiracy or combination with the mother (who, she told us, had also become a Mormon), and expressed not merely a willingness but an earnest desire to relieve us from our difficult position by taking care of the child in our behalf and inducing Elder Peckham to give security for its safety, although, she said, it doubtless would be necessary to make a liberal provision for the maintenance of the child, in order to gain his consent.

When Dotson repeated this conversation to us, such a complete and instantaneous compliance with our wishes seemed suspicious. It was explained, however, by something which occurred the next day, although we did not know

of that until long afterwards. Under pretext of coming to console Miss Henrietta, whose active demonstrations of anger had now subsided into sullenness, Jane Moore procured a private interview with the chief-justice, in which she told him that she loathed her condition and besought his secret aid to enable her to escape from Utah. The plan for her relief did not suggest itself at once, but was developed in connection with the means we adopted later for sending Henrietta to Washington. Meanwhile she served us as a useful ally, although, not possessing the real clew to her conduct, I confess that for a long while I never trusted her completely. Her very astuteness in our interest inspired me with a fear that she was enticing our favor with a sinister purpose. No piece of diplomacy could be more adroit, rapid, or successful than her persuasion of Peckham within forty-eight hours to give us a bond bearing the names of Brigham Young and Heber Kimball and several other wealthy Mormons as sureties, in a very large sum (I think it was as much as \$30,000), for the safe keeping of the child, who was thereupon returned to her care, to the great sorrow of Tom, with whom she had become very friendly again.

One of the stipulations of the arrangement was that the marshal, the attorney, and myself should have free access to Henrietta at all times, and accordingly one of us visited Peckham's house every day to make sure that no harm should befall our ward. By slow degrees her animosity against the attorney and myself (she never, from the first, showed any against Dotson) changed to mere shyness, and then that disappeared and we became good friends. In the course of these visits it became known to all of us at last, in some insensible way, that Jane Moore desired to escape from her Mormon associations. I do not remember any one conversation in which she told us so, and our knowledge did not come from the chief-justice. He never mentioned her secret interview with him until the moment when it became possible for us to aid her flight.

V.

Thus the summer wore away. We had written to Mr. Perego immediately upon the recovery of the child, but in those days four months was the ordinary interval between the dispatch of a letter to England and the receipt of a reply. We had written also to the British minister at Washington, but September drew towards its close without our hearing from him. We learned afterwards that he forwarded the letter to his home government, and awaited its communication to Mr. Perego and formal instructions thereupon before answering us. No opportunity for sending the child East with a suitable escort had presented itself.

The Three Guardians of Miss Henrietta (for thus the marshal, the attorney, and myself had come to be styled by our little Gentile community) were again in consultation one star-lit Sunday evening on the veranda where so many of the scenes in this history were acted. Elder Baxter and the two Mrs. Baxters were silent. Their sacred melodies ceased with the harvesting of the crops. A cool breeze was blowing a suggestion of the coming winter down from the snow-clad mountain tops. Henrietta was the topic of our conversation, and we were agreed that unless some lucky chance should soon occur, it would be necessary to keep the child until spring, for it would not be reasonable to expose her to the hardship of a journey across the plains after the wintry weather had set in. Just then the flickering light of a lantern advanced down the yard, shining on the glossy head of Indian Tom, who was its bearer. He never could be made to wear a cap, although he readily adapted himself to trousers and a shirt and jacket. Behind him trudged the chief-justice. The hour of an unexpected deliverance had come.

"My good friends," said the old man, "I find myself of little use in Utah Territory, and I have made up my mind to go back to where I came from, — probably never to return. All of us here are

hard-shell democrats, except the doctor yonder, who is the blackest kind of a black republican; yet, black as he is, he cannot think worse than you or I of the doings of our democratic president in this Mormon business. The Utah expedition has been a political and pecuniary swindle from the beginning to the end. I am going to Washington to free my mind on the subject, and it scarcely will be likely that Mr. Buchanan will desire to retain me in his service after he has heard what I have to say. I want to start within a week, and I have a proposal to make about the little English girl. If you will send her East, with her aunt to take care of her, I will furnish the mules and wagon and driver. I shall travel, myself, in another wagon, with Tom to take care of me. You must provide for the expenses of the girl and her aunt after they reach the frontier, and I will see them safe to Washington. Mr. Peckham, as you know, is absent on a journey to the Southern settlements, and cannot return for a fortnight."

The next Sunday morning two ambulance wagons, each drawn by an excellent span of mules, rolled out of Salt Lake City, ascended the bench at the foot of the mountain, and soon disappeared within the mouth of Emigration Canyon. Tom was the driver of the first one, and on the seat behind him sat the chief-justice and Miss Henrietta, among rolls of blankets and packages of cooking utensils and provisions. I was the driver of the second wagon, and the marshal and attorney were my companions. At noon we made a halt for lunch, and then resumed the journey. About four o'clock in the afternoon we turned the crest of the mountain, and soon afterwards hauled off from the road into a sheltered ravine, where we prepared to encamp for the night.

It was a wild and gloomy spot, secure from the sight of any passers on the road, and while the rest of us unhitched the mules, Tom and the attorney, first cutting some alder twigs from bushes that hung over the brook which rattled down the glen towards the Weber River, walked back and effaced the tracks

of the wagon wheels for some distance from the place where we turned from the traveled path. After dusk we suffered the fire to burn low, and sat long around the glowing embers. About two o'clock we heard the crunching of gravel on the road, as a wagon was driven cautiously down the descent from the west. Every noise was audible with startling distinctness, in the dead stillness of the night, above the monotonous rattle of the torrent. The sound ceased for a moment when the wagon reached the point where we ourselves had left the way. Then it was resumed again; and then it changed into a different kind of crunching, as if the team was moving upon turf. Soon the wagon turned the bend in the ravine and approached our camp-fire. Jo Brooks was the driver, and Jane Moore was his passenger.

The Three Guardians of Miss Henrietta reentered Salt Lake City the next afternoon.

Late in October I bade farewell to my two associates, and to Utah altogether, and returned to my home in an Eastern city, which I reached a few weeks before Christmas. I found awaiting me two letters from the chief-justice, which told in a few words the rest of Henrietta's story. In the first letter, dated at Washington, he wrote:—

"I arrived home in Indiana a week ago. Whatever you choose to think of the English girl and her aunt in other respects, I can convince you, when we meet, that they are good campaigners. We were not delayed an hour by either of them, from sickness or any other cause, on the long journey. Jo Brooks parted from us at Leavenworth City. After staying two days with my family (whom, you know, I had not seen for more than a year) I left Tom with them, and came here without any other delay, and within an hour after my arrival I presented Jane Moore and her niece at the British legation. It will amuse you to know that Lord Napier was quite as much embarrassed about the disposition of them as you were. He did not dare to run the risk of putting them at a hotel, and so they had to be kept at the embassy, and

really Lady Napier has been excessively kind to them, and has become much interested in the little girl. Mr. Perego has not been heard from. It has been determined not to wait longer for instructions from him, but to send Jane and the girl to England by next Saturday's steamer, under the charge of a queen's messenger. Shortly after our arrival here I received a letter from my wife, with the news that the next day after I left home Mrs. Perego, Henrietta's mother, came there and demanded her child. She appeared here yesterday, and was permitted by Lady Napier to see the child in the presence of Jane and a trusty attendant. I was myself present during a part of the interview. Without going now into details, I believe that Jane is steadfast in the resolve to lead henceforth a worthy life; and Mrs. Perego declares her intention to return to England on the same steamer and seek a reconciliation with her husband; but I mistrust her even more than you did Jane."

I add the next letter entire:—

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, }
November 13, 1858. }

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have just come from the dock, where I waited until the Cunarder put to sea. By this time she is outside of Sandy Hook. It is a beautiful Indian-summer day, and Jane and Henrietta and her mother, with the gentleman who has the child in his care, stood on deck waving hands and handkerchiefs to me as long as we could see one another. Almost the last words of the child before bidding good-by were a message to you, which she made me promise over and over again to be sure to deliver. "Tell the doctor," said she, "that I said I was *very* sorry that I struck him, and that I would n't say that I *was* sorry if I *was* n't."

VI.

Twelve years passed before I again saw Salt Lake City, this time as a passenger, with my wife, on the Pacific railroad, the next summer after the silver spike was driven at Ogden. Twelve

years full of wonderful changes! Over the wastes which I plodded in my dreary journey with the dispatches, villages had sprung up at every railroad station. The day for such adventures as those of 1858 was past forever.

Many of my old acquaintances had been swept away in the whirlwind of the civil war. The general fell at the head of the rebel army in its hour of victory at Shiloh. The marshal, a West Virginian, fighting I do not know on which side, was killed in the Wilderness. The judge died in bed at home, the second year of the war; and I was sorry to hear that he died a "copperhead." Even if it was so, I am sure that the old man was honest according to his light. The attorney was living in Montana, grown rich by mining speculations, and was a candidate for Congress.

Dotson's house had disappeared with the growth of Salt Lake City. So had the garden where the Baxters hoed and sang. But Elder Josiah's cottage still was standing, with the veranda, though its western view was cut off by a row of prosperous shops. After visiting this, we mounted the hill to see if any trace was left of Elder Peckham's house. He had long been gathered to the patriarchs whose example he copied so literally. There it stood, but with another polygamous tenant: a long one-story building with a dozen doors and twice as many windows,—each door opening into the former quarters of one of Peckham's wives. As we loitered in the yard, a young couple turned the corner of the building, sight-seers like ourselves; they were a square-shouldered, ruddy-faced Englishman, and his young wife, who were stopping at the same tavern with us. He was an officer of the British civil service in New Zealand, who had come up from Panama on a recent steamer and was on his way to England. We had met them first a week before, at the little inn on the shore of Lake Tahoe, that enchanted sea in the bosom of the Sierras. It would be beginning another story to tell how at last in this demure little lady I recognized the elfish WARD OF THE THREE GUARDIANS.

A. G. Browne, Jr.

COMPANIONS.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions : men, women, and books.

SIR JOHN DAVY.

WE have companions, comrade mine:
 Jolly good fellows, tried and true,
 Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,
 And pledging each other, as I do you.
 Never a man in all the land
 But has, in his hour of need, a friend,
 Who stretches to him a helping hand
 And stands by him to the bitter end.
 If not before, there is comfort then,
 In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,
 Is the love of woman, the life of life,
 Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,
 Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;
 A heart contented to feel, not know,
 That finds in the other its sole delight;
 White hands that are loath to let us go,
 The tenderness that is more than might!
 On earth below, in heaven above,
 Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine,
 For what, without it, would I be here?
 It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,
 And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!
 But books, old friends that are always new,
 Of all good things that we know are best;
 They never forsake us, as others do,
 And never disturb our inward rest.
 Here is truth in a world of lies,
 And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,
 That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
 Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
 For they depart, but the books remain;
 Through these they speak to us what was best
 In the loving heart and the noble mind:
 All their royal souls possessed
 Belongs forever to all mankind!
 When others fail him, the wise man looks
 To the sure companionship of books.

R. H. Stoddard.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WHETHER or not the complacent induction be true, that the world's judgment in literary matters never does injustice to what really merits remembrance, we cannot deny that the great stock-taker, Time, awards value to books in a way not easily foreseen. Rarely is an author's intention allowed to put its impress on the sealed opinion of posterity. His own generation, also, is fertile in resources for baffling or mistaking him. Fame he may perhaps get hold of by waiting, as a woodsman traps indifferently a partridge or a rabbit with his artful noosed cord and bent sapling; but it may not be the fame he hoped for. And how perplexingly is the award made! Constant efforts in one direction will sometimes gain the prize; yet books thrown out at a venture succeed quite as often. Appreciation and depreciation, it would seem, travel around the halves of one circle; but as the secant is always changing direction, you can hardly tell just at what point these powers are going to meet when about to agree on a new celebrity. Lamb was more or less sanguine about his larger compositions; did he guess how well the *Essays of Elia* would hold their freshness in the restless heat of the last half century? Fielding's fame—it is an old story—grew out of a take-off on Richardson; and Malebranche was drawn by a chance to write the works which gave him distinction. Unpremeditated triumphs of this sort occur less often in poetry; for it is both a virtue and a necessity in the singer to expect magnificent successes. Yet in the lighter kinds of verse, that nonchalance which so particularly recommends to favor would appear to be admissible. An assumed carelessness will not do. The easy indifference must be real; and—what is quite as important though it is never remembered by imitators,—this real indifference must be sustained by real merit. The combination is so infrequent that the order of thing

may well be excused for liking it. It existed in Fitz-Greene Halleck, and he was liked. How far the latter fact depended on the former it is not worth while to inquire very minutely; but there was a mutual reaction in Halleck, of literary ability and literary languor, which it will be useful to keep in mind while we are discussing him. These qualities confront us suggestively in the so-called Croaker poems, written in company with his friend, Joseph Rodman Drake.

I.

It was in March, 1819, that Drake's address *To Ennui*, the first of the Croaker series, appeared in the *New York Evening Post*. The *Culprit Fay*, commonly reported to have been composed in the same year, had been written three years before this time, but was not then published; and this brief newspaper ode was the first of the young poet's pieces that attained notoriety. It was followed by several others equally successful; and then Halleck became a partner in the clandestine work. The two men had made acquaintance in the right poetic way: they were together in a group of idlers one day, just after a shower, and, remarking the beauty of the rainbow, "I should like nothing better," Drake exclaimed, "than to lie stretched on that rainbow with a copy of Tom Campbell in my hand!" Upon this, Halleck grasped his arm cordially, and said, "We must know each other." This frank spontaneity formed a most desirable basis for the literary frolic upon which they soon after entered. It is amazing to read of the hubbub which their joint compositions caused. The *furor* heightened their spirits, and Drake, in an exhortation to his comrade as Croaker Junior, makes this cheerful prediction, which seems to show that after all they had something of the sanguineness of young poets:—

"Together we 'll range thro' the regions of mirth,
A pair of bright Gemini dropt on the earth,
The Castor and Pollux of quizzers."

"The town" buzzed delightful curiosity around them, and one can sympathize with Drake's gratification when, one day, looking over with Halleck the printer's proof of a forthcoming Croaker, he laid his cheek for a moment against the sheet, crying out, "O Halleck, is n't this happiness?" It was a happiness, and one which probably no other man will ever enjoy in the same way and place. For some time the two jesters kept their personality entirely concealed from even Coleman, the editor of the Post; but, after repeated urgings printed in the paper, they finally presented themselves at his mansion in the honorable region of Hudson Street, — now given up to second-hand shops, saloons, and freight-cars. When they made themselves known, Coleman could not conceal his astonishment. "My God!" he burst forth: "I had no idea we had such talents in America!" Only in the infancy of American journalism could so ardent an expression have been wrested from a managing editor. Who is there at all literary by profession or sympathy that does not feel a certain tenderness for the memory of Coleman, on the strength of the honest enthusiasm here recorded? Yet it would be impossible to blame the editor of to-day should he fail to be impressed by the Croaker pieces, supposing them to be now written for the first time and offered to his paper. Standards have greatly altered since 1819; and not solely because of the growth of this country, but also because of complex refinements in the practice of verse-making introduced in Europe since then. Out of the twenty-five Croakers, as finally collected, one can choose but few lines or stanzas which will bear quotation. Let us examine a few of these. On one page appears A Loving Epistle to Mr. William Cobbett, of North Hempstead, Long Island, in which that active renegade is addressed as follows: —

"Pride, boast, and glory of each hemisphere!
Well known, and lord in both, — great Cobbett,
hail!"

Hero of Botley there and Hempstead here, —
Of Newgate and a Pennsylvania jail."

The best stanza is the last, which repeats the empty jest of Horace and James Smith against the larger Bradlaugh of that day, about unsold copies of the Weekly Register, — Cobbett's organ, — which in reality was a most successful publication: —

"In recompense that you 've designed to make
Choice of our soil above all other lands,
A purse we 'll raise to pay your debts, and take
Your unsold Registers all off your hands.
For this we ask that you, for once, will show
Some gratitude, and, if you can, be civil;
Burn all your books, sell all your pigs, and go —
No matter where — to England or the devil."

This is a fair sample of the wit employed in the Croakers. It would be tiresome to copy much of it. The Ode to the Surveyor-General, on another page, is dimly and remotely amusing in its scorn at his choice of new names for new towns in the west of New York, — Homer, Milton, Hampden, Galen, Livy, Ulysses. Then we find some laughing lines to Captain Seaman Weeks, Chairman of the Tenth Ward Independent Electors. They give us a glimpse of the local politics of the time. The writer pretends a gushing gladness at having found at last a thoroughly independent politician, and complains of "Clintonians, Coodies, and Feds" as far below the mark of Captain Seaman Weeks: —

"In vain I endeavor to give 'em a hint on
Sense, reason, or temper, — they laugh at it all:
For sense is nonsense when it makes against Clinton,
And reason is treason at Tammany Hall."

Tammany and canals, it would seem, were as fruitful of scandal, chicane, and satire then as now. Political records tell us of the bitter fight over the proposed canal system in those years, and the verses To Ennui refer to it: —

"I'm sick of General Jackson's toast,
Canals are nought to me;
Nor do I care who rules the roast,
Clinton or John Targee."

There is, by the way, a song in Halleck's Fanny which represents beer as the moving force of Tammany politics. If we substitute whisky for beer, we shall have a very good notion of the advance which a certain kind of state-craft in New York has made since that time. Although

Drake's and Halleck's squibs are very much restricted in their interest by their local allusions, it will be found that a slight familiarity with the affairs of the Empire State in the present throws a comic light back upon these early satires. The very fact that the story has now become too well worn to excite more than a fatigued smile gives to the energy of these satirists a surprising freshness. Clintonians, Coodies, Federalists, Bucktails, Democrats, Republicans,—these were the names on which the fortunes of the State then hung. We were ever an inventive people. The variety of party titles in America seems to bear some affinity to our national fertility in mixed drinks.

Besides the political matter in this pamphlet of verses there is little local quizzing that is other than dull. Ode to Fortune makes perhaps as much as could be made out of the life of a well-to-do idler in the metropolis at a time when its population was about one tenth of what it is to-day :—

ODE TO FORTUNE.

"Fair lady with the bandag'd eye!
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks,
So thou wilt cut me and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks:

"My station is the middle rank,
My fortune, just a competence,—
Ten thousand in the Franklin bank
And twenty in the six per cents:

"The horse that twice a year I ride
At mother Dawson's cuts his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide;
My country-seat is Weehawk Hill;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop;
At Poppleton's I take my lunch;
Nibble prepares my mutton-chop;
And Jennings makes my whisky punch.

"When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Guards, and Balls;
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals;
Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown;
The man who don't attempt to rise
'Twere cruelty to tumble down."

The brief extracts just given show for what sparing outlay of art or idea the authors received their large return of distinction. They rhymed as easily as Peter Pindar, whom they were thought to rival. Perhaps it would be nearer

the truth to say, they imitated. Something of their free-hand drawing they probably learned from that too industrious doctor; but they had wit enough of their own to give all the flavor of originality. At least they deserve great respect for not emulating the English satirist in the tenacity with which he maintained the habit of doggerel through a long life-time. Moreover, one's attention is seriously challenged by the implied air of superiority, the *unexpressed* value of these estrays: even when you know that they are by Drake and Halleck you may expect very little from them, and yet on reading them fairly through you will be inclined to wonder what it is that makes them seem so much better than they are. This, possibly, is a fancy of my own; but it seems to me a noteworthy instance of finer quality in the men making itself felt in work that is but little above mediocrity. Twice or thrice, also, the Croakers broached sentiment: Drake wrote *The American Flag*, and his friend a meditation evidently inspired by Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, beginning, "There is an evening twilight of the heart," together with this song:—

"The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine," etc.

But so soon as we come to consider the sentimental poetry, we find ourselves at a point where the Castor and Pollux of quizzers diverge. The Croakers were penned in the antechamber of life. Two or three years after they had come to light, Drake died. Halleck lived nearly fifty years longer. His later career—both by the fame it secured and the taciturnity that fell upon his genius—shows the futility of telling what a man might have done if he had lived. "I cannot help thinking," Mr. Bryant has written,¹ "that if his death had happened forty years earlier, his life would have been regarded as a bright morning prematurely overcast. Yet Halleck's career may be said to have ended then," that is,

¹ Some Notices of the Life and Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, read before the New York Historical Society, 1869.

about 1830. "All that will hand down his name to future years had already been produced." Notwithstanding this example, it is difficult not to speculate as to what would have been the maturer development of Halleck's friend and literary partner, Drake. Had his voice not passed away so soon, borne out of hearing on the seaward wind of death, it might have enriched us with strains as cherished as some from the other poet's lyre that echo still. Fragmentary and unfinished as we find Drake's scroll, which he himself condemned to the flames, there are passages to be detected in it that assuredly promise a more ethereal poesy than any which came to fruition in Halleck's longer and much-correcting leisure. Drake, as represented in what he has left, is jejune and too fanciful; a curtain of thin but perhaps impassable dreamery intervenes between him and the domain of more cordial sympathies in which most of our poets have unfolded their hearts. I think he must have liked best to lay his mind open, like a leaf, to the impersonal influence of nature, to reflect the shining of his Bronx's quiet waters, and let the sounds of wild things creep into his fibres. In places, one can imagine that ferns and sylvan flowers have been laid between the pages and have stamped their delicate outlines into his verse. In his failure to get hold of humanity, Drake might have turned out to be a smaller-sized Shelley without the sting. The Culprit Fay, a *tour de force*, executed in two or three days, to prove the feasibility of colonizing legends along the banks of the Hudson, is ingeniously based on the plan of Paradise and the Peri; yet it is wrought out with a graceful imagination and a substantial originality. If he could do so much on such slight occasion, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that with fuller power and longer deliberation he might have imparted his dainty excellence to some conception of deeper root. But alongside of his airier energies, Drake seems to have entertained commonplace moods in which he was satisfied to write "Croaker pieces" and lines like those To Sarah. The manner of these seems to have been

caught from surface contact with what people were once taught to consider good poetry. That the poet took so much pleasure in his anonymous verses probably indicates a want of discrimination, a failure to grasp consciously his best inspiration; and this he might have outgrown. The Croaker compositions I take to have been a somewhat factitious business with him. It happens curiously that, although Drake was the initiator of them, they appear to have been much more directly in the line of Halleck's development.

If we must abate a good deal from the first reputation of these merry squibs, we may still heartily acknowledge that they showed a masculine touch which it is stimulating to look back to now, that quality being hopelessly absent from a great deal of youthful poetry at present. Even at the time of their freshness, no one could rival the Croakers in their own department. Hundreds of unsuccessful imitations were daily received and mostly rejected by the New York journals. The vigor and simplicity of the originals taken with our conclusion that the Croakers were especially in accord with Halleck's taste may recall a remark of Poe's. "There is something," he says, "in the *bonhomie* of certain of his [Halleck's] compositions — something altogether distinct from poetic merit — which has aided to establish him." Perhaps it was with slightly malicious relish that Poe threw in the clause, "altogether distinct from poetic merit;" yet it is true that Halleck's sketchy descriptiveness, his knack of hitting off in verse affairs of current interest, and his wit would often — but for the jingle — have been just as acceptable in prose. These traits are exemplified in the Epistle to the Recorder and in Fanny. The latter production put Halleck in the position of being the only American besides Irving for whom Irving's publisher would print; and in a few years copies had become so scarce that they brought twenty times the original price. I confess, to me it is the flattest, tamest, dreariest of comic poems that have won any note. It was thought by some to have been inspired by Don

Juan; but the fine distinction has latterly been made that it resulted from a perusal of Byron's *Beppo*, a poem in the same style and stanza. *Beppo*, however, has a plot, and therefore finishes itself; and Halleck failed to imitate it in this advantageous particular. The second part which he afterward provided does not remedy the defect. A more serious objection is that the wit is thin and scattered. Then the poem is so much taken up with wandering that it has no time for poetry. I find the intercalated song of the *Horse-Boat* a total enigma, when considered in the light of the praise it has received. Neither does the description of New York as seen from Weehawken appear to sustain the honors which have been bestowed upon it. For example:—

"The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.
Tall spire and glittering roof and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent.
Green isle and circling shore are blended there
In wild reality."

We can hardly be convicted of arrogance if we pronounce this passage unmistakably feeble. The hints of social existence, also, in *Fanny* are so vague that there is little to be got from them in any way, and in the whole chain of verses there are hardly more than a half dozen brief bits worth repeating. It was probably the surprise which people felt at seeing provincial Manhattan treated in verse of any sort that captivated the early readers of *Fanny*. Halleck's wit and humor appear under much more characteristic guise in the *Epistle* to * * * and in *The Recorder*. The former and shorter of these gives us a sketch of the summer vacation in New York, which though shaded with a pleasant antiquity presents the city under much the same aspect that it now wears in the hot months. The rhymers refers to the tourist at his diverse employments:—

"Or sketching Niagara, pencil on knee
(The giant of waters, our country's pet lion),
Or dipp'd at Long Branch in the real salt sea,
With a cork for a dolphin, a cockney Arion;
Yet as most of "the fashion" are journeying now,
With the brown hues of summer on cheek and on brow,

The few gens comme il faut who are lingering
here
Are, like fruits out of season, more welcome and dear.

One meets them in groups that Canova might fancy,
At our new lounge at evening, the Opéra Francals,
In nines like the Muses, in threes like the Graces,
Green spots in a desert of commonplace faces.
The queen, Mrs. Adams, goes there sweetly dress'd
In a beautiful bonnet all golden and flowery;
While the king, Mr. Bonaparte, smiles on Celeste,
Heloise, and Hutin from his box at the Bowery."

The Recorder is still racy and delightful in its quick, free humor; for the author hit precisely the right chord in this, and made it a brilliant summary of one phase of American minor politics. It cannot lose its relish so long as we take an interest in analyzing the condition of things that called it forth. How witty is this sharply drawn contrast between the real and the pinchbeck Caesarism!—

"The Caesar pass'd the Rubicon
With helm and shield and breastplate on,
Dashing his war-horse through the waters;
The Riker¹ would have built a barge
Or steamboat at the city's charge,
And pass'd it with his wife and daughters."

The reflex of fancy here, which presents the idea of *Cæsar* making up a little family party for a free trip across the Rubicon, the expenses to be arranged at the City Hall of Rome, is an inspiration exquisite of its kind. The comparative neglect into which our once much-sought author has relapsed makes it safe to quote what few now read. And because it throws light on the genius which we are considering, I will introduce another passage from *The Recorder*, which suddenly varies the prevalent tone of banter with a strain of unpremeditated, pathetic sentiment. Garcia, it should be said, was the maiden name of Mme. Malibran, who had sung in New York in 1825, at the first performance of Italian opera in the United States, — three years before *The Recorder* appeared:—

"For me,
I rhyme not for posterity,
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise,
When I, their ancestor, am gone,
And paid the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays.

¹ Mr. Riker was the new Recorder.

" But many are my years, and few
Are left me, ere night's holy dew
And sorrow's holier tears will keep
The grass green where in death I sleep.
And when that grass is green above me,
And those who bless me now and love me
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world with lip and pen
That once I lived and died ?

" No ; if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it ;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of Fame
Like Garcia's, let me hear it ! "

The impulsive grace of this unlooked-for compliment to the great songstress could hardly be surpassed. The momentary pensiveness that precedes it has precisely the effect of that involuntary tremor of grief sometimes seen in a lip which gives shape, the next instant, to a seemingly careless jest. It follows a laughing fling at the poverty of poets ; and then, the emptiness of renown after death giving him a sudden pang, the poet seems instinctively thrown upon the thought of woman, and all the pathos he has just caught sight of goes to enlarge and beautify his praise of this one woman greatly gifted.

The Recorder goes so far beyond anything else of Halleck's in the humorous vein that it is impossible not to regret that he gave it no companions. But what Halleck has left, of this sort, only indicates how much more he might have done. I am not so sure that the same can be said of his serious poetry.

The transition from one mood to the other, the connection between them, is interesting to watch for and follow. Perhaps the most perfect of Halleck's poems, excepting the two that have made him famous — his Marco Bozzaris and Robert Burns — is the one called Woman, " Written in the Album of an Unknown Lady : " —

" Lady, although we have not met,
And may not meet, beneath the sky ;
And whether thine are eyes of jet,
Gray, or dark blue, or violet,
Or hazel, — Heaven knows, not I ;

" Whether around thy cheek of rose
A maiden's glowing locks are curled,
And to some thousand kneeling beaux

Thy frown is cold as winter's snows,
Thy smile is worth a world ;

" Or whether, past youth's joyous strife,
The calm of thought is on thy brow,
And thou art in the noon of life,
Loving and loved, a happy wife,
And happier mother now,

" I know not : but, whate'er thou art,
Whoe'er thou art, were mine the spell
To call Fate's joys or blunt his dart,
There should not be one hand or heart
But served or wished thee well.

" For thou art Woman."

There is something in that train of feeling which recalls Carew and Herrick ; and the rest of the poem, enlarging on the influence of woman over man, is nearly up to the mark set by the beginning. In the penultimate stanza we find the substance of that compliment to Malibran which we have so much admired. Here it is said of the poet, —

" If to his song the echo rings
Of Fame, — 't is woman's voice he hears."

But let it be noticed how comparatively trite the sentiment appears, in this form. There is an air of premeditation in the statement, which gives it a falling accent instead of that upward inflection of surprise which captivates us in the longer poem. At the time of writing *Woman*, the poet sought this idea with some pains, most probably ; but when he came to *The Recorder*, it had matured so that he could easily give it a shaping even better than the thought itself. Besides, there is great advantage in the unexpectedness with which the burst of feeling comes upon us in *The Recorder*. This observation will explain in part the dim coloring, the dry, disappointing property of many among Halleck's serious poetic compositions. So fragile was the constitution of his genius, it seemed questionable whether he could nourish any given inspiration into stalwart life. The mere stopping to measure his strength would discourage him. If, then, he could always have begun writing in the gay mood, and from that have thrown himself without forethought upon the current of some fresh, hurrying emotion, he would always have given us his best. I think the generalization will not do him

injustice. Particularizing, we might take this very poem, *Woman*, as an example. The writer plays with his theme in the lightest way, for two stanzas, merely inhaling its first piquant suggestion; then the larger associations take unexpected hold of him, he passes into a phase of earnest homage, and so is carried to his solemn close. In *A Poet's Daughter* he balances the two moods in a more prolonged manner; a little more consciously, too. He talks about what he shall write, and argues with a supposed suppliant for his verse, until the sensation one has is like that of seeing a man execute some feat of balancing a plate or a hat on the point of his stick. He has time to be coy, retrospective, pensive, cynical; at last he is impressed by hearing that he is asked to write for a poet's daughter; and then he catches at one of those charming compliments, for delivering which his genius appears to have been accorded him as a special messenger:—

"A poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame?
Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below.

My spirit's wings are weak; the fire
Poetic comes but to expire;
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All hard can give."

Red Jacket is a performance less good of its order. There is, admittedly, strong characterization in it, but what it has of poetry, although at moments solemnly eloquent, is uneven. It is to the purpose to notice, also, how *Red Jacket* offers in a duller, more obscure state, the contrast between two phases of the author's mind, which we have just been noticing. After a deal of prefatory rhyming in which the poet treats his best reflections with exceeding shabbiness, he grants us a few periods of eloquence:—

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art, Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

"Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;

And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded
In banner-folds of glory the dark pall."

The rest has the same kind of power, except that twice more the chanter allows himself to be jostled into jocularly. Again in *Alnwick Castle* it is dismal to see the poet throw away his lyre and break his harmonies in mere downheartedness at the unpoeticalness of things. The *Alnwick Castle* is an instance of a sober poem ending in the bitterness of desecrating humor; a reversal of the process in the other cases, where gayety blends itself with a gathering seriousness, as the last daylight melts into russet-purpling dusk.

These various examples which we have reviewed all force us to the conclusion that Halleck instinctively sought, in one way or another, a break in the tune, an abrupt alternation of mood. It was in this clashing of diverse inclinations that he struck out his liveliest sparks of fancy. He sought a certain tantalizing sweetness that floated in the midst of discord. How significant this peculiarity was, how essential a part of his genius, we shall see better after glancing over some facts of the poet's origin and life.

II.

Halleck traced his lineage through his father to a Puritan settler of Connecticut, and on his mother's side was fifth in descent from John Eliot, the "Indian apostle." He was born in 1790 at Guilford, Connecticut, and went to school under Dr. Samuel Johnson, the memorable divine of that State. He invariably knew his lessons, and at the age of seven years spoke in the school exhibition. He had, on the other hand, no taste for sports, but wandered much along the shores of Long Island Sound, and even as a boy held Campbell dearest among the poets. The town library of Guilford was supplied with standard books which he read. The missionary Eliot had, as we know, indulged in versification; and Halleck began to write rhymes at considerable length, while studying his geography. They refer in

great part to emotions aroused by the map of the United States. At fifteen he was placed with a kinsman, to serve as clerk in a country store. For the next forty-four years his life was a commercial one. In his new situation the verse-writing went on from time to time, the young poet having now found a wider range of topics than the atlas afforded. His biographer, James Grant Wilson, has related how he sat in his employer's kitchen during the evenings, reading, or else reciting his latest effusions to the serving-woman, Leah Norton. When he came of age he went to New York to take a place in a banking business there. Eight years afterward the Croakers appeared, and in 1819, also, *Fanny* was published anonymously. Three years later Halleck made a short tour in Europe; and he published in 1827 a volume containing *Alnwick Castle*, *Marco Bozzaris*, *Robert Burns*, and the *Elegy on Drake*. The last three gained very wide favor; but Halleck's name had not been appended to them when they were first issued in magazines, and he did not place it on the title-page of his book until 1839. *Marco Bozzaris* had become familiar to the poet's sister through its popular fame; yet, although she was in constant correspondence with Halleck, she did not know who had written the piece until six years after it first came out. It was in 1828 that *The Recorder* was published over the pseudonym of Thomas Castaly; and then for thirty-seven years Halleck maintained an almost unbroken silence. The only other book which he produced (excepting an edition of *Byron and Selections from the British poets*) was *Young America*, given to the world in his seventy-fifth year; a weak performance in which it is hard to discern any purpose, artistic or otherwise. *Fanny* and *Bozzaris* and *Burns*, though for a long time not openly claimed by him, gradually became known as the work of Halleck, and won him an enviable reputation. He became the most popular of American poets. Rogers, speaking of his great martial poem, said, "We can do nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic;" men, women, publishers, and versifiers

besought him to write more; but nothing could make the current flow again.

Perhaps the popular applause alarmed more than it could encourage him. Literary labor, too, at that time was poorly compensated, and Halleck's energies were mainly absorbed in mercantile drudgery. But, judging from his choice of themes when most successful, and the uninspired quietude of sixteen years after his retirement from business, we may assume that one of the most serious obstacles to further production was the want of a subject. His strong attachment to Campbell's poetry once caused him to write thus to a friend: "Can you repeat without a book six lines of the *Course of Time*? If so, you have a very good memory badly employed. Can you not repeat without book every line which Tom Campbell has published? Then you have never been as happy a man as you ought to have been." This attachment it partly was, no doubt, which led Halleck to expend his finest powers on material offered by Europe. Probably, too, it blinded him to the great superiority of his own flights over those of his master where they bent their courses in the same direction. Campbell also wrote of *Burns* and of the Greek struggle for independence, but his pieces are neglected and never had any noticeable triumph. But the situation is oddly reversed when Campbell abstracts the legend of *Wyoming* from between the very fingers of our native bards. Then his admirer Halleck makes a little excursion to *Pennsylvania*, and goes over the historic ground in a mood so discomforted by realities that his meditative stanzas on the occasion assume almost the tone of scouting Campbell's romantic invention. As Campbell plucked from the banks of an American stream blossoms that exhaled for him a grateful incense of fame, so Halleck, when he could get far enough away from home, let his voice carol forth music that could make a many-voiced echo. But he could not pitch the note very high or steady when standing on his native heath. He several times attempted this; but *Red Jacket* is disturbed and vulgarized by a forced wit, and the

verses on Connecticut are fragmentary and poor. The Field of the Grounded Arms, founded on the battle of Saratoga, was the outcome of a resolve (conscious or not) to conquer this inability. It must, however, be confessed a failure. It is not poetic, it is not even eloquent. Written in a Horatian measure, it becomes a tedious prosaic monologue, lacking the deep cadences of Marvell's ode on Cromwell and the undulant musical underflow of Collins's Evening, — two poems which the author must have had in his mind when composing his own. Alnwick Castle, too, broke down because an allusion suddenly recalled the writer's mind to America. In naming over the different Percys, he was obliged to mention

"him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragons."

Straightway he had recourse to asterisks and wrote: —

"That last half-stanza — it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world, is gone."

The same disgust for things modern and American appears in A Poet's Daughter: —

"'T is a new world, — no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade
Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
Twin tasks divine!"

From one point of view, this scorn appears to merit our decided admiration, for it indicates a sensitive poetic organization, which would not let the man forget what higher aims he was really born for. But, equally, we are impelled by it to ask, Why then did he not obey the call of his genius? Why did he not quit trade and, if need were, society, and bring his mind face to face with what struck him as the contradiction between life and poetry, until he should discover how to reconcile them? Then he might have gained for his creative faculty a noble and sustaining confidence. The inevitable conclusion is that his inspiration was not ardent enough, his temperament too much averse to the risk and the effort

involved, — in a word, that his genius was secondary, and had not the instinct of discovery, which overrules tradition and makes worlds where it was thought none could be.

"My spirit's wings are weak; the fire
Poetic comes but to expire."

His own words sum up the situation. In 1832 he was asked to write an address for a theatre, and declined, saying of himself (in the third person): "He has been estranged for so long a time from the habit of writing and rhyming as to find it utterly impossible," and that he "is broad awake with both eyes from the morning dream of poetry." But he had always, I conceive, been awake with one eye, and that was fixed too carefully on the schedule of ways and means. He was hardly ready to make great sacrifices, or to tread the laborious path that some of his brother poets chose. To open the way to a great career in the arts, it is sometimes indispensable to risk everything.

In his general disposition there was undoubtedly a certain degree of cynicism too ready to lay hold upon him. It might give a tone of pleasant resistance and sharpness to the geniality which his friends have so much commended, but it must have recoiled morosely upon himself at times. It developed in him, or else proceeded from, a singular coldness, indifference, rigidity, a few instances of which may be cited here. His reserve on the subject of his poems was excessive, and he had a maxim that a man is famous when he has been once quoted. This specious dictum reminds one of Thoreau's decision that when he could make a single good lead-pencil he need never make another. There is a glimpse of truth in each conclusion, more applicable to pencils than to poetry; but at best it is a very slight glimpse. Yet Halleck was apparently satisfied with his reasoning, and with it steeled himself against all appeals for further exercise of his gift. Mr. William Gilmore Simms has recorded Halleck's "sovereign contempt" for the popular judgment; yet it is clear that he relished its decision in his favor. He hated trade, too, we are informed. But

liking city life, and being a good diner-out and conversationist, he adhered to business. Yet his attitude as a poet professing a mercantile character probably constrained him. A man of genius may be unfortunate in treating extraneous social forces without due respect; but he is no less in danger, sometimes, from paying them too great a deference. I am inclined to think that Halleck vitiated his inborn artistic quality by bowing too long and too low in the presence of commercial dignity. But if sundry of his short-comings may be charged to his surroundings, it is certainly a radical distaste for life that crops out in this confession to his sister, written after the suicide of a friend in New York, when the poet was only twenty-seven: "We had often conversed on suicide; and I joined him in the opinion that the world contained nothing worth living for, and he was the most fortunate whose task was soonest ended." Then, too, if Halleck's stanzas on *Love* are to be taken seriously, they reveal a saturnine chilliness of resolution fatal to the free and graceful expansion of poesy. Halleck's friends, who have borne strong testimony to his capacity for genial good-fellowship, have also mentioned with emphasis the taste for railleury often shown by him. He would launch into disputation on divers themes with a vehemence which at first impressed recent acquaintances as being absolutely hostile. But the hostility was only assumed, and soon melted into the mere fun of holding an opposition view for the sake of picturesqueness and variety. Nevertheless I suspect that a radical tendency to sarcasm and discontent underlay these ebullitions. They appear to be connected with a captiousness and an eccentricity of judgment of which several instances are on record. For example, a hobby of his in favor of limited monarchy aroused in the poet what seems an unreasonable dissatisfaction on his hearing Thackeray lecture upon George IV. Before the reading was finished he quitted the hall, remarking to a friend, "I can't listen any longer to this abuse of a man better than himself" (meaning better than Thackeray). Leigh Hunt's Story of Rimini

he pronounced "silly" as to incident: it is not set down what opinion he held of Dante. Tennyson and Mrs. Browning he declared had written nothing worth remembering; and it gives a curious notion of the complacency lurking under Halleck's extreme outward modesty to read his complaint in a letter to a lady, written after *Young America* appeared, in 1865. He calls the book merely "verses," but continues: "In these 'sensation' times I cannot expect them to be liked or even tolerated. There is, I am aware, nothing in them resembling Miss Bradton's exciting themes in prose, or Enoch Arden's story of polygamy (so decent, delicate, and decorous) in verse." He failed to see that neither was there anything in the lines at all corresponding to the strength and harmony of a greater poet than himself, and one who was in sympathy with his time. He had been content to enjoy his popularity, thirty-five years earlier, with a quiet scorn for the public judgment which accorded it; and then—having let slip the begging opportunity that attended him lustre after lustre—he allowed himself to feel bitter because, on sending a belated halloo after the moving generation, he found that he was not listened to.

I have dwelt upon this colder, crotchety side of Halleck's personality only because it helps us to understand that clashing of moods which we have already noticed in his poetry. It is obvious that the tincture of melancholy in his temperament was continually depriving his dainty poetic sensibility of its zest for beauty, and arresting his sweetest strains with a sudden, prosaic self-consciousness. He was proud and reserved, yet genial; he was prudent to the point of lavishing all his best energies upon book-keeping, yet full of enthusiasm for certain kinds of poetry. This conflict of temperament and genius was heightened and complicated by the difficult circumstances of birth in a new country, and the absence of a highly developed society which could stimulate instead of limiting and repressing him. He was indubitably hurt by his surroundings, and had not the strength to modify them.

This he might in some degree have done had he clearly comprehended his situation. That he did not comprehend it, and did not struggle away somewhat to find a less vexatious atmosphere, I have already suggested as a reason for holding his endowment to be secondary and defective. Genius which does not carry with it the self-preserving power, and the instinct of experimenting with conditions until the adverse forces are reduced to a minimum, is necessarily more exposed to maimings or extinction than genius which is provided with those defenses. This conclusion, however, relates only to the constitution of Halleck's genius; it accounts for his failures, but it cannot throw the least discredit on his successes. In fact it makes these all the more remarkable; it is a marvel that a man so apathetic as Halleck, and so hampered by his other occupations, should have written what he did. But the height to which he several times attained makes it the greater pity that his productions should have been at other times so ruinously flawed.

When we have left out parts of The Recorder, we may dismiss the rest of Halleck's comic poetry as of no intrinsic worth. There is a tremulous beauty about several of the slighter lyrics that will bestow refreshment from time to time upon the few who may come upon them in the nooks of libraries. Three pieces remain which have secured a wide renown likely to last for that indefinite period which is practically an immortality; these pieces being, of course, the monody upon Drake's death, the meditation on Burns, and the Marco Bozzaris. But are we to rate the author of this splendid martial ode as a second-rate genius?

I take it we may not inaccurately mark three grades of genius in poetry, — master, workman, and amateur. The master will accomplish great things and minor things, but he will leave always the imprint of largeness on his handiwork. The workman may be more perfect in finish than the master cares to be; he, too, may make the emotions bow to him at times, though scarcely with the

sure and continued sovereignty of the higher-ranked poet; and he stands good chance of covering his failures with the veil of dexterity. The amateur boggles his way through bathos and beatitude, but can touch far and deep in an unforeseen, lucky moment; there are also misleading scintillations of workmanship, and even of mastery, in the quartz he brings to light. Halleck was so much an amateur that if he had not been so much more a real workman, he would have fallen into the third rank. It was amateurish, his failure to know at once, on finishing Marco Bozzaris, that he had written a great poem. He handed it to a business companion, asking, "Will that do?" But when we read it, we say, "Cannot this man do everything?" There is brilliant, perfect workmanship in it; there is splendid command of the sympathies. Is not the writer a master? One hour's crowned session on the throne makes a king; but I do not think that one effort of power, even so impressive as this, gives a right to the title of master, in poetry. Halleck gives us too many blurred pages and broken staves.

He himself laid no claim to high rank. "I have published very little," he wrote, near the close of his life, "and that little almost always anonymously, and have ever been but an amateur in the literary orchestra, playing only upon a pocket flute, and never aspiring, even in dream, to the dignity of the *bâton*." . . . No; the master cannot fully breathe unless he sing; everywhere as he walks through the world, flowered lanes of poetry open out before him, and others as they tread that place know that his passing made its beauty; his voice does not shrivel in his throat when life is but half over; things do not go entirely by chance with him. But Halleck was for the most part so conscientious — whatever his practice, his creed in song was so strict — that he deserves for his great accident of Bozzaris a credit similar to that which a complete master should receive for a burst of power as grand. Still, we must remember that it was the work of an intellectual dependent. Halleck, in answer to solicitations, refused to write anything about our

civil war, because, as he said, it was "a monster mutiny." His silence does not appear to have been that of an anguished sorrow too deep for words, but merely the silence of indifference. There is no knowing how the Greek insurrection would have affected him had it not been approved by Byron and Campbell. And again it will not do to forget that Halleck's confessed idol, Campbell, had shown him how to write war poems, in *Hohenlinden* and *The Battle of the Baltic*. Halleck's greater power has been mentioned in a previous part of this paper; but, though the comparison by no means covers the case, there is something in his superiority to Campbell which suggests the finer skill of a musical virtuoso contrasted with the original impulse of the composer.

Halleck's place in our literature has been said to resemble that of Horace in the literature of Rome. The suggestion may have been intended more as a compliment, a friendly fancy, than as a critical summary of his merits. But the tendency in this country toward an American Literature Made Easy may excuse a wish that this sort of parallel might be avoided. It is true that

"parrus operosa
Carmina fingit"

will apply to the Connecticut as well as to the Venusian poet; both writers also dealt with the municipal life around them, parading it in the form of satire; but beyond this it is hardly necessary to go, in considering them together. Halleck's satires do not live, nor do his lyrics by any means form a compact body of song representative of the national life. On the contrary, it is particularly and regrettably noticeable that the national life does not enter at all into his best pieces. I find it perfectly possible to enjoy his poetry keenly, and to read patiently what I do not enjoy in it, without losing sight of the fact that Hal-

leck, like so many another cherished poet, is only a brilliant amateur. There have been few of his degree so charming and so changeful. At one moment he is a nimble lampoon writer; but suddenly his glee escapes, his page darkens, his lids grow heavy; he mourns the death of a brother poet. That elegy on Drake is like a funeral torch held out at night, dropping its reflection across each stanza as if upon the slow incoming waves of a dark Stygian stream. As another phase of the same poet we may take the arch earnestness of *Woman*, or *A Poet's Daughter*, among *vers de société* of the same scope not easy to match. But while we are still lingering over their evanescent charm, the resonant tones of Bozzaris — pæan and requiem blended in one — shall burst upon us, and rouse to impassioned sympathy. From one point of view, how versatile and susceptible was this man! from another, how chilly and limited! But his self-divided genius causes him to stand forward as a peculiarly apt representative of that large class of minds that are potentially poet-minds, but never find means of expression. He has the semi-discouragement, the sensitiveness, the occasional bursts of clear energy characteristic of them. And though he did not translate the national life into verse, his mood as traced in his poems corresponds closely to the general tone of a community and period still crude and but half developed on the artistic side. This adds another to the reasons why he will not be forgotten. He would not have been forgotten, even had the city that he loved failed to honor his memory with the first statue erected to an American poet; a statue also honoring the city's loyalty to the poet of her earlier days. Neither overstated nor unduly stinted praise can shake Halleck's claim to what he has called

"That traller thing than leaf or flower,
A poet's immortality."

George Parsons Lathrop.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATIONS.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD is a poet whose popularity lags singularly far behind his merits, and whose apparent indifference to winning fame has been met with corresponding slowness on the part of the public in conferring it. It is often said that a man is taken for what he gives himself out to be, and although not every man who announces himself a genius is believed, yet there can be but little doubt that confident belief in one's own powers goes far in breeding the like belief in the minds of others; and it is surer still that a man who distrusts himself will find his own valuation accepted with singular readiness. An author who is anxious to make himself heard will choose with care his time of speaking, and will not be silent until he has attracted notice; but a man who throws a book out into the great stream of literary production, and leaves it to its fate, will run but little chance of finding others more zealous in his interest than he is himself, and he need not be surprised if his work is never spoken of. There is, however, one thing better than winning approbation, and that is deserving it, and this Mr. Fitzgerald certainly does.

There are many translators of verse whose merit lies not in their power of poetic expression, but in their prosaic determination to make their work complete; and too often, while they give us the actual substance of the original, the informing grace and beauty are missing. Yet this thoroughness makes the translations valuable for reference, and the reader who seeks only a conscientious rendering and a sort of inventory of the author finds what he looked for. Now all of Mr. Fitzgerald's translations have beauty of their own, and deserve to be admired and criticised on their own merits as poems, and judged not merely with regard to their mechanical accuracy. They are intended to be for us

satisfactory equivalents of certain poetry, and that, it is fair to say, is what every translator of the higher sort tries to give us, however different the means used for this end may be. Everywhere Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have considered first the poetical quality of his work, and hence the public, not being tempted by the promise of exact literalness, lets itself overlook what in fact so well repays study. The imaginative beauty of his work is a most striking trait, and while the question of the literalness of his different translations is of importance, this may be better considered by discussing them separately.

The story of his literary career is brief. What first attracted anything like marked attention was his translation of the *Rubáiyát*, or Quatrains, of Omar Khayyám.¹ This Persian poet had up to that time been almost unnoticed in the Western world, and although according to his French editor and translator, M. J. B. Nicolas, his poems, written in the eleventh century, are still popular in Teheran, there is yet other, though less direct, evidence that even in his own country he had met with neglect. Many other Persian poets have been much more famous, and their celebrity has spread even into Europe, but until Mr. Fitzgerald's translation appeared, Omar Khayyám was nearly unknown to his more recent public. In Sir Gore Ouseley's *Biographical Notices of Persian Poets*, prose renderings of half a dozen of the quatrains are given. Two are to be found in Mr. Emerson's *May Day and Other Poems*, and one first appeared in an article on Persian Poetry, by Mr. Emerson, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1858, since reprinted in his *Letters and Social Aims*. This article gives an account of Von Hammer's *Geschichte der Schönen Redekünste Persiens*, and contains translations of many other Persian poems from

¹ *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer Poet of Persia* Translated into English Verse

London: Bernard Quaritch 1st Ed., 1859; 2d, 1868; 3d, 1872

the German version. It was here that Mr. Emerson said: "Ferideddin Attar and Omar Chiam promise to rise in Western estimation;" and certainly half of his prophecy has come true. In his valuable volume which appeared in Vienna, in 1818, Von Hammer translated twenty-five of the quatrains of Khayyám, which are prefaced by a brief notice, biographical and critical, of the poet. He there regrets that his limited space does not permit him to give the translation of the whole three hundred — not two hundred, as Mr. Fitzgerald says in the preface of his version — contained in his MS. of Omar Khayyám, "for nearly all," he says, "are of the same merit as these." Like Mr. Fitzgerald, he preserves the fine-sounding measure of the original. In his short introduction he speaks of Khayyám as the poet of the freethinkers and scoffers at religion, as the Voltaire of Persian poetry, a view which is directly opposed to that of M. Nicolas, who sees the mystical expression of devotion in everything that most shocks the German scholar. The question is one that concerns a good deal of Persian poetry, for Hafiz was forbidden the rites of burial, and at a later period the reading of his poems was prohibited on account of his great exaltation of material joys, until it was ingeniously suggested by an admirer that what seemed erotic and bacchanalian was really only symbolical of a diviner glow, when they were again received into favor. Omar Khayyám has been attacked for the same fault and defended in the same way, but any one who reads the mystical poems of the most prominent Sufi poets, such as Ferideddin Attar and Jelaeddin, in translation at least, cannot fail to observe the great difference between their transparent allegory on the one hand, and on the other the candid avowal of want of faith in Khayyám's poems, or the open, unblushing sensuality of some of those of Hafiz. To confuse the two would seem as impossible as the inability to distinguish a German student's *Commersbuch* from a collection of psalm tunes. Hence nothing sounds stranger than the attempts of M. Nicolas to read

in Khayyám's most despairing lines protestations of orthodoxy, or even of the wavering orthodoxy of the Sufis, who, while they maintained an outward semblance of belief in Islamism, really held to the hope of reaching by self-abnegation a sort of pantheistic absorption into the deity. This tendency to pantheism existed in many Oriental religions, and notably in Brahmanism, for instance, as is expressed in Mr. Emerson's famous poem, *Brahma*, which is itself almost a literal translation from the *Bhagavad Gita*. Moreover the Sufis held, with a fervor that would have delighted the heart of Schopenhauer, that the world was but illusion. Their poets, it is true, used many expressions with mystical meaning, various forms of material joy standing for the rapturous contemplation of divinity, as in the *Song of Solomon*, and the whole trouble of the interpreters is to know how much is literal and how much figurative.

Injustice would be done Mr. Fitzgerald's impressive version of Khayyám if the idea were given that it is made up of nothing but scoffing and jeering at religion, and smoothly worded blasphemy. Noisy unbelief and sneering at holy things are common enough and need no discussion here; they indicate the absence of thought, the willful determination not to think, while these quatrains are of importance because they express the despair of a man, a thinker, who is unable rather than unwilling to believe, who cannot reconcile what he is told of the goodness of God with the misery of the universe, with man's fatal proclivity to sin and the certainty of punishment for wickedness: —

"What! out of senseless nothing to provoke
A conscious something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties if broke!"

His determination to grasp present joys in despair of getting any satisfactory explanation of all these puzzling questions is very different from crude delight in sensuality, and it would be a great mistake to regard Khayyám as nothing but a careless epicurean, whose only interest was his own physical well-being.

He was in earnest, and he struck that note of wonder and regret which so many hopeless, skeptical souls have felt in all countries and at all times. Omar expresses a feeling that is as old as the world, —

"Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,"

and is sure to awaken a responsive thrill in the heart of man, or at any rate of that portion of mankind more given to thought and dreamy speculation than to action. His life, however, was not one of repining; he was an eminent mathematician; indeed, to many scholars he is best known as a distinguished man of science who wrote verses as a recreation; and he composed a treatise on algebra which was edited and translated — in his twenty-fourth year, by the way — by the celebrated scholar, Franz Wœpcke,¹ a brief but touching memorial of whom is to be found in Taine's *Nouveaux Essais d'Histoire et de Critique*. This algebraic treatise was famous among the Moors in Spain three centuries after it was written, and three centuries more did not diminish its reputation. Its especial value, according to Wœpcke, lay in the method it indicated of constructing equations of the third degree, which was a step in advance of what had been done by Greek mathematicians. In it Khayyâm bemoaned that the times were unfavorable for science, that the number of its followers was diminished, and that "the majority of those who have the appearance of scientific men hide the truth under falsehood, and confine themselves to imposture and to scientific ostentation. If they meet a man distinguished for honesty and the love of truth, who tries to get rid of pretense and deceit, they make him the object of their scorn and sneers. It is God whom we constantly implore, and he is our refuge." Perhaps he was here complaining of the persecution which he suffered on account of his religious opinions, for in an old MS., translated by Wœpcke, it is stated that he was much

blamed during his life-time for his skeptical views, although he was acknowledged to be without equal in astronomy and philosophy. It also says that after his death the Sufis interpreted his poems according to their own tenets, and that he was the object of their discussion both at home and abroad. As for his skill in astronomy, it is known that he was one of eight men who were chosen to reform the calendar, and who, according to Gibbon's testimony, corroborated by that of others, established "a computation of time which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." In spite of the poet's dictum the same astronomer may be undevout, but in Omar's poetry we find what is possibly the best expression of the earnestness which fails to become devoutness and turns into despair, which is one of the most touching sights in the world, and is the counterbalancing evil of intellectual power with refinement and cultivation, just as narrow arrogance is that of moderate culture, and superstition that of ignorant devotion.

Omar Khayyâm — Khayyâm means tent-maker, and was probably chosen in lieu of a finer-sounding name like Firdusi, "the celestial," or Hafiz, "the preserver," as a modest indication of his father's occupation — lived in the latter half of our eleventh century and the first quarter of our twelfth. He with two of his school-mates agreed that if one should rise to power he should not fail to aid the other two. One, Nizam-ul-Mulk, became vizier, and according to his promise gave the other, Hasan Ben Sabbâh, a place in his government, which kindness was rewarded with treachery, while Omar asked only for a modest competence that he might devote himself wholly to his studies; this was granted him, and thus he passed his life in congenial work at Naishapur, where he was born and died. Another patron of his was Abou Tahir, whose praise is found in the beginning of his algebraic treatise. "His presence," he says, "dilates my chest, his society heightens my glory; my cause grows in borrowing from his splendor, and my force is augmented by his munifi-

¹ *L'Algèbre d'Omar Alkhayyâmi. Publiée, traduite, et accompagnée d'extraits de manuscrits inédits. Par F. Wœpcke. Paris: Duprat. 1861. 8vo*

cence and kindness." To return to Mr. Fitzgerald, he has certainly done his part justice. As has been said, he has preserved the impressive metre of the original, of which an example has been given in the quatrain above quoted, where the first two lines rhyme, and the third introduces a change which the ear awaits in the fourth, where the original rhyme is repeated again with singular solemnity, as when the regular measure of tolling is interrupted, and the bell, turning over on itself, comes down with a more powerful note.

It is not, however, as a miracle of verbal ingenuity that his work demands praise, but rather on account of his skill in giving us a poetical equivalent of the Persian original. He selected of the *Rubāiyāt* a little less than a quarter of the whole number, giving, as he says in his preface, a smaller proportion of those in praise of wine, but otherwise representing fairly the Persian poem. Any one pushing too far the question of the exactness of the translation would be brought to a stand-still, not merely by Mr. Fitzgerald's constant practice of giving the spirit rather than the letter of the original, but also by the great discordance of the various MSS. Von Hammer, for instance, gives some verses which are not to be found in M. Nicolas' collection, and Mr. Fitzgerald some which are to be found in Von Hammer, but not in the French edition, and others which can be found in neither. Some also that Sir Gore Ouseley translated do not appear in any of the other collections. This only confirms the statement that it is for its poetical value especially that Mr. Fitzgerald's version is to be read. He has added to English literature what is remarkable for being one of the most beautiful as well as one of the earlier of the utterances of resignation in the world, — of a man who has vainly striven to convince himself that there is a better one: —

" Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about : but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

" Earth could not answer ; nor the seas that mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn :

Nor rolling heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of night and morn."

What seems to him the only refuge is the enjoyment of the pleasures he sees about him: —

" Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling :
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter, — and the bird is on the wing.

" Here with a little bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse, — and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness, —
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow."

Those who are familiar with the poem will recall the rest of it, and those who are not can easily lay their hands upon it. They will find among other things what is in another but somewhat similar way expressed by Horace, the advice to take the world as it is, a saying which is trite enough, but one that will always find listeners when put in an eloquent or really poetical form. It is hardly necessary to comment further on the beauty of Mr. Fitzgerald's rendering; that has been so often done — though hardly often enough for the worth of the book — that there is at present no urgent need of repeating what has been better said by others. Its history has been a singular one: the first edition appeared in 1859; consequently Miss Thackeray's putting a quotation from this version into the lips of one of the characters of *Old Kensington* before the time of the Crimean War is, it will be noticed, an anachronism, although a pardonable one; the second in 1868, and the third in 1872. From the first almost nothing was said about the book, but yet there must have been some demand for it within the first nine years to warrant the appearance of a second edition. However this may be, there was no public recognition of its merits until a warm and admiring notice appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1869, and since that time it has slowly worked its way into favor in this country, although by no means as yet into popularity, while in England, where it was published, recognition of its worth has been even tardier. An article appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* soon afterwards, deriving its inspiration from that in the *North American*, and there was a

long and laudatory notice in the Contemporary Review for March, 1876, from the pen of Mr. Schütz - Wilson. The first edition contained seventy-five quatrains; the second, one hundred and ten; the third, one hundred and one. The changes in the later editions, which are generally slight, may, on the whole, be considered improvements, and when the third is compared with the first edition they will be found to be decidedly for the better.

This was not Mr. Fitzgerald's first translation from the Persian, although it is decidedly the most important. In 1856 he published a translation of Jâmi's *Salâmân and Absal*,¹ which is a short poem of less than fifty pages. It is the second of the collection called the *Heft Aurang*, or *Seven Thrones*, which was made up of Jâmi's romantic poems. This one tells in a somewhat mystical way the story of a prodigal son, and although it contains many beautiful lines, it is so marked by the unfamiliar expressions and ways of thought of the Orientals that it somewhat repels the chance reader, while the main interest of the volume being its singularity there is nothing to make him overlook these external faults, if faults is not too harsh a word for what are only geographical differences of taste. Omar Khayyâm had qualities which have made him a classic, while Jâmi, in this poem, at least, comes nowhere near his level.

This is a fair specimen of one of the interludes. Sulayman and Balkis are Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, respectively:—

"Once upon the throne together
Telling one another secrets,
Sat Sulayman and Balkis;
The hearts of both were turned to truth,
Unswayed by deception.
First the king of faith, Sulayman,
Spoke: 'However just and wise
Reported, none of all the many
Suitors to my palace thronging
But afar I scrutinize;
And he who comes not empty-handed
Grows to honor in mine eyes.'
After this Balkis a secret
From her hidden bosom uttered,

Saying, 'Never night or morning
Comely youth before me passes
Whom I look not longing after.'²

Mr. Fitzgerald's translations from the Spanish demand careful consideration. The first volume² contained the following plays: *The Painter of his own Dishonor* (*El Pintor de su Deshonra*); *Keep your own Secret* (*Nadie fie su Secreto*); *Gil Perez, the Gallician* (*Luis Perez el Gallego*); *Three Judgments at a Blow* (*Las Tres Justicias en Una*); *The Mayor of Zalamea* (*El Alcalde de Zalamea*); *Beware of Smooth Water* (*Guardate de la Agua Mansa*). In the preface he says, "I have, while faithfully trying to retain what was fine and effective, sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced much that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after narrative." The translations from Calderon into English up to that time could have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and even since then but few new competitors have entered the field, the interest in Spanish literature having been much less in England and America than on the Continent. Mr. D. F. MacCarthy has done his best to atone for this indifference by the admirable fidelity of his translations, which give the original almost *verbatim* and with wonderful smoothness, blending the rigid metrical form that Calderon used with the freedom of English in a way that can hardly be excelled. Mr. Fitzgerald's aim was avowedly different: in his opinion our familiar blank verse, occasionally enlivened by rhyming measures, would produce the same effect upon us, accustomed to that form, as would the short line and assonance upon the fellow-countrymen of Calderon. At any rate these translations, although not strictly literal, are yet sufficiently exact to be of service, and hostile criticism has been further disarmed by Mr. Fitzgerald's statement in the preface that he had "not meddled with any of the more famous plays. . . . Such plays," he added, "as the *Magico Prodigioso* and

¹ *Salâmân and Absal*. An Allegory. From the Persian of Jâmi. London: John S. Parker & Co. 1856.

² *Six Dramas of Calderon*. Freely translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. London: William Pickering. 1852.

the *Vida es Sueño* . . . require another translator and, I think, form of translation." Since then, however, he has translated them both, if the word translation can be rightly used of such free adaptations of the original.

A poet has abundant precedent for writing a free translation; and if he does it well enough he is sure to be forgiven for any liberties he may have taken with the text. The dangers of this form of execution are manifest: if every translator is free to alter the original at will, confusion is tolerably sure to arise, the door being opened to great latitude of opinion with regard to what changes are to be deemed poetical; and actual merit alone can or should atone for such boldness. Now Mr. Fitzgerald has made such use of these two plays of Calderon as seemed to him good, adding whole pages here, omitting scenes there, disregarding the measure of the original; in a word, rewriting them to suit our Northern taste. Calderon's marvelous facility of execution is wholly lost sight of; in place of the swiftly varied action of his plays, which is sometimes so irresponsible as to seem almost like that of an opera, we have plenty of reflection, of that description of internal struggle which forms the core of those plays we are taught when young to like the most. The *Magico Prodigioso* was translated in part by Shelley, it will be remembered, who strove for literalness, but in this version there is much not in the original. The following is an example; it is taken from the first scene in which Lucifer and Cipriano are talking together. Lucifer says:

"Trouble yourself no more with disquisition,
That by sad, slow, and unprogressive steps
Of wasted soul and body leads to nothing:
And only sure of life's short breathing-while,
And knowing that the gods who threaten us
With after-vengeance of the very crimes
They revel in themselves are nothing more
Than the mere coinage of our proper brain,
To cheat us of our scanty pleasure here
With terror of a harsh account hereafter,—
Eat, drink, be merry; crown yourselves with
flowers,
About as lasting as the heads they garland;
And, snatching what you can of life's poor feast,
When summon'd to depart, with no ill grace,
Like a too greedy guest, cling to the table
Whither the generations that succeed
Press forward, famish'd, for their turn to feed.

Nay, or before your time self-surfeited,
Wait not for Nature's signal to be gone,
But, with the potion of the spotted weed
That peradventure wild beside your door
For some such friendly purpose cheaply grows,
Anticipate too tardy Nature's call:
Ev'n as one last great Roman of them all
Diemiss'd himself betimes into the sum
Of universe; not nothing to become,—
For that can never cease that was before;
But not that sad Lucretius any more."

There is a sort of echo of Omar Khayyám in some of these lines, and they are surely of a kind that Calderon would never have written, there being but little resemblance in this defense of materialism, with which the evil one tries to mislead Cipriano, to the almost trivial arguments the pale devil of the original makes use of. The true-believing Spaniards who first saw Calderon's plays acted did not need to see the devil tripped up, even by a pagan, by means of a protracted discussion; a very brief argument seemed enough to dispose of him, and they were very ready to leave him to his legitimate revenge of supplying dramatic temptations to the other characters. This marks the difference between Calderon and the Northern playwrights, who would care less for quick and varied action than for the clashing of opposite, and eternally opposite, modes of thought. Instead, then, of Calderon's play we have one not intended for the stage, with part of the incidents left out and a good deal of reflection put in by a poet of another country, with different traditions and a wholly different method. The other play is a paraphrase of the *Vida es Sueño*,¹ which is certainly one of its author's masterpieces. Its plot is briefly this: the king of Poland, alarmed by prophecies of his son's future violence, has him imprisoned in a lonely tower; at length, when anxious to lay aside his power, he brings the prince forth drugged, to awaken as the ruler of the land for a day, to continue on the throne if he prove a wise monarch, to be drugged again and carried back to his prison if he act indiscreetly. Naturally enough Sigismund, the prince, does not fail to show his lack of training,

¹ *The Mighty Magician*. Such Stuff as Dreams are made of. A Drama. Taken from Calderon's *Vida es Sueño* No title-page

and has to be returned to his cell, where he is told that his brief enjoyment of power was but a dream. When a speedy revolution again sets him on the throne he is found to have learned the lesson of the uncertainty of all things, and he bids fair to become a wise ruler: here the play ends. This is certainly all improbable enough, but it is also fine. In the original there is a secondary plot not in this version, where its place is taken by a fuller development of the character of Sigismund. The vivacity is lost, but the seriousness of the play is more clearly brought out; how this is done may be seen by comparing Mr. MacCarthy's close translation with Mr. Fitzgerald's paraphrase of Sigismund's words at the end of the play. Mr. MacCarthy's, following the original, runs thus:—

"Why this wonder, these surprises,
If my teacher was a dream,
And amid my new aspirations
I am fearful I may wake,
And once more a prisoner find me
In my cell? But I should not;
Even to dream it is sufficient.
For I thus have come to know
That at last all human blisses
Pass and vanish as a dream,
And the time that may be given me
I henceforth would turn to gain;
Asking for our faults forgiveness,
Since to generous, noble hearts
It is natural to forgive them."

Part only of Mr. Fitzgerald's longer version may be given:—

"A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hail'd me now then hail'd me king,
In a brave palace that was all my own.

Such a dream

As this in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
King, prince, captains, warriors, plume, and steel,
Aye, ev'n with all your airy theatre,
May flit into their air you seem to rend
With acclamation, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming; such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And, whether wake or dreaming, this I know,
How dreamwise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disorder'd insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he play'd,
Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,

Or the last trumpet of the eternal day
When dreaming with the night shall pass away."

Undoubtedly the finest of Mr. Fitzgerald's translations, with the exception of that of Omar Khayyám, is the one of the Agamemnon of Æschylus,¹ which has been recently published. Even those who might object to any modification of the *Vida es Sueño*, which is often acted in the theatres of Northern Europe, would find it hard to defend the literal presentation of what is incomprehensible to us in this play. Time has hidden from us much that was once intelligible, and the corruption of the text has helped to make much uncertain; moreover it is impossible for us to divest ourselves of our later training, and to put ourselves into full sympathy with the author's and spectators' feeling. All these things tend to keep off readers from one of the greatest of the short list of great poets. Translators have struggled with this thick fog of obscurity with more or less success, and those who have not been frightened by the difficulties, who have been willing to forego complete comprehension, have had their reward in the enjoyment of the magnificent dramatic action of the play. The sudden opening, the crowded march of incidents, the terribleness of the tragedy, the sharp contrast between the joyful return of Agamemnon and his sudden murder, the brazen guilt of Clytemnestra, and the foreboding of further sin and misery with which the play ends stand out clear and immortal, unobscured by the mists of many of the choral passages, which, even when intelligible to scholars, are curiously deadened when put into literal English. In his version Mr. Fitzgerald has aimed at giving the reader the spirit rather than the letter of the darker parts of the play, and in doing this he has written a most impressive version of the Agamemnon, the greater part being a translation sufficiently close for the satisfaction of the scholar, and of sufficient poetical worth to fascinate the reader, who finds the obscurity replaced by an intelligible paraphrase. Here is a

¹ *Agamemnon, a Tragedy taken from Æschylus.* (By the translator of Omar Khayyám.) London: Bernard Quaritch. 1876.

fine bit of translation; it is Clytemnestra's speech: —

"Hephaistos, the lame god,
And sprightliest of mortal messengers;
Who, springing from the bed of burning Troy,
Hither, by fore-devised intelligence
Agreed upon between my lord and me,
Posted from dedicated height to height
The reach of land and sea that lies between.
And first to catch him and begin the game,
Mount Ida fired her forest-pine, and, waving,
Handed him on to the Hermæan steep
Of Lemnos; Lemnos to the summit of
Zeus-consecrated Athos lifted; whence,
As by the giant taken, so despatched,
The torch of conquest, traversing the wide
Ægean with a sunbeam-stretching stride,
Struck up the drowsy watchers on Makistos,
Who, flashing back the challenge, flashed it on
To those who watched on the Messapian height;
With whose quick-kindling heather heaped and
fired
The meteor-bearded messenger refresht,
Clearing Asopus at a bound, struck fire
From old Kithæron; and, so little tired
As waxing even wanton with the sport,
Over the sleeping water of Gorgopis
Sprung to the rock of Corinth; thence to the cliffs
Which stare down the Saronic Gulf, that now
Began to shiver in the creeping dawn;
Whence, for a moment on the neighboring top
Of Arachneum lighting, one last bound
Brought him to Agamemnon's battlements."

This is exceedingly near the original, and gives its swing and hurrying movement as much better than creeping prosaic exactness does, as a fine portrait is better than wax-works. It is in the choruses that the work of excision and modification has been most marked, as here: —

"Some think the Godhead, couching at his ease
Deep in the purple heavens, serenely sees
Insult the altar of eternal right.
Fools! For though Fortune seem to misrequite,
And Retribution for a while forget,
Sooner or later she reclaims the debt
With usury that triples the amount
Of Nemesis with running Time's account."

This is a noteworthy example of the smoothing of the ruggedness of Æschylus which does so much to making this version very readable; the fine vein of poetry that runs all through it surely ought to temper the criticism of even the most enthusiastic sticklers for literal accuracy. It is Æschylus classified and simplified that the reader finds here, and not the obscurity of a precise rendering of word for word, which itself requires a commentary before it is intelligible. Any one who takes the pains to compare

Mr. Fitzgerald's version with the original will find that the translator has been very faithful to the spirit of the play, while he has omitted what would tend to the reader's confusion. On the whole, this is more nearly literal than the rendering of Omar Khayyám.

This book ends the short list of Mr. Fitzgerald's contributions to this branch of literature. In all of them, or at least in the *Rubáiyát* of Khayyám, in the volume containing the *Magico Prodigioso* and the *Vida es Sueño*, and in the *Agamemnon*, we find the problem of the translation of some difficult, obscure, or unfamiliar poetry treated in the same way, that is, by throwing overboard whatever would clog the movement of the poem and preserving the animating beauty of the original, and, as has been shown, adding at times what the original lacked. The experiment is always a bold one, for he who undertakes it must silence the clamor of the sticklers for verbal accuracy by the generous supply of what shall be really poetical. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Fitzgerald has succeeded well; he has enriched English literature without making that of Persia, Spain, or Greece any poorer. He has shown the highest sort of poetical comprehension of, and literary sympathy with, the work of great writers. By thus slipping in between exact translators and original poets he has, to be sure, missed popularity, but he has won, though tardily, an honorable place among the real poets of the present day. There are many of these who trick themselves out in the cast-off raiment of past ages, some putting themselves to much trouble in order to acquire Chaucer's simplicity, others going back to the past to exhume forgotten subjects and methods, just as fashionable young women ransack dusty trunks in the garret for brocades and fineries they were brought up to laugh at. Mr. Fitzgerald's method is different: he redelivers a poetic message in a poetic way, and what strikes the reader most forcibly is the genuineness and manliness of his work. There is reason to hope that his fine poetry will be read when some of the verse makers of the present day shall

be wholly forgotten, but he deserves attention at the time when it is most the fashion to praise the others. What he has written is good enough and simple enough to endure the damaging approval of those who affect the admiration of a thing because it is not widely known,

as well as the indifference of those who disregard it for the same reason. Mr. Fitzgerald's audience, small as it is, is found almost entirely in this country, and it is to be hoped that the recent publication of the Agamemnon will tend to enlarge it.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It seems to me that it is time for some one to come out and face popular adulation with the unpalatable remark that Mr. Edward Payson Hammond's *Sketches of Palestine*¹ is an overrated book. I make and record that remark now. I do it without passion; I am not influenced by envy or spite. I believe that the present frenzy of admiration for this work has diseased the public mind and greatly impaired the value of its verdict. I believe that the same cause has produced the same effect with the professional critics. This frenzy will not last, but will run its course and die, like all that have gone before it; and I feel sure that when that day comes the world will say, as I say now, It is an overrated book.

Understand me, I do not claim that it is *greatly* overrated. I do not go so far as that, — except as regards a few passages here and there. These few have certainly been greatly overrated, and I think I can show it. In truth, I can subscribe to much that the Rev. Robert Knox, D. D., says of the poem and its author, in the introduction. I can say with him that "I have read the work with intense interest, and" — under certain limitations — "with profit." I can say with him that the reading the work "very often compels the reader to realize and confess that he is in the presence of a man of power;" and that

"the creations of the author's imagination indicate poetic genius of a high order." I admit with him that the author "possesses a rich and fervid imagination." I go all these lengths cheerfully and willingly; and yet I still say, as before, the book is overrated; Edward Payson Hammond has been placed too high on the roll of the poets. Let me make a few quotations.

The opening lines of the poem have been intemperately lauded, both here and abroad: they describe the wedding of Edward Payson Hammond and the bridal journey to Niagara. The adulation of these lines, which follow, has been still more intemperate: —

"Then they landed at Niagara.
There they heard their Master calling,
'Go and work within my vineyard,
And my presence shall go with thee.'
Quickly they obeyed the summons.
On the lovely banks of Erie,
With the godly Mr. Howland,
There they gathered in the harvest,
Working with the Holy Spirit,
Winning souls to Christ, their master."

Mark how far an incautious partiality can carry a man! Speaking of the above passage, Mr. Hallet, the highest critical authority in England, says, "There is nothing in Shakespeare like this." The lines are certainly fine, but they hardly warrant such strong language. There is one defect which has escaped every one's notice: that is, the absence of any expressed opinion as to Niagara. It seems

¹ *Sketches of Palestine*. Descriptive of the Visit of the REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, M. A., to the Holy Land. With Introduction by the REV. ROBERT

KNOX, D. D., Pastor Linen Hall Presbyterian Church, Belfast, Ireland. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

to me that the transition from Niagara to the ministerial field is too abrupt:—

"Then they turned their steps to Rockford,
Where the Sabbath-school convention
Met for mutual instruction
In the truths of Zion's welfare."

These lines have received more praise than they really deserve. They are too smooth, for one thing; the rhythm should be more broken up. This could have been compassed by the substitution of "edification" for "instruction" in the third line, since the former falls trippingly from the tongue, while the latter does not.

The bridal party continue their journey, and sail for Europe from the port of New York:—

"As they journeyed ever eastward,
They observed their watches losing
Day by day some twenty minutes
With this fact was taught a lesson
E. embodied in some verses."

Where is the justification for De Lisle's assertion that the above lines are "resplendent"? The suspicion is forced upon us that they have been improved in the French translation. One of the "verses" which "E." wrote under the inspiration of the foregoing episode contains a figure which I am willing to admit is worthy of the enthusiasm which it has called forth:—

"Yes, we can tell them we have not
That longitude of soul
Which we once had when we set out
To reach the heavenly goal."

There are some fine descriptive passages in the book. Perhaps the finest is one which I need not quote, since it is so familiar to everybody. I refer to the passage about the departure from Lake Zurich:—

"When, with Dr. B., from Brooklyn,
And his wife, the happy couple
Sailed for Rigi,"—

a passage which closes with these often quoted lines:—

"Till at length the veil of darkness
Quite was lifted from the landscape,
Showing them where had been sleeping
'Leven lakes of matchless beauty."

The poet, with a multitude of tourists, witnessed the illumination of the Falls of Giessbach with Bengal lights:—

"Thus when truth is made attractive,
Sinners flock to see its beauty.

Then they thought of living Christians,
All whose 'springs' are in the Saviour,
And who, while they 'water others,'
Are themselves thus always watered;
And of Jesu's precious promise,
'He that drinketh of the water
That by me is freely given,
He shall thirst again, no, never.'
Then it was that Edward Payson
Wrote some simple lines of poetry,
Setting forth this truth important."

Let us quote one of the stanzas, since the lines italicized by the poet are the ones of which the great German critic, Von Schlechter, has said, "You may search Dante in vain and not find the fellow to this passage:"—

"Thus the Christian, much with God,
Watered with the heavenly dew,
Brings from the divine abode
Blessings that are fresh and new
He can ever truly say,
'All my springs, Lord, are in thee;
Watering others every day,
Still, my Father, water me.'"

It may be true that one cannot find a passage just like this in Dante, but I contend that he can find more than one that is just as good. I have been openly insulted, at a social gathering, for making this remark; but I nevertheless repeat it, for I believe it to be true.

"Up Mount Lebanon so lofty
Quick they flew with fleetest horses
Feet five thousand and six hundred
Was the height they soon attained to
To the left they saw Mount Sinin,
Rising feet full twice five thousand,
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness.
On the left then stood Mount Hermon,
Towering high in feet ten thousand,
Robed in snow of shining whiteness."

Critics have mightily glorified the "marvelous effect" produced by the repetition of the figure describing the brilliancy of the snow. I regard this matter differently. In the first place, the figure is not new; in the second place, it does not stir the soul; and lastly, its repetition is mere bald tautology, and would argue poverty of invention in a poet who was not the spoiled pet of the universe, but had to stand upon his merits. Every enthusiast claims that the triangulation of a mountain's altitude has never been done in poetry before. I fail to see why it should have been done this time. The flow of a poem ought not to be interrupted by statistics; these belong more properly in foot-notes.

De Ruyter asserts that the above passage is "Miltonic." At the Hague, where he is best known, this critic's opinions are not considered to be unpurchasable.

"Quick the heart of Edward Payson
Was inspired to write some verses.
Well he knew he was no poet,
Still to him it was a pleasure
To jot down these lines, tho' simple,
Which so quickly pressed upon him
I shall venture to transcribe them
Word for word as they were written
In the carriage o'er the mountain."

Then follow the famous verses, familiar to every school-boy, beginning, —

"Mine eyes on Hermon rested,
Just at the break of day."

It seems to me that this poet's frequent petting references to himself as "E.," and "Edward Payson," etc., are in bad taste. It would be better style to maintain a more dignified distance between himself and his reader. His surname is Hammond. There is no rhythmical reason why he should not say, "Quick the heart of Mr. Hammond." It is better than the other form, and pleasanter. But I will not dwell upon this matter.

"The first day they rode eight hours,
Passing close along the sea-shore
Where 't is said the Prophet Jonah
Once escaped from the embraces
Of that huge aquatic monster."

The word "embraces," here, is not accurately descriptive.

Rev. Mr. Hammond goes on to speak of "Great Sidon:" —

"Then they called to mind its capture
By the Persian Shalmeser,
B. C. seven hundred twenty."

That is not poetry. It is nothing but the most degraded prose.

"Their next rest was at Meis-el-Jehl,
In a sheik's house filled with insects
Far too numerous for their comfort
But they helped to start them early
The next morning on their journey."

Neither is that poetry. It is mere statistics. The same may be said of the following excerpts: —

"Ducks were swimming in the fountain
But a stone's-throw from the waters
'Side which Jesus fed five thousand.

Having laved their limbs so weary
In the hot baths of Tiberias, —
Fahrenheit one hundred forty.

Oh, how strange were their sensations,

While at Jacob's well they lingered,
Reading from their Bagster Bible.

As the party passed their houses,
At them they threw stones most rudely;
Yes, and one of them struck Ida.
Mrs. B. was much astonished
When she found within her pocket
Some one's hand, to her a stranger."

And this, about St. Peter's at Rome: —

"Every day the church seemed larger,
Till at last they were quite ready
To believe the fact that fifty
Thousand could be stationed in it,
And that it was more expensive
Than the churches of New England, —
That it even cost more money
In its structure than the churches
Of those States all put together."

Rev. Mr. Hammond's poetical account of his daily wanderings among the holy places of Jerusalem has been greatly lauded. I nevertheless cannot bring myself to admire that account. I think that almost any clergyman, suffused with the same devotional spirit, could have written it. I regard it as inferior work, from the opening verses all the way through to the poem beginning with the familiar line, —

"Now say — O Lord! — I pray."

Rev. Mr. Hammond's account of the bath in the Dead Sea has fine points, unquestionably, but it does not deserve all the praise that has been lavished upon it. What I mainly object to is that so many should call it Homeric, — a misapplied term, it seems to me. Here it is; let the reader judge for himself: —

"On his back one of the party
Sought to read within his Bible,
But the heavy swelling water
Quickly turned him, rolled him over,
And beneath the briny surface
Went his Bible, wet entirely.
Edward also, most unwisely,
Tried while lying on the water
First to see if he could read from
The American Presbyterian;
Like the doctor, he rolled over, —
Filled his eyes with bitter water, —
Spilled the paper he was reading.
When their eyes had once done aching,
Loud they laughed at their endeavor."

The power is not uniformly sustained throughout that passage.

The foreign editions of this volume have suffered much alteration: sometimes by the subtraction of words, sometimes by additions which mar the rhythm. A notable instance of the latter is to be

found in the last English issue. In our American edition we have it that the bridal party journeyed

"Up the sides of Mount Gerizim
By a path not often trodden,
Led by Jacobs, a Samaritan."

In the English version we find the words "the original" inserted after the word "by" in the third line. To lug in a valueless historical fact at the expense of the musical flow of a poem seems hardly justifiable.

But enough of this book. The Rev. Edward Payson Hammond is a very celebrated revivalist preacher, not only here but in Europe. Let him enjoy that fame; I have nothing to offer against it. But while I still echo the assertion of the Rev. Robert Knox, D. D., that "the creations of Mr. Hammond's imagination indicate poetic genius of a high order," I also still aver and still maintain what I said in the beginning, namely: that his book is overrated. The charge that I said his book is worse than Helen's *Babies* is untrue; I never went to that length. I close with the remark that his much-glorified "vision" is not poetry in any sense of the word, but is nothing but a cheap juggle, a nimble manipulation of names, a paltry trick of jingle unworthy a great master of poesy:—

"Like a vision passed before them
Abraham, Isaac, David, Solomon,
Jotham, Ahas, Hezekiah,
Nahum, Micah, Jeremiah."

—Save for a certain indescribable flavor of refinement that pervades them like a rich and yet delicate perfume, what is it that really constitutes the principal attraction of Mr. James's longer and shorter stories? They possess few, if any, of what are generally supposed to be the indispensable qualities of the novel. The characters, though not one of them is really commonplace, are none of them, either, of surpassing interest in themselves, manifest no uncommon depth of emotion, no overwhelming power of passion. There is scarcely any plot, and there are almost no events; the whole seems rather to be made up of small incidents. I think I have never, for instance, read a more motionless though by no means lifeless story than *The Amer-*

ican, one going forward so long without apparently advancing a step; where the whole tale at first appeared to consist of nothing but visits to Madame de Cintré and meetings with her brother Valentin, varied by occasional encounters with Mademoiselle Nioche and her father. Yet it is certain that Mr. James holds the rare power of handling his subject in such a manner that we follow not only with interest but with positive eagerness the actions of his most trivial and shallow personages, and the course of the most ordinary occurrences, and that there is about all his work a power that does not easily relax its hold upon us again when once we have been drawn into the charmed circle. And as we look closer we discover that this fascination as nearly as we can analyze it—for doubtless it possesses something of that element of genius, or anything approaching to genius, which is too subtle and intangible to be seized in words or even clearly grasped by thought—is due to his consummate art, the exquisite finish of his figures. He lays on the strokes of his brush—and every stroke shows the touch of a master-hand—as carefully and delicately as some of the modern French painters. Moreover, he understands how to give wonderful vividness to his persons and scenes by small but very clever realistic—rarely unbeautiful—touches. How effective, for instance, to give among innumerable examples only one such, is the mention of the apparently wholly trifling and unimportant detail in the February installment of *The American*, that when Newman awoke in the morning "the sun was filling his window, and he heard outside of it the clucking of hens;" and with what few happy and graphic words is the whole Swiss village in all its beauty and ugliness, and the impression it made on Newman under the peculiar circumstances that took him there, brought before us! The different physiognomies come out as clearly, yet richly, as the figures on an etching, for indeed color is so sparingly used,—though what there is of it is handled with admirable tact and to excellent effect,—and the drawing so decidedly

predominates, that it is of this rather than a painting we are reminded. It is evident, from all I have said, that Mr. James achieves his results by a number of minute marks rather than a few broad, bold, sweeping lines such as those, for instance, in which Tourguéneff sketches his characters.

That Mr. James's figures are not all wholly natural or true to life, some of them even barely possible, makes no material difference in our enjoyment of them. We still contemplate them with the unalloyed pleasure a piece of perfect workmanship is sure to give, without for the moment considering whether such beings as they ever had a real existence or not. Here, indeed, it seems to me, is the heel of Achilles, the mortal spot in Mr. James's work: some of his characters, at least, have no real, living substance, are not blood of our blood and bone of our bone. And whatever might be said in defense of his men, his women strike me more as creations of the imagination than anything else, — nay, I am tempted to say he has not so far succeeded in drawing a female character at all. Madame Blumenthal, Madame de Mauves, and Christina Light, — has anybody ever known such women? However many true and striking *single traits* may enter into their compositions, and however weak and whimsical, incomprehensible and unfathomable women may be, — and perhaps still more appear to men, — yet, taking these figures as a whole, I cannot believe that combinations of such contradictory qualities, swayed by such unaccountable impulses, and governed by such fantastic motives ever lived, moved, and had their being on this earth. Even Madame de Cintré is partially unreal; so far, at least, the springs of her actions are by no means clear to the reader, for it is somewhat difficult to see both why she accepts Newman and why she so suddenly cuts him off. Whatever his short-comings in this respect, however, Mr. James has undoubtedly struck out a new and original track for himself among the much-beaten paths of fiction, a track where as yet he stands without even a rival.

—Every poet ought to be a ready free-hand artist. His sketch-book and pencils could then serve his turn where mere descriptive notes would entirely fail. To illustrate my meaning, let it be taken for granted that in a poem, as in a drawing, the best evidence of high art is that the creation bears the marks of a sympathetic and sincere knowledge of nature, without discovering any effort in the direction of mere copying. "*Ars est artem celare*" may then be translated, "Creation, in art, is that process by which a true genius puts together and molds into perfect shape a mass of materials gathered he cannot recollect where, and blended no one can tell how, but full of the life of the creator." During his rambles among men and in the solitudes of nature, if the poet were able to catch with his pencil many of those fitting phases of movement, attitude, color, shape, and expression, — humorous, pathetic, grand, graceful, ironic, — just as they show themselves, and fix them with something of their suggestiveness out-cropping, what a wonderful commonplace book he would soon have! Imagine Hawthorne's Note - Books supplemented by Hawthorne's Sketch-Books full of pencil-drawings of those sweet, half-weird light-and-shade manifestations of nature so subtly rendered in all of Hawthorne's writings! The poet's annotated sketch-book is what I am trying to suggest, — a sketch-book whose margins are filled with snatches of verse and bits of tentative phrasing, whilst underneath each drawing appears a cumulative description in prose of the subject's peculiar features, together with some artistic suggestions and poetical hints. Perhaps you think Rossetti ought to be considered an example in point, — a "practical example" worth studying. After a little examination, however, you will see that he has fallen far short of my liberal theory in his restricted practice. Take these verses from *The Stream's Secret*:

"Say, hath not Love leaned low
This hour beside thy far well-head,
Murmuring with curls all dabbled in thy flow,
And washed lips rosy red?"

and these from the first Willowwood sonnet: —

"Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth."

If all these, and a hundred more like them, had been found in Mr. Rossetti's sketch-book, the drawings themselves would have been ludicrous in the extreme. My criticism is not more realistic than Rossetti's drawing. It may be added that art for art's sake somewhat stiffens and almost offensively burnishes all his otherwise exquisitely beautiful poems. He has sketched from art more than from nature, — from "the flat" much more than from "the round."

But to turn now to Tennyson: his sketch-book would be a delight forever. He would endeavor with pencil as with pen to express the charms of nature by art, — not the charms of art by art. The difference is a vast one. A comparison may make plain my meaning. Rossetti says, —

"But the sea stands spread
As one wall with the flat skies,
Where the lean black craft like flies
Seem well-nigh stagnated,
Soon to drop off dead."

Now this is very fine as a marine sketch, but does it not suggest that it is drawn from a painting and *not* from nature? The ships on a *sea* can never suggest clinging, benumbed flies, but the ships on a *canvas* might. Compare Tennyson's verses: —

"To pore and dote on yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

A strong free-hand sketch from nature, with bold outlines and a few vivid dashes of color, is at once before you. To be sure, a hint of superfluity is discovered upon close scrutiny of the phrasing, but it is a picture, — a true, great picture. Equally true, but more labored (*labor timæ*) and less sincerely natural in its strokes, is this: —

"Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow;
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below."

Nevertheless you would never dream

of its being a copy, or a study from the flat. The last two verses seal it a study from nature.

— Could Hawthorne have been other than a story-writer, I think he might have made a famous chemist. He had in a remarkable degree the analytical mind which loves experiment, which delights in laboratory work. He would have made a capital assayer to find out precious metals in unpromising ores. A study of Hawthorne's Note-Books reveals this chemical side of his genius very clearly. Here he has set down page upon page of hints for stories, — some of them only half-thoughts, a word, a name; some incidents to be amplified into chapters; some written only to be rejected, others to be remodeled, still others to be wrought out into the perfect form and grace of a Twice-Told Tale. And these hints bear no little likeness to the formulas of the chemist. Here is one: "To picture a virtuous family, the different members examples of virtuous dispositions in their way; then introduce a vicious person, and trace out the relations which arise between him and them, and the manner in which all are affected." To turn this into the chemical dialect is by no means difficult. A group of metals, pure, lustrous, without a crack, without a blemish, is subjected to the slow, insidious action of a corrosive acid. One the subtle enemy attacks in vain; another it defaces with an ugly mark; it eats into the heart of a third; a fourth it ruins beyond all recognition. Take another example: "To trace out the influence of a frightful and disgraceful crime in debasing and destroying a character naturally high and noble, the guilty person being alone conscious of the guilt." Read gold and aqua regia; romance becomes chemistry, and the study is a laboratory. "A change from a gay young girl to an old woman: the melancholy events, the effects of which have clustered around her character and gradually imbued it with their influence, till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths and in laying out the dead." Here the experiment is a long one. The method is the same, but the time and the

elements have changed. We have a bright pebble on the sea-shore, brilliant with a score of dazzling colors. Wind and surge and tempest beat upon it. Peaceful days come seldom, and the waves lash it pitilessly. Slowly its bright colors fade out. It grows weather-beaten, gray, wrinkled, sombre-looking.

Amplified from hints into stories, these formulas grow into the carefully worded memoranda of experiments. Hawthorne has shown himself a theoretical chemist, an ingenious deviser of tough problems; he is now to carry his theory into practice, and to solve his problems. No chemist ever loved better to look into nature's heart than did Hawthorne to look into the heart of humanity. No philosopher calculated more closely the delicate relations of cause and effect. The chemist combines two different gases, and watches their action and reaction. Hawthorne associates different natures, and watches the influence on each, — Miriam and Donatello, Clifford and Phoebe, little Pearl and Hester Prynne. The chemist tests with acids, with heat or cold. Hawthorne tries his characters with sin and grief. He places them in different surroundings, inspires them with loves and hatreds, makes their lives happy and sorrowful by turns, and stands by through all, anxious and attentive. He is a mental chemist with human passions and emotions for his chemicals. Study the plot of almost any of his stories, and this chemical side of his genius can scarcely escape detection.

His subject is a young New England minister, endowed with a nature exquisitely sensitive to pain and sorrow. Upon this delicate character he proposes to try the effect of that corrosive element, remorse. He burdens his conscience with a hidden sin, and the evil begins to work upon his heart. A dozen subtle devices are brought in play to keep the acid influence ever strong and active, — Hester Prynne, patiently enduring the shame and punishment which are rightly his; little Pearl, the living emblem of his sin, frightening him by the strangeness of her look and action; Roger Chillingworth, getting closer and closer, day by day,

into the secret places of his heart; the people of his church, torturing him with praises of his holy life. Hawthorne lays bare all the workings of the young man's heart. We are looking at an experiment rather than reading a story. We wonder what this strange combination of emotions, this curious blending of human chemicals, will effect.

The Marble Faun is a similar problem. Donatello is the opposite of Arthur Dimmesdale. One is the type of intense intellectuality; he is all mind, heart, conscience; and his body is comparatively weak. The other typifies the physical in man; he is an animal, speaking and thinking; he is an Adam before the fall, his heart full of simple joy, his life empty of cares and sorrows, the trusted friend and playmate of nature. Remorse has now to act upon a stronger subject than Dimmesdale, and itself is weaker than before. The attendant circumstances, which in *The Scarlet Letter* tended to sharpen pain and to quicken its action, now act to soothe it. Hilda brings her purity; Kenyon, his friendly care; Miriam, her love. The Faun is changed indeed, but for the better. That supreme moment of self-denial, that release from the bondage of a purely selfish sorrow, that glimpse of something really worth while to live for, which came to Arthur Dimmesdale only in death, brought added life to Donatello. The test had put a new element into his being. Remorse had developed him. "In the black depths, the Faun had found a soul."

I find no little pleasure in reading Hawthorne with this idea in view. Looked at as experiments, as problems, as essays in what might be called psychological chemistry, his stories assume an added interest and fascination.

— I fear that nowadays situations in novels are getting to be anything but novel situations. In the new story, *Pauline*, which is running through Blackwood, the hero and heroine meet under circumstances which every novel-reader knows by heart. I quote from the first chapter: "The tide was still in the ebb; the short cut across the rocks would be

passable. . . . All went well for a time. . . . Too far gone to retreat. . . . Suddenly she became aware she was not alone. . . . Both hands clutched the rugged rock in front; he advanced, and one was unwillingly loosened and put in his own." The reader can easily fill out the incident. Of course it ends *comme il faut*, and doubtless the acquaintance-ship thus begun will result in marriage. But surely this rising of the tide has been done to death.

— I have no hope that the Lost R's will be found in the company of the Wandering G's, anywhere in New England. The letter R, not to sound which in Pennsylvania and throughout the whole West is always regarded as an affectation, is really extinct in the old Puritanic borders. One of the most cultivated persons of my acquaintance pronounces warrior *wawygaw*; and in New Hampshire I heard a countryman boast that he had killed a checcadadda. On research his victim proved to be a checkered adder.

— May not a few passages from M. de Molinari's last-summer's letters from this country be possibly of some interest to your readers? "The old part of Boston," he says, "consists of a net-work of streets in which is concentrated all the bustle of business, but the city is beginning to spread indefinitely beyond the Commons [*sic*], a magnificent park which separates the old part from the new. It is easy to see by a number of characteristic indications that one is in a place of firmly established wealth, where everything has acquired a degree of stability not to be found elsewhere. The railroad stations, generally so neglected in the United States, are large, convenient, and handsomely decorated; the horse-cars are neat, the streets are generally paved; one finds at every step not only churches, — that goes without saying, — but second-hand book-shops, and stores for the sale of *objets d'art*. Among the churches there is one, *Old South*, covered with huge placards, whence issue cries of indignation and vehement appeals to the patriotism of the Bostonians to save it from contemplated destruction. . . . It is to be hoped that *Old South* — between

ourselves, a tolerably ugly bit of brick-work — will escape the impious rage of the Vandals."

"During my stay in Boston, Mrs. Woodhull, the most notorious apostle of the emancipation of women, came there to open a series of lectures on the human body, the Temple of the Divinity, but — who would believe it? — all the halls were closed to her, . . . so that Mrs. Woodhull was obliged to take her Temple of the Divinity back to New York. In this connection I would say that the religious, moral, and other eccentricities do not have in the United States the importance which one is pleased to attribute to them on the faith of certain sensational writers, such as Mr. Hepworth Dixon. They find no favor among the mass of the public, and often no tolerance. . . . There have arisen in Russia, for instance, under the most absolute of despotisms and of religious monopoly, sects more immoral and dangerous to society than those to which the political and religious liberty of the United States has given birth. There are here no nihilists, and I have looked in vain for a socialist newspaper. As to the revivals and camp-meetings, these Methodist pilgrimages resemble our own, and the Free Lovers are spotless lambs beside the frightful Skopsi. This is not the land of dreams, and if there is no lack of eccentricity, it takes care not to waste itself over Utopias which 'do not pay.' Like everything else it has a practical turn. It has put itself in the service of dentists and pill-makers; it constructs prospectuses and advertisements, and makes more dollars out of them than Fourier and Saint-Simon made from the *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements* and the *Nouveau Christianisme*."

In his wanderings M. de Molinari visited Harvard College, which he describes briefly, saying that not many months ago a certain number of French liberals had formed the plan of a free and liberal university, to be built and supported by subscription. A place for it had even been chosen, not far from Paris, but safe from its temptations, and the whole list of officers and professors

had been made out, so that nothing was wanting except the money. Unfortunately Haytian and Turkish loans were preferred by those who should have subscribed, and the university was never built; it remained a dream, but this dream he says he found realized at Cambridge. Speaking of the Girls' High School in Boston, he says that the courses of instruction are most numerous, comprising Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, geography, trigonometry, algebra, photography, rhetoric, and ethics. "I find no fault with that," he goes on, "but I must say that American ladies have very incomplete knowledge of living languages, the English alone excepted, and perhaps they would derive more profit and even more pleasure from a more thorough acquaintance with French or German, even if they had to neglect Latin and Greek. That is not their opinion, however, and I confess I found very little to say to the argument *ad hominem* which an amiable Philaminta brought forward in talking to me. 'Why are boys taught the dead languages? Because it is acknowledged that no study is better suited to strengthen their minds. Well, would it be just to deny to women the use of this valuable means of culture and civilization? Would you not consider it disgraceful that we should be denied traveling by rail, or the use of the telegraph? One of two things, — either Latin and Greek should be taught to the two sexes or to no one at all.'"

—Some one has asserted here that George Eliot is a "literary dissector," using the scalpel with wonderful dexterity; that history is therefore her peculiar province, "since historians only stand over dead bodies and tell us what the life has been;" and concludes that as novels *Middlemarch* and *Deronda* are failures, since "this author lacks the dramatic quality of making her characters directly confront her readers."

This is not alone an individual opinion, but a broad statement of a charge constantly brought against the greatest living novelist. Is the criticism a fair one? Does it not arise from a misconception of the novelist's position? A

dramatist simply holds the mirror up to Nature, and behind it is concealed. He can have no personality without obtruding upon the stage a figure alien to the life represented. But a novelist is, in Saxon interpretation, a story-teller, and by virtue of his office visible and welcome. You stretch your feet before your glowing fire in the dusk, and the voice which tells you the story of the day or a long-past adventure plays a finely important part. You see from the narrator's stand-point, and supplement his truth with your own. If he lingers to tell you what fresh thought came to him from a new mingling of the lights and shades, you do not murmur. We demand that Hamlet, or Othello, or Falstaff shall speak, and not Shakespeare. But who that has ever dreamed over *The Marble Faun* wished to detach from it the author's brooding delight in the tale?

That "fiction creates and should not explain" is a one-sided truth. If fiction creates it must be by the skillful blending in new combinations of certain elements or characteristics of human nature which it finds "created." Dickens said, "I knew Uriah Heep; I would never have dared to imagine him!" In this sense, Dorothea, in *Middlemarch*, is a being nobly conceived by a brain which caught and fused certain strong and pure elements. And her "creator" may explain her because the laws of her being are just what we need to know. That Lydgates are drawn to Rosamonds is a fact long observed, but we are greatly indebted to an insight that finds some of the subtle reasons.

The limitations of history are more narrow than those of fiction. George Eliot's genius has made of Savonarola a more interesting and a nobler figure than do any of his historians; yet students will remain divided as to whether her outline of his character, seen dimly through the years, is more truthful than theirs. But the life that she studies from materials at hand, and which is reproduced in *Adam Bede* and *Maggie Tulliver* with the earnestness of conviction and the sure comprehension which is sympathy, is illuminated for us by the very psycho-

logical tendency of which her critics complain. Assuredly the readers of *The Atlantic* do not need to be reminded, in the language of another contributor, that "to him who reads only the story, the story is never fully told."

— Why do not some of our character-painters, in search of new subjects in American life, take some studies from the outer suburbs of the literary world? It is an almost untrodden field. In most of our large cities there are men and women living by their wits (and very efficient, able-bodied wits, too), who bear the same relation to the recognized accredited body of authors and journalists that the guerrillas and human jackals which follow an army do to orderly, disciplined troops, or the rank, virile weeds of the roadside to trim garden blooms. Occasionally the literary *Free Lance* contributes an article to a magazine or publishes a book, but it is only to give color to his other proceedings. To define these would be to give the history of each of these intellectual "dead-beats" and his secret of success. I venture to say there is not an editor or writer in the country who reads this that will not recall his experience of the tribe with a chuckle or a groan. Society in general does not know just now how to deal with the ordinary tramp, but what is the editor to do with this fellow, who has as many books as Reynard de Fuchs? He is of the same class as the whining beggar on the doorsteps, though of different rank: one is satisfied with money, the other draws on us for sympathy and friendship beside, and nine times out of ten he gets them. He has the same drop of vagabond blood as the tramp, keen love of adventure, antipathy to work. He (or she, for women take leading parts in this profession) is an actor, with more or less genius to put into his rôle; he takes just as much delight in cheating his audience of one as ever did Kean in seeing the pit rise at him. He gives as much time, thought, culture, and real ability to this private dramatic business as would bring him in a comfortable income in any other trade or profession. It would not be possible to describe his weapons or mode of attack. He is not

dangerous if not original; he and each of his confrères has his own trap, or may be a new one every day. Sometimes one of them makes a raid into the provinces, bringing home booty galore, and leaving a stunned, horrified memory with his victims. But usually they reap their precarious harvest in the crowds of cities, being hunters whose game is man. A common device among them is letter-writing. One, a Napoleon of his tribe, not unfavorably known ten years ago among American authors, found his legitimate work yielded him a paltry income of hundreds, while begging-letters brought in thousands. They edit black-mailing sheets, they attack one church in a pamphlet which they sell among the members of another, they personate foreign noblemen, decayed clergymen, martyrs of every creed and name. There is no bigotry nor weakness (especially if it be feminine) which they cannot work to bring grist to their mill.

After all, there is something attractive to the soberest of us in these sudden ups and downs.

Now what is to be done with these Brahmin tramps? They are not wholly bad. We can't send them to perdition and be done with them, as we would like to. As women, they are not always immodest; they are by no means hard, or cruel, or greedy people, but oftener kindly, generous, with a keen refinement of feeling. Neither is it for money alone that they ply their dangerous trade. I have known them throw up positions which yielded them luxurious incomes and take to the road to starve. The Catholic church provides for such unquiet souls; she knows that women, at least, who will not submit to matter-of-fact duty will perform heroic sacrifices sustained by a dress and surroundings which appeal constantly to their fancy and emotions. The disease is simply vagabondage. Had not Goldsmith just such a maggot in the brain, Leigh Hunt, Dick Steele himself? Morality, of course, teaches that the butterfly must freeze in the winter, while the ant scowls out of her comfortable den at her. We all know the picture—and how the poor dancing-girl starves on the

threshold, and the matron munches within. But which of us does not want to take the loaf out to the poor, guilty cicada?

— One prime qualification of a reformer is that he should leave room for some one else to supply the links. If he does not excite the amiable little vanity in other minds that *they* can show *exactly* how to do what he proposes only in a general way, he will be left to carry out his scheme alone. Mr. Waring, it seems to me, has that qualification. His articles in Scribner's Monthly for April and The Atlantic for May are among the most important contributions that have been made to the discussion of American rural life; but is it not strange that he should pass over so entirely the first steps toward organizing farm-villages? He shows as much confidence in the movableness of the farmers as Mr. Tyn-dall professes to have in the promise and potency of matter. But I, for one, inhabiting a solitary farm, do not see how my little cell is going to work itself into the tissue of a community. I have no money to put into an enterprise of that sort. The snail may "put his back up" on a question of migration, and carry his roof on the back after it is up; but I am snail-like only in my progress toward society and a competence. I might club together with my neighbors, who make such large blank spaces in the census by living from two to six miles apart all through the township; but a club of that sort would deliver only the same old knock-down argument, — no money. What am I to do, then? I conclude that I'm not to do at all, but to wait for help from the cities. Dr. Maudsley, that penetrating observer of insanity, has distinctly said that the pressure of modern business, so vast and various in its competitions, is one of the chief causes of mental alienation in this century. On the other hand the statistics of some of our American asylums show that the farmer class yields a very large proportion of insane patients. The merchants are suffering from overwork on a splendid scale; we farmers suffer from the same thing on a mean, harassing scale.

Both classes tend toward extremes, and the extremes meet in similar evil effects. Now it seems to me that the merchants, who are injured by an excess of moneyed interests, ought to come to the relief of our indigence. I am not joking; the subject is much too serious. I mean simply that our men of business should establish such interests in farming regions as would benefit the country and benefit themselves. You see men of great wealth in the cities constantly making an effort to transplant themselves to the country, wholly or partially; but their efforts are with very few exceptions total failures. They go the wrong way to work. Some build or buy splendid villas which amuse them for a few years; but an astonishing number of these are sold again in a short time, partly because the amusement comes to an end, and partly because they absorb so much money. These places do not "develop the country," owing to their being for the most part large cities, where the land is all in use for market-gardening. They develop only extravagance and disgust. Then there is another set of rich men, fewer in number, who — led by some vain or half-romantic impulse they would despise if it came up in business affairs — try to form great estates farther away from the cities. They surround their mansions with a park-like solitude, and spend uneasy hours trying to enjoy their dignity where

"Silence hems round one burning spot of life."

But for such natures the trees offer only a barren sort of homage; these men need other men for admirers. If they stick to the estate through a life-time, the sons are all the readier to split up and sell the property as soon as it comes to them. Still another class, with less money in pocket, finds solitary country life too great a change from the city, and must therefore go to some village that is one quarter town, and half dependent on another town somewhere near. The remaining quarter has a dull time of it.

Why cannot all these city people, who sooner or later want to have a home in the country, combine their interests with those who live there all the year? The

very rich men, instead of annoying themselves with big villas and lonely parks, might build a small farm-village on Mr. Waring's plan, and then sell part of the adjoining lands and lease others, leaving the village community to put up its own churches, or sharing with them in these, as is now done by the richer inhabitants of small towns. Some one will of course object that this is establishing landed gentry and a peasant-like tenantry. But is it any more alarming than the tenantry in cities, who surely are very much oppressed in the matter of rents? Moreover, this building of villages is only to give the farmers a chance to leave their old homes and get into the better ones, of which they can soon become owners. Meantime, the builder of the village will have become interested, will have formed associations with the place (if he had none before), and has a home near a cheerful little community, to which he can finally retire when he needs or wishes to. The second class of wealthy people will also find a place to centre upon, and thus shall come to pass what we have so sorely needed in the United States, — the distribution of cultured and agreeable people through the more sparsely settled regions. The agricultural society assembled in the new villages will gain a great deal by the breaking up of the old, lonely habit of life; but they would gain still more by the accession of a few people from the business centres. The people from the cities would also find attractive points, I think, in the community of yeomen. Both elements are interested, therefore, in the proposed change. It is a fair field for the employment of capital from the cities.

— J. H. T.'s rendering of Mr. Longfellow's sonnet into Massachusee, in the last number of the Contributors' Club, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention in New England, and particularly in that section of the country in which I chance to reside — Ponkapog, namely. In this old Indian village the study of Massachusee has long been one of the lighter relaxations of the inhabitants. At fashionable evening parties in Ponka-

pog the conversation is carried on almost exclusively in that tongue. As in Concord the children "dig for the infinite" instead of making mud pies, like simpler children in less favored localities, so in Ponkapog the very urchins in the street chatter Massachusee over their tops and marbles. The increasing interest in this beautiful but too much neglected language warrants me in pointing out one or two imperfections in Mr. T.'s otherwise faithful translation of Eliot's Oak. To begin with, *koonepogquash*, in the first line, is obviously a misprint for *rackoonepogquash*. Elisions are not permissible in Massachusee. The omission of the circumflex accent over the fourth *a* in *wadtautonqussuonqashnish*, in the line below, is also probably a typographical error, but it is a singularly awkward one, since it changes both the gender and the tense of the word. However, these are blemishes which cannot have escaped even the most careless reader of *The Atlantic*. I pass to what seems to me a grave misconception of the original text. The sixth line,

"Kah nishnoh howan nootam nehenwonche wut-tinnontooawaonk ketoohkaain,"

strikes me as being a very inadequate rendering of

"Thou speakest a different dialect to each."

If, as the translator gives it, "every one hears his own language when thou [the tree] speakest," there would be no difficulty whatever in understanding that Talking Oak; anybody might sit down on an exposed root and have a free and easy powwow with that accomplished old son of the forest. But Mr. Longfellow distinctly states, in the first quatrain of his sonnet, that the

"Myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech."

Clearly, J. H. T. is wrong, and has dropped into some unintelligible speech on his own account.

In criticising so able a scholar I have allowed my interest in the subject to overcome my diffidence. Even Homer sometimes nods, and J. H. T. may easily be forgiven if he does not always get his Massachusee quite right.

A DREAM.

Words by W. W. STORY.

Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegro.

f. mf

1. I dream'd we were young, and you lov'd me, And the lips that I used to kiss Smiled
2. Your arms reached out in their longing, You clung to me, face to face; Not

sweetly as once they smil'd on me With the love that now I miss. I....
yielding a half un - wel - come, A meaningless, cold embrace. I....

dreamed that our life's cruel furrows Were smoothed and gladdened with flow'rs, And we
felt the long - van - ished rapture Au - ro - ral above us stream; We loved

dim. *cres.*

breathed the freshness of spring-time, That now is no longer ours. I....
as we loved at twen - ty;—I woke it was all a dream. I....

dim. *cres.*

dreamed that our life's cru - el fur - rows Were smoothed and gladdened with
felt the long - van - ished rapture Au - ro - ral a - bove us

rall. *ad lib.*

flowers, And we breathed the freshness of spring - time, That
stream; We loved as we loved at twen - ty;— I

rall.

now is no longer ours.
woke;— it was all a dream.

col canto. *a tempo* *dim.* *D. S. F.*

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE life of Charles Kingsley,¹ which we think the American publishers have wisely reduced to one half the bulk of the English edition, is mainly presented in his own letters and the letters of his friends to him or about him, the thread of narrative with which the editor connects them being very slender. Naturally, the work is uncritical, and so much is reserved, through a sensitive regard for what would have been Kingsley's own wish in regard to a memoir, that the reader has not the full materials for making up his own judgment of a writer whom death has remanded to the temporary abeyance all authors must fall into before time settles their true place. Doubtless his will not be just such a place as the generation to which Yeast and Alton Locke and Hypatia came as revelations would have given him. There was really more of ferment than of inspiration in those books, but they were good stories and are not likely to be so much forgotten hereafter as they are now. Nevertheless we think Kingsley's lasting fame will not be that of a divine, or a naturalist, or a *Tendenz*-romancer, however deeply he was himself stirred by questions of theology, science, and social reform, but that of a poet. He was truly a poet of a real and noble sort, and several of his lyrics have the undying quality: the world will be deaf to many tremendous literary and psychic and social noises of the kind which Charles Kingsley himself was the man to be reverently stunned with, but it will not cease to hear the sweetness of such lyrics as the *Three Fishers*, *The Sands o' Dee*, *Be good, sweet Maid*, etc. His *Andromeda*, too, must remain among the few fine English hexameter poems, deserving to rank with those of Mr. Longfellow in technical perfection, and memorable for many eloquent and splendidly descriptive passages.

It appears to us that this subordination of the greatest quality in Kingsley's nature, the poetic quality, to other qualities common to commoner men is what gives that touch of something almost ludicrous in the feverish striving of his life. He was a man of feeling, of emotion, and when he turned to the practical world he wasted his fine

substance against it with an eager, almost anguished intensity of sympathy and longing. He is always in this prodigious excitement about something, so that his letters become painful reading from their inconsequent storm and stress, their utter want of repose and of clearness. He runs terribly to words, and sermonizes and exhorts at a rate hard to bear; and he heats himself over matters that he himself perceives ought to be dealt with only in calm and soberness. Perhaps it is from a lack of explicitness in the memoir that we do not quite know what were his actual feelings in regard to the Chartist movement and the Continental revolutions of 1848; about all that we are able to understand is that he feels deeply for people who are in trouble, and wants them to be very careful how they try to get out of it. But it is possible that the memoir is not altogether to blame for this indistinctness as to his position on political and social questions. His letters upon the woman question are of almost Delphic width of purport, and his long letter to Mill, stating why he has abandoned the movement, is a wonder of prolix inconclusiveness. The idealizing literary temperament is not dismayed when confronted with cases of wrong or suffering which immediate bravery and self-sacrifice may relieve, and so Kingsley's private life was one of beautiful and heroic good works; but we are forced to the belief that his connection with public reforms has been as sentimental as Victor Hugo's, with vastly more vagueness. The real reformers, the John Browns, the Garrisons, are "calm as clocks," — and clocks that do not go striking twelve all round the dial, and then run down with a whirl. They are quite certain that they know what they want, and are not in dread of being nonplused when they get it.

One can easily understand how these very inequalities should endear Kingsley to those who knew him, and that those nearest him might imagine that he was helping a cause when he was merely suffering for it. In nearly all cases he suffered for the right, but not invariably. He did not, for example, suffer for it in the case of our late war, but he was afterwards willing to offer this

¹ *Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memories of his Life*. Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the

London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

republic what reparation he might in urging the establishment of an American professorship at Cambridge; and it is a significant comment upon his emotional way of looking at things that he thought the United States would really take it ill if the professorship were not established. In like manner, when he came among us and found us all such kind, hospitable fellows, with such an exhilarating climate and safe travel and magnificent scenery, he was satisfied that nothing was so much wanting to seal the good feeling between Great Britain and America as to have some American buried in Westminster Abbey, — not foreseeing, good poet, that our demoniacal press would at once offer him all the living national bores for that honored sepulture. There was no harm in that; but such bursts of sentiment are not characteristic of very clear-sighted or far-sighted men. When one reads in Mr. Kingsley's letters that "no man shall know" what he felt upon this or that terrible business, like the Indian mutiny or the revolutions of forty-eight, it is not with the liveliest faith that his feelings were wiser than the average contemporary excitement; nor is it very surprising to find him feeling quite contradictorily about the same thing, and justifying his inconsistency by that of St. Paul.

But all this matters little, and will matter less and less as we grow further away from Kingsley's time, and love him as a poet, and honor him as a good and religious man, so fortunately placed in life as to be able personally to influence vast numbers of people. He had all that is best of English heartiness. He was very simple and downright, and entered with neighborly good-will into the interests of the Eversley people, high and low, and he was quite free from sectarian narrowness. He liked horses and peasants and soldiers; and if he could have afforded it, he would have ridden to hounds; as it was, he was a great friend of angling. It appears that in his youth he had dreams of turning his back upon the vexing problem of Europe and coming to the American backwoods; he had a love and a genius, probably, for pioneering which never died out of him. Late in life he exulted to rush out of church in full canonicals and turn to with the people beating out a fire which had caught in the dry heather; he worked with them all day, and visited them after midnight to encourage them. One fancies the danger as but small compared with that from a burning American forest; but the English

are wrought up to great pitches of excitement by very mild phenomena: an earthquake that jostles their beds fills *The Times* with graphic communications, a heavy fall of snow stops all the cabs of London; and Mr. Kingsley fighting the burning heather was very characteristically if not indispensably engaged. He was always fighting some evil, and took a great pleasure in assaulting diphtheria with bottles of gargle and lotions; he was the sworn foe, also, of typhus fevers and other filth diseases, and he once dismayed an afflicted family, stifling in the foul air of their cottage, by bringing an auger and boring a hole through the wall at the head of the sick-bed.

In spite of all this, however, he himself lived and died in a thoroughly unwholesome house, Eversley rectory lying below the level of some neighboring ponds that kept it constantly damp, and from time to time rendered it uninhabitable. The inmates were frequently sick from it, and obliged to abandon it; it is highly probable that its humidity hastened Kingsley's death, which took place so soon after his visit to our country. There is not much record of this visit which interests the American reader, but it seems to have been a joyous and triumphant experience with Mr. Kingsley, who has nothing but good words for us in his letters home. He is very happy and remarkably well throughout his whole progress up and down, and back and forth across our continent; but it is not improbable that his fatigues were greater than he knew. At any rate, in the winter after his return to England, he was stricken down with pneumonia, while his wife lay, as he supposed, on her death-bed. It is a most pathetic circumstance of this sorrowful case that he died believing that she had passed before him. They could not see each other after his prostration; for a time they corresponded by notes carried between them; this grew too irksome at last. Kingsley's loving heart could not brook the total separation, and at a time when his life depended upon his remaining quiet, and in an even temperature, he risked all by leaving his bed to look once more upon the face so dear to him. He took her hand and holding it said, "This is heaven," and in a little while parted from her forever. His death followed soon upon the exposure. To her recovery we owe this memoir, written with a tenderness and affection wholly beautiful. — "Barry Cornwall's" success as a poet was more than a success. His songs were

received into the hearts and homes of thousands of people with a tenderness that makes success seem too cold a word to describe their destiny; and he himself, as the writer of those songs, was treated with so much honor by his literary contemporaries, that his fame had in it more of brotherhood than royalty. In this he was enviable. Yet, judging only from his poetry as it stands before us, it is not quite clear how his works should have gained so general an admiration. His songs have not the freshness and passion of Burns nor the delicate finish of Moore; the versatility and liveliness of Béranger are wanting in them; and although he chooses a greater variety of subjects than Heine, the "one-tonedness" of his pieces, which Mrs. Browning refers to, is far more obvious than the German poet's singleness of theme. Nevertheless, in the memorial volume¹ which Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Coventry Patmore have so admirably put together, we find the strongest attestations of how greatly some of the best minds of the century prized Procter. Lamb's playful and sweet sonnet it was of course not necessary to include; but at the beginning of the book we find an impromptu by Swinburne on occasion of reading that sonnet, and at the close of Part I. are reproduced the richer and nobly musical strains which the same poet chanted over the dead songwriter's grave. An extract from a rhymed epistle of Landor's is also given, in which, after characterizing the Elizabethan and the modern poets, the Imaginary Conversationist says to Procter, —

"You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor idly dream,
But ever flowing with good humor
Are bright as spring and warm as summer."

Letters are printed from Carlyle, Lord Jeffrey, and others, full of kindness and commendation. Perhaps there is a good deal in Landor's suggestion, "placed afar from each extreme;" much there is, too, in the prettiness, the pensiveness, the conventional verbiage of the poems, and withal the often superior artistic instinct shown in them. Besides, Procter had the advantage of avowedly setting out to supply a deficiency in English poetic literature, the want of short, singable songs. This gave point to his efforts, husbanded his genius, and caused him to be looked upon with a cumulative wonder as the years went by and brought no

other candidate for the particular honors he had won in this direction. But after counting up and analyzing these points, we must not fail to give due weight to the fact that the poet, owing to his attractive personality, his literary modesty, and other fortunate circumstances, became one of those typical and representative figures upon whom the world delights to lavish its good-will. They appear in the ranks of literature only at certain intervals, and in its devotion to them the public atones for its neglect of hundreds of men perhaps as gifted but more obscure and less symmetrically formed. These idols — we mean no sort of disparagement by the word — are more easily found in the second rank than among the supreme masters; for the latter are subject to excessive changes in the popular regard, having either to struggle long at the outset of their careers or to suffer some pitiless reaction of taste in later life. It is essential to successes (since we can invent no other word to express the idea) like Barry Cornwall's, that the writer should make an impression quickly and then survive long after it. We have a very similar case in that of our own Halleck. Procter, like Halleck, became famous while young. Born in 1787, he wrote a very successful play in 1821, called *Mirandola*; between that and 1830 his *Flood of Thessaly* and *Dramatic Fragments* gained considerable renown; and in 1832 he closed his poetical career by collecting his *English Songs*. The period of his literary activity lasted but seventeen years (1815–1832), yet he had the happiness to live thirty-two years longer in the enjoyment of his fame and of a brilliant circle of friends. His association with so many of the famous men of the time, and the fact that so many people had admired his work, to begin with, no doubt had an influence in prolonging and heightening his reputation; so that the merits of tradition were added to those of sterling worth in the man and his writings.

The events of Procter's life "might all be told in a very few pages," says the editor of this volume, "unless, indeed, his friendships may be regarded as its events." And they were so, in a singular and illustrious degree. He went to the same school with Byron and Peel, and as he in one place remarks he was, in the course of sixty years, acquainted with more than one hundred persons connected with literature. Mr. Pat-

¹ *Eryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpub-*

lished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

more's memorial is arranged in four parts, the first of which gives an autobiographical fragment and some passages of biography. The main items are that at school he was fonder of reading the British poets than of study; that he was particularly proud of holding his own in pugilistic combats at Harrow; and that, though destined for the law, his literary taste for some time kept him from entering on the study of it. His father left him a good property, about 1816. He began conveyancing, after his marriage to Miss Anne Skepper, in 1824; and afterward he became one of the Commissioners of Lunacy, an office which he held for something like twenty years. He is said to have taken his greatest pleasure in his professional successes and the regular discharge of his commissionership duties. The great event of his latter life was the sudden rise of his daughter Adelaide to poetic popularity. It is hardly to be regretted that he did not complete his autobiography; the fragment he has left shows that his shyness and modesty would have covered up many of the most interesting details now given us by the editor; but it is somewhat unaccountable that he should have made so little record of that various literary multitude of which he saw so much. From time to time he essayed this, and what he actually prepared in this sort is the perfection of reminiscence. The third part of the present record consists of verses, hitherto unpublished, somewhat accidental and unsatisfactory, and the fourth is made up of a charming budget of letters from eminent or interesting persons. But it is in the second section that we must look for the sketches of the poet's literary companions. These he began to write when in his seventy-ninth year, and never completed. Coleridge's much-praised Bowles, the sonneteer, was his first acquaintance of note. About 1817 he met with Leigh Hunt, Keats, Thomas Love, Peacock, Hazlitt, Coulson, Novello the musical composer, and Charles Lamb; Hazlitt introduced him to the painter Haydon; through Lamb he came to know Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, the Lake poets, for whom, as we know, Lamb was a sort of London agent. In 1820 he visited Rogers, and met Campbell, Moore, Crabbe, Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay. The *valet de chambre's* apothegm, he says, does not apply to his experience of these famous men. "I saw some of them tried severely enough by poverty, by loss of friends, by opposition from the world, and

other causes. Yet they went through all bravely, heroically." He shows, however, a decided antipathy for De Quincey; and William Godwin, who stuffed his novels with so many fine phrases about generosity, he declares to have been "very cold, very selfish, very calculating." Godwin's whole relation with his son-in-law, the poet Shelley, was a constant process of money-squeezing.

Procter's admiration for his friend Hazlitt was very great. Writing to a friend in the last part of his life, he says that he despairs of an age which has forgotten to read Hazlitt. One curious fact given concerning that critic is that he had absolutely no books of his own. When he wished to write his lectures on the Elizabethan Dramatists, he had read none of them but Shakespeare. Procter lent him a dozen or two of his books, Hazlitt retired to the country, and at the end of six weeks had absorbed the whole and finished writing his lectures. Apropos of the term "Elizabethan," it is startling enough to read the following in a letter from Walter Savage Landor: "How dare you talk so boldly of the gentlemen who are come again so highly into favor? I mean the dramatists who rejoice in the title of Elizabethan, as if that paltry, snarling old b—— ought to give her name to anything so great as even a moderate-sized poet. But all things are now Elizabethan, from poets that nobody can read to windows that nobody can look out of." There are several interesting personal descriptions. Of Keats it is said: "It would be difficult to discover a man with a more bright and open countenance. He was always ready to hear and reply; to discuss, to reason, to admit, and to join in serious talk or common gossip." Leigh Hunt, Procter decides, "was essentially a gentleman. . . . He saw hosts of writers of less ability than himself outstripping him on the road to future success, yet I never heard a word from him that could be construed into jealousy or envy; not even a murmur." Wordsworth, we are told, "was a tall and ungainly man, with a grave and severe face, and a manner that indicated tranquillity or independence rather than high breeding." Concerning Coleridge there occurs an extremely good anecdote, based, as usual, on the opium-eating poet's enormous propensity for monologue in place of conversation. Wordsworth and a friend came one morning to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, and excused the lateness of their arrival by saying that they had been to call

on Coleridge. "How was it you called upon him so early?" inquired Rogers. "Oh," replied Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening and" — "And," said Rogers, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

The correspondence of Procter embraces several letters from Thomas Beddoes, the author of that singular and poetical but little-known tragedy, *Death's Jest-Book*; and letters from Landor, Byron, Freiligrath, and Lamb (who signs himself, "Yours ever and two evers"), together with Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Most of these are very characteristic. Here is an interesting piece of self-criticism from Byron: "As for myself, neither my way of thinking on the subject as an art — nor probably my powers — are at all adapted for the English drama; nor did I ever think they were." Longfellow wrote to him of his poems: "For me they are more suggestive of music than any modern songs whatever that the three kingdoms have produced." And he appends these lines as a fuller expression of his feeling about them: —

"And as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twitterings songs shall nestle
In my bosom."

He also speaks of *Evangeline*, just then completed. "I hope you will not reject it on account of the metre. In fact, I could not write it as it is in any other; it would have changed its character entirely to have put it into a different measure."

Hawthorne's letter, written before he went abroad, contains the following: "We know you well, and love and admire you in a measure which those who have you bodily among them can hardly equal. An English poet should come hither to enjoy the best part of his fame; at home he cannot taste the most refined delight of it till he be dead, when I fear he will not greatly care about it." One cannot but be struck by the heartiness and kindness with which men of the largest calibre and widest fame hastened to offer their praise to this gentle song-writer. His whole life, indeed, as here depicted, is one that the literary fraternity and all persons of taste may study with the most thorough and refreshing satisfaction. It is praise enough of the book to say that in its easy style, its tenderness and cheer, and its

abundance of anecdote, it is perfectly in keeping with its subject.

— Colonel Dodge's book about our Western territory¹ is full of all manner of information regarding that part of the country and its inhabitants. It would be hard to name a book, or collection of books, in which could be obtained anything like the light on the subject that is thrown by this modest volume. It is made up entirely of the author's recollections, not of what he has read, but of what he has seen with his own eyes, and consequently his testimony is of the most valuable kind, and his book is most entertaining.

The opening chapters describe the geological and physical peculiarities of the country: its formation from the detritus of the mountains and by mighty upheavals of the earth's surface, the volcanic remains, the singular petrifications, the cañon, all find mention. In the account of the surface we are told of the appearance of the plains, their treelessness, the rivers with their dangerous quicksands; then comes an account of the climate with its fierce extremes, with the heat in some places rendered endurable by the dryness of the air and the coolness of the nights, while the cold is made more terrible by the terrible wind, and no season is really secure from violent, sudden storms. Under the head of *Travel on the Plains* is a singular statement which we do not remember ever seeing in print before, though many people have doubtless noticed it: "Few persons, with any knowledge of geography or of the points of the compass, have traveled at all without having at some time experienced the curious sensation of being 'turned round.' A man is going up the Hudson River in a steamboat, and, walking from the cabin to the guards, finds himself apparently going down the river. A traveler looks from his book or paper out of a car window, and finds to his disgust that he seems to be going back towards his starting-point. . . . No power of mind or will can change this feeling, which, however, generally goes off of itself after a while, as mysteriously and with as little cause as it came. It does not always go off, and a wrong impression once made may cling through life, as to me Detroit is always in Canada, and New Orleans always on the right bank of the Mississippi, because I happened to be

¹ *The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants, being a Description of the Plains, Game, Indians, etc., of the Great North American Desert.* By RICHARD IRVING DODGE, Lieutenant-Colonel

U. S. A. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BLACKMORE. Illustrated. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

turned round when I first arrived in those cities. Under such curious circumstances the features of the best known localities become strange; everything looks different from what it ought to look. This is getting lost in the plains sense."

"The effect on some minds of being really and thoroughly lost or turned round on the plains is most appalling;" and he gives several instances of its effects, one soldier being so badly frightened that when found two or three days afterwards he was a raving maniac, and did not for a month recover his reason. "He recollected nothing but going a little distance off the road for something, and getting turned round and realizing that he was lost." Probably what makes it so terrible and alarming is the resemblance of the feeling to that of a nightmare, the man's reason serving only to mislead him. But the old plainsman, when some morning he finds the sun rising in the west, "knows what this means at once; and unless he has a compass, or is as sure of his locality as a resident in New York would be on Broadway, he accepts the situation, goes into camp, and waits until he gets all right again." The dangers are by no means all outside of the camp; the sudden overflowing of rivers, — a few inches deep at sunset and in a few hours mighty torrents carrying everything before them, — rattlesnakes, horse-thieves, charges of buffalo, skunk bites, for those obnoxious beasts have the habit of entering the tent when hungry and eating the exposed face or hand, and in the Arkansas country this is generally succeeded by hydrophobia, — such are some of the most prominent dangers to be guarded against. But for sportsmen the joys far outweigh the discomforts and dangers which beset the plains, and Colonel Dodge has written a most tempting account of the game to be found there and the proper method of bagging it, all of which is seasoned by the addition of a number of appropriate anecdotes. He mourns the reckless slaughter of buffalo and elk, which threatens very soon to exterminate the breed.

Nearly half of the book is taken up with a very full account of the Indians of that region, the Cheyennes, Sioux, and Arapahoes. He describes their domestic life, their religion, their methods of fighting, and gives many instances of their more than brutish cruelty. His full treatment of the subject allows no condensation here, but in the last two hundred pages may be found a thorough and undoubtedly exact statement

of the conditions of the problem, and a very fair presentment of the difficulties awaiting any solution of the question how to treat the dispossessed red-man. The author has no sentimental affection for the savage, and on the other hand he condemns warmly the many breaches of faith which have disgraced our government. He calls the whole treaty system "a murderous farce." He wants the Indians to be kept to a rigid accountability for their actions instead of, as now, being petted with one hand and cuffed with the other. It is interesting to see how much less mischievous are Indians in British America, where they are treated with more consistency and far less savageness; but then it is not impossible that they there come into contact with a class of white men less degraded than that set of ruffians who hang on the outskirts of our civilization and rejoice in the possession of hardly anything more than its vices. This excellent book is a sound authority on the interesting subjects which it discusses. It resembles nothing so much as the talk of a man who has a good deal to say and knows how to say it. The author's experience has been long and varied, and he is full of curious facts and of amusing as well as blood-curdling stories. The introduction is serviceable, and the illustrations are deserving of commendation. Our brief outline gives but an incomplete notion of various merits of a book which must long serve as the most trustworthy compendium of an evanescent phase of our country's history.

—The present condition of the Eastern Question would be enough of itself to make very welcome any information concerning one of the parties most prominent in the threatening troubles. Moreover, we Americans, who are connected with the most autocratic government in Europe by imaginary bonds of close sympathy, naturally are anxious to know definitely something about our vague friends who, like ourselves, have a vast untamed country to manage, and who enter late, and with that sort of self-consciousness which makes us understand one another, into the race with the rest of the world. But even if the Turk were what he once was, and even if we felt no more interest in Russia than in Tasmania, a book like this of Mr. Wallace's could not fail to find many interested readers. It is not every one who can go to Corinth, but few of those who go

¹ *Russia*. By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M. A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877.

see what is to be seen there, and fewer still are able to make a faithful and entertaining record of what they have observed and learned. Now Mr. Wallace is a conscientious worker; he never puts us off with reports at second hand when it is possible to see the things with his own eyes; he spared no pains to secure accuracy, and the consequence is that he has written a book which is a treasure-house of information, and he has done it in so pleasant a way that his story is, in fact, what is so often said in compliment, almost as interesting as a novel. He entered Russia in March, 1870, intending to spend but a few months there; but the more he studied the more he found he had to learn, so that before he had finished he had spent many years studying the history and social condition of the country. This large volume describes his life, his method of work, and gives us many personal reminiscences, while it contains in addition to these things the fruits of much research and the record of much that he learned, in the only way such things can be satisfactorily learned, from conversation with the people.

Since he found that by living in St. Petersburg he could not become familiar with the language, he voluntarily banished himself to a distant village where he had to speak Russian or starve, and once there he began to devote himself to examining what went on about him. All of this part of his personal experience is delightful reading: the life he recounts, the scenes he puts before us, remind us frequently of what can be equalled in this country in respect of dullness of life and the absence of interests, as well as in the aspect of nature. Our prairies, agricultural regions, and forests, our huge rivers, the doubly terrible climate, find formidable rivals in Russia; but here, to our eyes at least, the analogy ceases. In that country the tendency is to a rustic life; with us this is combated by a very different spirit, which leads us to crowd into cities, and, moreover, the patient, enduring, unenterprising nature of the Slavs is very different from what exists here. How different it is this book clearly shows. Separate chapters describe the religious life of the people, their observance of outward rites, and the inferior condition of the priests, who have seldom stood much higher than the peasants. Elsewhere, to mention briefly one of the more important matters, we read of the life of the peasants, of the *mir*, or village community, which puts the authority, like that of a New England town-meeting, only

much greater, into an assembly of the property owners of the commune, men and women. It is to be noticed, however, that although women have the right of speaking on all questions concerning their own households, such as a proposal to increase or diminish the household's share of land, there is but little attention paid to them when they speak on the general welfare of the commune. The peasant family is an association in which the members hold nearly all things in common, and the *mir* is, Mr. Wallace tells us, very much the same thing on a larger scale; "the members of a family all farm together, and those who earn money from other sources are expected to put their savings into a common purse; whilst the households composing a commune farm independently, and pay into the common treasury only a certain fixed sum." The whole system of the annual allotment of land is a complex one unlike that at present existing in any civilized country, and while its presence nowadays throws light on much early history, it makes the manner of the future growth of Russia very obscure.

Naturally the history of the emancipation of the serfs takes up a good deal of place in the book. We are informed how serfage, which was in fact exactly the same thing as slavery, although the fact has often been denied, arose, thrived under various emperors, and was finally abolished, as well as what the effect of the emancipation has been on the serfs and their former proprietors. According to Mr. Wallace this slavery was a thing of slow growth, and not the sudden result of a proclamation or of the violence of Boris Godunof, as has been widely stated. The peasants were serfs before the "institution" became recognized by law, and the change from the condition of belonging to the soil and inseparable from it to that of being sold without reference to the land was a gradual but undeniable one. They were almost defenseless against the ill treatment of their owners, and ill treatment was by no means rare; yet when they were emancipated by the present emperor they were not much excited. They had no ardent love of liberty, and they found it no panacea, though that they had hardly expected. The changes that emancipation wrought were principally of a legal sort, affecting the way in which the peasant owned his land, and have had no such seriously disturbing effect as was anticipated. The full particulars of this are to be found in Mr. Wallace's volume, and they bear witness to the great thorough-

ness with which he has investigated this and every question.

In this brief sketch we have mentioned but a small part of the subjects discussed. It would be hard to find any point of Russian civilization which is not here treated. It is to be remembered that Mr. Wallace's experience in the country was of a very rare kind. Few Russians, to say nothing of foreigners, have ever seen so much of their native land or with such good opportunities, for he became intimate with people of all classes of society, and visited the remotest quarters of the empire at times with government inspectors. Since what he sought was the truth, and not facts in support of a theory, he was able to make his book what it is, a record which no student of modern history, indeed no indolent reader of books of travel, can afford to neglect. It is a book of rare merit and interest, deserving the highest praise. One seldom finds so thoroughly satisfactory workmanship as has gone to the making of this volume.

— The gentle reader of this magazine cannot fail to have liked, for their very fresh and delicate quality, certain sketches of an old New England sea-port, which have from time to time appeared here during the last four years. The first was *Shore House*, and then there came *Deephaven Cronies* and *Deephaven Excursions*. These sketches, with many more studies of the same sort of life, as finely and faithfully done, are now collected into a pretty little book called *Deephaven*,¹ which must, we think, find favor with all who appreciate the simple treatment of the near-at-hand quaint and picturesque. No doubt some particular sea-port sat for *Deephaven*, but the picture is true to a whole class of old shore towns, in any one of which you might confidently look to find the *Deephaven* types. It is supposed that two young girls — whose young-girlhood charmingly perfumes the thought and observation of the whole book — are spending the summer at *Deephaven*, Miss Denis, the narrator, being the guest of her adored ideal, Miss Kate Lancaster, whose people have an ancestral house there; but their sojourn is only used as a background on which to paint the local life: the three or four aristocratic families, severally dwindled to three or four old maiden ladies; the numbers of ancient sea-captains cast ashore by the decaying traffic; the queer sailor and fisher folk; the widow and old-wife gossips of the place, and

some of the people of the neighboring country. These are all touched with a hand that holds itself far from every trick of exaggeration, and that subtly delights in the very tint and form of reality; we could not express too strongly the sense of conscientious fidelity which the art of the book gives, while over the whole is cast a light of the sweetest and gentlest humor, and of a sympathy as tender as it is intelligent. Danny is one of the best of the sketches; and another is *The Circus at Denby*, which perhaps shows better than any other the play of the author's observation and fancy, with its glancing lights of fun and pathos. A sombre and touching study is that of the sad, simple life so compassionately depicted in *In Shadow*, after which the reader must turn to the brisk vigor and quaintness of *Mrs. Bonny*. Bits of New England landscape and characteristic marine effects scattered throughout these studies of life vividly localize them, and the talk of the people is rendered with a delicious fidelity.

In fact, Miss Jewett here gives proof of such powers of observation and characterization as we hope will some day be turned to the advantage of all of us in fiction. Meanwhile we are very glad of these studies, so refined, so simple, so exquisitely imbued with a true feeling for the ideal within the real.

— Since as a people we gave up boasting about our achievements, and took to unmercifully deprecating them, there have been few more agreeable offsets to our gloomy self-criticism than the distinction which Mr. Eugene Schuyler, American consul at Constantinople, has won for himself throughout Europe. This accomplished scholar, who many years ago made the first English translation from Tourguéneff, was the investigator of the Bulgarian atrocities last year, and his inquiries enabled another American, Mr. McGahan, acting as correspondent for the *London Daily News*, to spread that whole hideous episode before the English public. These two gentlemen enjoy the singular fame of having taken English public opinion by the forelock, and led it in the direction which the real sympathies of the people and of the popular leaders inclined it to take. Mr. Schuyler has since made his appearance as the author of undoubtedly the most thorough, brilliant, and entertaining work on *Turkistan*¹ which has yet been given to the English-speaking world. The first

¹ *Deephaven*. By SARAH O. JEWETT. Boston: J. B. Osgood & Co. 1877.

¹ *Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bukhara, and Kuldja*. By

volume is taken up with describing his journey in 1873 along the Syr Darya (Jaxartes), one of the rivers of Eden; the manners of the Khirgiz of the steppe, and Mussulman life in Tashkent and Samarkand; and the valley of Larafshan, east of Samarkand. The Khirgiz occupy, we suppose (though Mr. Schuyler says nothing about it), the territory of the Massagete of the ancients, who were famed for their perhaps excessively prudent habit of killing their parents at a certain age, and for sacrificing horses to the sun, on account of their swiftness. Horses at least play an important part among the Khirgiz; for they have races from twelve to twenty miles long, horses being often given as prizes; and there is a picturesque but too forcible custom of "love chases," where a maiden mounts a fleet horse, armed with a heavy whip which she uses on the persons of those suitors who come too near catching her and whom she does not favor. Both of these volumes are full of graphic descriptions, besides a mass of historical and ethnical information. A traveler like Mr. Schuyler in such a region as Central Asia has to be his own historian and geographer, often bringing back entirely new material and correcting old judgments. In short, he partakes of the honors of discovery, to some extent. The second half of this work is particularly valuable for the luminous insight it gives into the Russian conquests in the East. No one who wishes to understand the questions involved in these can dispense with reading the last four chapters of Mr. Schuyler's second volume. His searching and comprehensive survey of Russian proceedings in Turkistan since 1865, his impartiality in dispensing praise and blame, his candor and his courtesy, are all quite unsurpassable. As the author did not spare, last summer, what Mr. Carlyle in his latest utterance calls "the unspeakable Turk," so he does not hesitate to pass sharp criticism on the Russian, when necessary. But while condemning in some instances, he says that "the Russian movements in Central Asia have been marked by great discipline and humanity." He does not, like Mr. Carlyle, declare that the Russians have "done signal service to God and man in drilling into order and peace anarchic populations all over their side of

the world;" in some cases quite the contrary is shown; but he gives it as his firm belief that Russia has no designs upon India, and has been drawn unavoidably into her latest Khivan conquests and advances on Kuldja, and with disadvantage rather than gain to herself. The human existence which Mr. Schuyler has to describe is queer and distorted enough; but the clear, graceful style gives everything a fascination the reverse of disagreeable. The illustrations, from drawings by the Russian painter Vereschagine (which we recognize as being taken from the latter's *Tour du Monde*), add much to the entertaining quality of the book.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Even if he is not well enough known to have a place in Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, the Count de Gobineau has done sufficiently good service in the fields of scholarship and of belles-lettres to win a high reputation among students and readers. His novel, *Les Pléiades*, is one of the wisest of recent works of French fiction, and his position as French minister to Persia gave him an opportunity, which he did not neglect, to offer to the Western world a great deal of information about the ancient and modern history of that interesting country. In this last volume² he has collected half a dozen studies of Oriental life to illustrate some of the most marked traits of the Asiatics, who are but little understood by their contemporaries of the West. In his preface he calls attention to the great points of difference between people of different races, showing that they are much greater than the points of external resemblance in the matter of eating when hungry, drinking when thirsty, and resting when tired. Bring together, he says, an African negro, an Arab, and St. Vincent de Paul, and what resemblance would you find in their three natures? Let a moralist overhear them: would he maintain his favorite hypothesis that all men are alike? People so unlike ourselves as are the Orientals should be regarded, he claims, from quite another point of view than that of the moralist, and in his sketches he has merely given us the representation of certain sides of Eastern life

EUGENE SCUTLER, Phil. Dr., Member of the American Geographical Society and of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, etc. With three Maps and numerous Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1878.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Nouvelles Asiatiques*. PAR LE COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Paris: Didier. 1876.

without drawing any conclusions as to the moral worth of those about whom he writes. More than that, this volume bears the mark of being a faithful record of what it assumes to describe. The author's familiarity with the people of Central Asia, his knowledge of their manners, methods of thought and action, of their faults and virtues, makes itself felt everywhere. Regarded simply as stories, the first sketch is the most deserving of praise; a few touches bring the different characters before us and open to us what is really a new world, in which the practical has no place and there is no other law than caprice or passion. This story about the dancing-girl is very interesting and is well told, but though this is more complete than the others, they are by no means to be despised, for they all are of value for their excellence in showing certain Oriental traits. Thus, the story of Gamber-Aly describes the career of a young good-for-nothing, a coward and braggart, who owes his success in life to his good looks. The War of the Turcomans is perhaps as characteristic as any, with its account of a campaign and the side light thrown on the habit of universal speculation. These tales may possibly contain a great deal of exaggeration, but it would seem more likely that they do not, and at any rate they do not read like the ordinary misrepresentation of an outsider who detects a conspicuous quality and then devotes himself to ringing changes upon it; indeed, the contrary impression is given by the fact that often the narration seems to proceed from the lips of some Oriental talking to one of his fellow country-people, who will be interested but not amazed by what he hears. *Les Amants de Kandahar* is again a love story; *La Vie de Voyage* really no more than a short account of the charm of traveling in the desert. *L'Illustre Magicien* is slighter yet.

But it may be said once more that it is not as a collection of rounded and complete tales that this volume demands attention, but simply for the views it gives us of the East. It resembles an artist's portfolio, which may lack pictures ready for framing though it may contain hasty sketches which teach us something we did not know before; and yet this comparison would be unjust if it seemed to decry the merit of the book and to make it out anything but interesting. It is a collection of charming sketches, made up of rare and curious although simple material.

— M. Zola's last contribution¹ to modern literature is a book that demands attention on account of its shameless assault on every principle of literature which distinguishes a novel as a work of art from a criminal indictment, to say nothing of the outrages on decency of which the book is continually guilty. This author has already gained some notoriety by his deliberate choice of noisome subjects, and in his series describing the foul adventures of the families of Rongon and Macquart under the empire he has first and last brought to a high point that kind of denunciatory writing which has its origin in derisive inscriptions on walls and gates. He has a perfect right to detest the empire which has so lately fallen to the ground of its own corruption, but he has surely brought no credit to himself by the means he has taken to discredit his foes. This volume, *L'Assommoir*, is the seventh of the series, and in each one he has bedaubed some man or set of men with his ingenious virulence; but now at last he has passed all bounds of endurance, and he is winning the abuse which he busily employs himself in weaving into a martyr's crown. Such, at least, is the opinion of those who are not more offended than they are sickened by the form of composition he has chosen, and who are not convinced by his preface to this volume, in which he takes up the defense of himself and affirms, among other things, that he is a very respectable, worthy citizen in his private life. Now there is no doubt of this, and after all it is a matter that concerns his family and neighbors more than it does the public, but this is by no means the only case in which men's theories and practice differ, or in which men who lead quiet lives write demoralizing books. It is true that the books one generation calls demoralizing are sometimes much admired by the next and by succeeding ones, but it does not follow that in order to be famous in the future it is necessary to be odious to the present, and yet that is one of the most wide-spread of contemporary delusions.

In this novel we find the narration of a most piteous story. The heroine, Gervaise, a washer-woman, marries out of good nature a workman, Coupeau, and there would seem to be a fair prospect of their success in life until the author is seen to be sharpening his knife and mixing his poisons preparatory to the final massacre. Coupeau breaks his

¹ *L'Assommoir*. Par ÉMILE ZOLA. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

leg, and after his recovery is transformed from an honest, industrious workman into a lazy, good-for-nothing sot. An old lover of Gervaise turns up and takes a place in the family, and finally, after sinking lower and lower in degradation, which is described at length, Coupeau dies of delirium tremens and Gervaise soon follows him. This incomplete sketch of the groundwork of the novel leaves out what is its real offense, and that is the author's deliberate blackening of every human being in it. There are some scenes in it which are not bad, such as that one describing the wedding, but it would be hard to find a book that produces so strong a feeling of physical disgust as this one does. Much of the book is absolutely revolting: the account of the combat between the two women in the laundry makes Fielding's description of a similar scene read like a Sunday-school novel; the nauseous particulars of the viciousness of Gervaise and of the depths of abasement to which drink brings her seem to make the air stifling with vileness. Those who like this sort of writing call it powerful, but yet it is not a matter of congratulation that a man writes a novel which shows its power by an excess of unsavoriness. If a painter were to paint a picture of some disagreeable subject so exactly that those who saw it would want it covered with chloride of lime, he would then evidently appear to have strayed from the true path of art. But that a writer should do it is held by M. Zola, at least, to be a justifiable thing. He says this novel is the chastest of his books,—it might well be that without exciting raptures,—and he adds that it is also true. Now that is something wholly beside the question. There are a great many things in human nature which cannot be told, however truly. What would one think of a musician who composed a symphony made up of nothing but the clatter of a street and the setting of saws, and then answered his critics by saying that each of those sounds was one he had heard? What sculptor willingly represents deformity? Who carves the statue of a *crétin*? Yet those who most loudly claim that their novels are works of art are the readiest to fall into a fault which needs only to be imagined in another branch of art to appear in all its offensiveness.

It is singular how those who carry on the fight in defense of what they call art for art's sake, while they are discussing the theory, fly to lofty heights of abstract reason, but as soon as they come to put their

reasoning into practice drop down to the sewers to lug something forth to astound the world. So far as they react against a narrow, hypercritical intermeddling of the outside public they are right; but as soon as they think that the world can be managed on that single notion they fail as utterly as would those who should ask for a commission of clergymen, lawyers, merchants, sailors, and farmers to decide on the merits of a book before publication. The one definite *a priori* principle which shall apply to all books has not yet been uttered, but it is still possible to mention some of the things which cannot improve their value, and one of them is trying to produce in readers the feeling of physical repulsion. All of this diving down into unutterable defilement does not belong to fiction. The answer to this would probably be of a galling nature, implying that the sentimental idealist preferred to wrap himself up in day-dreams about the attractive virtues of working people, and to remain in ignorance of all the sin and misery there is in the world. But this would be an inaccurate statement; the place for such things is in books of social science, of political economy, not in novels. It is but a matter of taste, after all. It will not be found to be the best physician who talks about loathsome diseases in mixed company, and that a certain class of French novel-writers should vie with one another in seeing who could go the farthest in this sort of writing does not prove they are the best of their kind. When readers become as familiar with ghosts as with telegrams, care no more for a dozen murders than for a dozen sneezes, and have become stolid to every allurement of vice, the writer in order to produce a physical sensation has to adopt more drastic methods and finds his delight in describing nasty smells, etc., as M. Zola has done with singular unction. But it yet remains true that he is only carrying bad art to its legitimate conclusions. It is not necessary to be alarmed at the seeming success of such men. They of course arouse curiosity, and a certain part of the public that is warned away from their books is tempted by this warning to see what is so deserving of abuse; but literature has survived a good deal of such bad taste in the past, so that we may have hopes for the future even if M. Zola prefer to revel in the gutter and to sing of what he finds there. Moreover, M. Zola belongs to but a clique of French writers, and the notoriety he has brought upon himself should not be put

upon all his fellow-countrymen, any more than, say, Robert Browning should be confounded with Gerald Massey, in forming an opinion of contemporary English literature. Zola fancies, apparently, that he is completing Balzac's work, but Balzac, even when he offends his readers, draws something besides physical impressions; but it would be superfluous to continue the comparison.

So much about the value of the work; it may be worth while to consider briefly how he has performed the unsavory task he set himself. His own style is not attractive, and when any of the characters speak they use, naturally enough, the choicest *argot*, which M. Zola puts down without the use of the dash,—perhaps considering that it would injure the appearance of the page. He lets no chance pass of describing the coarseness of the events of the novel. He not only lets it run on from the beginning to the end without one redeeming ray of virtue, except the brief and unsatisfactory appearance of a good blacksmith, but he goes out of his way to drag in atrocities by the hair of the head, so that his reader gets dizzy with the mephitic air this corruption breeds.

When he tries his hand at it this author can regale the public with choice improprieties, but in this story, painful and shocking as many of the incidents are, it is not their impropriety so much as the coarse indelicacy of the writer that is odious. And then it is possible to object to the rather shallow view of this historian of contem-

porary events, who puts all the blame for arrogance among rulers, discontent among the lower classes, and for vice everywhere, upon the shoulders of the late emperor. There was bad blood in the two families he describes, and that certainly came from older sins and vices. The novel preceding this one had for its object the abuse of Eugène Rouher, here called Rongon, and it described very effectively what his enemies might well imagine the man to be, and showed in a series of coarse pictures the seamy side of life at the late imperial court, which Zola had many opportunities of knowing, for, if we are not mistaken, he was at one time, the Duc de Morny's private secretary.

These novels may be compared with the modern French plays in respect of effectiveness and intensity of impression, but when brought into comparison with the good and lasting work of the past, the over-brightness of the colors, the general exaggeration, the loud-mouthed abuse, become much too noticeable. Then, too, not even the most violent and most exaggerated of modern French plays has shown anything approaching the fierce coarseness of Zola's method. He has yet in contemplation a number of similar novels, in which he hopes to represent what he considers the world to be, and probably he will go on from bad to worse, from necessity as well as from choice. So far as he has now gone he is far ahead of all rivals. It is to be hoped he will remain so for a very long period.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Calendar of the Dakota Nation. By Lieut.-Col. Garrick Mallory, U. S. A.

Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, New York: The Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Illustrated with Steel Plates and numerous Wood Engravings. Parts 5, 6, 7, and 8.

Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia: The Word of God on True Marriage.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: Notes on Genesis. By the late Frederick W. Robertson, M. A.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Classic Literature, principally Sanskrit, Greek, and Roman, with Some Account of Persian, Chinese, and Japanese in the Form of Sketches of the Authors, and Specimens from Translations of their Works. By C. A. White. — Campaner Thal and other Writings. From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. — Bessie Lang. By Alice Corkran. — Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, The Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenknecht. By Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated from the German by Edward Henry Noel, with a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Carlyle. Vols. I. and II.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Cradle of the Christ. A Study in Primitive Christianity. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. — The Best Reading. Hints on the Selection of Books; on the Formation of Libraries, Public and Private; on Courses of Reading, etc. With a Classified Bibliography for Easy Reference. Edited by Frederic Beecher Perkins. — The Spirit of the New Faith. A Series of Sermons. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. — Essays on Political Economy. By Frederick Bastiat. English Translation revised, with Notes, by David A. Wells.

Report of a Reconnaissance from Carroll, Montana Territory, on the Upper Missouri, to the Yellowstone National Park, and Return. Made in the Summer of 1875, by William Ludlow, Captain of Engineers, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Chief Engineer Department of Dakota.

Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the Year 1875.

Report of the Chief Signal-Officer to the Secretary of War for the Year 1876.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: From Traditional to

Rational Faith; or, The Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity. By E. Andrew Griffin. — A Winter Story. By Miss Peard. — A Modern Mephistopheles. No Name Series.

A. Roman & Co., San Francisco: Seeking the Golden Fleece. A Record of Pioneer Life in California. By J. D. B. Stillman. With Plates.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Epochs of Ancient History. The Roman Triumvirates. By Charles Merivale, D. D., Dean of Ely. With a Map. — How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. — That Lass o' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks.

Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island. January, 1877.

The Storm in the Isle of Wight, September 28, 1876. And on the Cause of Storms. By G. A. Rowell.

Ward, Lock, & Tyler, London: Hobo and Haha. Their Adventures. Narrated and Illustrated by Sabilla Novello.

S. R. Wells & Co., New York: How to Teach, according to Temperament and Mental Development; or, Phrenology in the School-Room and the Family. By Nelson Eizer.

R. Worthington, New York: Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the Standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine. By John Schulte, D. D., Ph. D.

ART.

AMONG the one hundred and twelve pictures and sketches recently exhibited by Mr. Gay at Doll and Richards' were examples of his manner at each successive period of his career, from the time when fresh from the *atelier* of Troyon he began to paint from nature in that great open-air academy, the Forest of Fontainebleau, down to the very recent date of his last visit to Europe and his voyage up the Nile. Besides his early French studies there were scenes in Switzerland and Holland, Bavaria and Egypt, at Rome and at Venice, though American subjects were much more numerous, while by far the greater part of these, and more than half the whole number of pictures and sketches exhibited, were studies of scenery in the immediate vicinity of Massachusetts Bay.

Here, especially along the south shore of the bay, in Hingham, his birthplace, and in the adjoining town of Cohasset, with its rock-bound coast, its dense woods and sunny pastures, its weird cedars and wealth of clambering vines and way-side flowers, has

ever been Mr. Gay's favorite field of study. Here, in more than one sense, he was at home; here his talent found its most congenial material and its best development.

Mr. Gay is commonly spoken of as a pupil of Troyon; and he did indeed pass a few months in that painter's atelier. He was, however, quite as much influenced by other contemporaneous French landscape painters, belonging to what has sometimes been called the school of Fontainebleau. To the sound traditions of that most excellent school Mr. Gay has always held fast; having once found a good method and a style which suited him he has never been tempted to try new and perhaps dangerous experiments. Any differences that may be noticed between his earlier and his later works are due to the gradual development of his own peculiar tastes and sympathies rather than to any change in his methods of working or in his way of looking at nature. There has been no change of base.

In their execution, Mr. Gay's paintings occupy a safe middle-ground between the

careful finish once so much insisted on and the freer handling now becoming popular. His drawing is always correct, though sketchy, missing sometimes the more delicate refinements of form, especially in his trees; always excepting, however, his cedars, which are rendered with rare fidelity and skill. He suggests rather than attempts to express multiplicity of detail; he makes no attempt to simplify Nature; he rather rejoices in her complexity and fullness. He is apt, indeed, to indulge this feeling to excess, to the detriment of the unity and repose of his pictures. He seems to feel but slightly the charm of broad spaces of uniform or delicately graded tint, but loves to break up all his surfaces by a thousand little sparkling accidents; he rarely, if ever, paints a perfectly clear sky. Only in some of his sea-beaches do we remember to have seen a simple treatment of surface.

Though he does not at once and inevitably claim admiration as a colorist, Mr. Gay's color is almost always satisfactory: it is refined and delicate as well as true, an exquisite tender gray running like an undertone through it all, making its occasional richness and fullness all the more effective. His artistic range, both as to choice and treatment of subject, is perhaps somewhat narrow. It is not indeed a broad, but it is certainly a pleasant path in which he has chosen to walk; and if his pictures do not strongly impress us with their power, they please by their uniform excellence. He delights in the simpler aspects of nature, bright, sparkling, and joyous, rather than grand, solemn, or gloomy. Even the low tone of some of his paintings fails to convey the slightest suggestion of melancholy. He rarely, if ever, has painted a storm, and very seldom rainy or threatening weather. The morning hours are his favorites, as though he had more sympathy with the opening than with the closing day. If he does not appeal to our deeper feelings, if his pictures are wanting in sentiment, they are at least wholly free from sentimentality. Their poetry comes from the simple, sincere, and hearty love of nature.

—Immediately after Mr. Gay's exhibition and sale, eleven pictures by Mr. Hamilton Wilde were shown together at Doll and Richards'. All represented Egyptian subjects, and in most of them the Nile was a prominent feature.

Of several American painters who have recently given us their interpretations of the scenery of that ancient river, none, we

are inclined to think, have been more successful than Mr. Wilde in reproducing the local color. The prevailing tints in the landscape and in the costumes of the human figures are the various shades of blue and green, relieved only by the rich brown of the river-banks still wet with the recent floods, the golden sands of the desert, the lilac and purple of distant mountains, the roseate flush of sunset, or the saffron and pearl of early morning.

In these pictures it is evident that the color of natural objects is to Mr. Wilde the chief source of their attractiveness, and that the rendering of that color is the chief object and ambition of his art. He has an intense appreciation of the inherent beauty of certain colors, and a fondness for them for their own sake. With unerring instinct his eye singles out the richest, the purest, the most exquisite tints; and he has the skill to represent these colors with the broad and simple truths about an object seen partly in and partly out of sunshine. No one can better paint that most beautiful object in nature, a shadow thrown upon a white wall. With him *chiaroscuro* and color seem to be inseparable and, as it were, interpenetrative. His color never loses itself in the light nor becomes obscured in the dark portions of his pictures. He never reaches to the top nor descends to the bottom of the scale of light and shade, but keeps in the quiet middle of the gamut, where alone color can be distinguished. In this safe middle of the scale his values are always approximately and relatively true (absolutely true they could not be); the earth and whatever rests upon it is one thing, and the sky another; what is near is clearly to be distinguished from what is distant by differences both in tone and in quality of color. In simple subjects, such as Mr. Wilde usually selects, the result is an extraordinary degree of truthfulness and actuality, but in more complicated scenes, in which a considerable number of successive planes (to anglicize the French *plan*) are to be represented, the resources of his method are apt to prove insufficient. There is nothing in his pictures of what the French call *papillotage*; no juxtaposition of vivid and contrasting colors fatiguing alike to the eye and the mind. His colors, though extraordinarily pure, with no taint of muddiness, are never crude, but are toned to harmony, as though by the intermingling of atmospheric tints as pure as themselves. He has a keen eye for the texture of his surfaces, and understands per-

fectly its effect upon the quality of their color. Some of the faults which thus disturb the pleasure which Mr. Wilde's works afford are so obvious to every one (except, as it would seem, to the artist himself) that it is alike superfluous and useless to point them out. These eleven pictures are, however, tolerably free from the faults in drawing and perspective to which Mr. Wilde is somewhat prone. But in the group of pigeon-houses in the middle distance of the Afternoon near Bellianeh there is a wholly impossible combination of perspective lines, which, together with the incomprehensible rendering of the bank upon which the buildings appear to stand, makes all that part of the picture a bewildering and annoying puzzle.

Mr. Wilde sometimes, in aiming at simplicity, gives us an abstract rather than a generalization of nature. He leaves out rather than condenses. He delights in, as much as Mr. Gay seems to dislike, broad and simple spaces and masses, and his skill in rendering them stands him in good stead in his skies, the wide open heavens, which he paints with rare ability through all the imperceptible gradations from horizon to zenith. It serves him admirably in his *Desert at El Kab at Sunset*, where a solitary camel is the only object that breaks the solemn unity of the sandy waste below and the glowing heavens above. But in other subjects the effect is not so satisfactory, as in the picture entitled *Morning Prayer*, in which the river-bank, reduced to its simplest expression and stripped of all the *débris* that would naturally be left by the receding waters, has a preternaturally clean-swept aspect; while, probably from the omission to note them carefully in the original sketch, the forms of the various accidents of the surface are much too vaguely rendered to be at all intelligible.

—Mr. W. E. Norton has recently had an exhibition and sale at the gallery of Messrs. Williams and Everett. His collection, not so numerous as Mr. Gay's, from the greater preponderance of large canvases occupied much more space, and also represented the work of years.

Like his brother artist, Mr. Norton has his own narrow path in which he is content to walk, though in a different and more limited sense. The sea is literally his element: with few exceptions the one hundred and three pictures and sketches in his exhibition were strictly marine views, dealing almost exclusively with the sea and with

ships. There were indeed a few studies of rocky or sandy sea-coast, and one or two inland sketches, but in most cases there was no land whatever in his pictures, or only a distant line of coast.

Whatever may be Mr. Norton's claims as a painter, he has not only a thorough acquaintance with all that pertains to the construction of a ship, but an absolute familiarity with all the details of practical seamanship. He knows when to "carry" and when to "shorten sail," and the precise effect of every change of position in rope or canvas. But his perfect seamanship, so to speak, does not render him insensible to the poetry of the sea and of sea life. He has an eye for whatever there is of effective in the varying position of the ship itself and of its several parts. He feels the poetry of a vessel's motion, especially when she is seen bounding toward the spectator, her hull and spars inclined by a "stiff breeze" and, as sailors say, "carrying a bone in her mouth,"—a position, and an effect, which seems to be a favorite with the artist. He knows how to take advantage of all the incidents that break the monotony of a long voyage, the meeting and exchanging signals with or speaking another ship, and the bustle attending the taking in of the light sails to make ready for an approaching squall. He catches for our benefit the moment of picturesque disorder—sails partly filled and partly aback, some in light and some in shadow—which occurs in *Heaving to for a Pilot*, or he shows us the good ship, her long voyage over, "coming to anchor," with all sails fluttering. He excels in fogs, and perhaps his best pictures were *Among the Fishermen*, *George's Banks*, and *Crossing the Grand Banks*. In each a large ship with all sails spread to catch the scarcely perceptible breeze is making her way through a fleet of fishing boats at anchor amidst a dense fog: but in one the ship is receding from the spectator, in the other she is approaching, "bows on." In the last there is an awfulness in the slow but sure approach of the huge bulk, threatening to override the small craft that obstruct its path. The rocking motion of the boats at anchor is marvelously suggested even to the difference of the movement in those which have no sail set and those which have a mainsail to steady them.

But perfect familiarity with ships and shipping, mere accurate delineation of every part, together with even a keen eye for picturesque incidents, is not sufficient to

make of the marine painter a true artist. Like all who in whatever department aspire to that title, he must have at his command what a recent French critic calls "*la gamme harmonieuse*," that scale of harmonious color without which, he goes on to say, all pos-

sible merit of drawing, the most consummate skill in composition, fail to move. Mr. Norton has yet to add to the solid acquirements he has already mastered the crowning grace of harmonious, refined, and delicate color.

EDUCATION.

THE difficulty — almost the impossibility — of procuring the exact training necessary to qualify one as an "expert" has been a serious barrier in the way of opening to women not a few lucrative employments. Each year increases the demand for teachers in all the natural sciences, while the ever-widening application of chemistry to the industrial arts requires more and more the service of practically trained assistants. For this latter work, requiring nicety of hand and eye, women would seem by nature peculiarly fitted, but there are also absolutely necessary a patient accuracy and precision which many women lack for want of positive mental discipline and rigid training.

Yet no training is so difficult to secure as this on account of the very expensive apparatus requisite. The impromptu work room and experiments of the last generation are no longer possible. The chemist of to-day must have his special laboratory and an outfit of instruments, balances, lenses, etc., powerful enough and delicate enough to penetrate the subtlest secrets of nature.

It is quite apparent that while the demand for a general "liberal education" among women grows somewhat slowly for want of that immediate professional use of it which men have, the desire for various kinds of special training such as will afford means of living is, in proportion to opportunity, increasing far more rapidly.

The laboratory of the Girls' High School in Boston has for some years supplied very excellent elementary practice. Three years ago a class of young women who were fitting themselves as teachers were allowed to enjoy its privileges for study of a more advanced kind. The expense of instruction and of materials for work was borne by the Woman's Education Association, of Boston.

After one year of very successful work, the limited time at the disposal of both teachers and pupils prevented the continuance of the class as a whole, but some of its members went on with their work in connection with the Lowell courses in science at the Institute of Technology in Boston. These courses were almost the first attempt outside of regular college work to supply the want we have described, and the classes have been always well attended, but obviously a special student in any of the subjects would soon pass beyond their limit. Yet in order not to give up so hopeful an experiment, the professors at the Institute have most kindly shared their own already crowded laboratory with the few students who could find room. Even this very limited instruction has been so eagerly sought as to point very clearly to the direction in which an important move might be made for the "higher education of women."

Fortunately, the subject had already been brought to notice in the experiment at the Girls' High School. The interest in it then awakened among the members of the Woman's Education Association has never died out, and it now assumes new activity in the form of a special laboratory for women at the Institute of Technology in Boston.

The undertaking was suggested to the association last spring, and, upon conference with the government of the Institute, it was agreed if funds were forthcoming on the part of the association to fit up suitable rooms for a laboratory for women over the south end of the drill hall and to equip it with apparatus sufficient for a start, the Institute would provide instruction upon the same terms as for young men. A guaranty was added that in any laboratories which might be built for the Institute in the fut-

ure, provision should be made for advanced instruction without distinction of sex.

The association assumed no responsibility, but made a handsome donation from its society fund, and the two thousand dollars necessary to make a beginning were immediately subscribed by its members and their friends. A few contributions came in the shape of valuable instruments, one of them, a Browning spectroscope from the Woman's Club. During the summer, however, the plan was essentially changed for the better in view of the erection of a building for the new "workshops" to be opened by the Institute. Instead of the attic room over the drill hall at first proposed, the laboratory now occupies the entire south end of the new building, with its own special entrance. There are four rooms, covering a space not far from forty feet by thirty: first, the general work room, large enough to accommodate at least twenty students with their tables, sinks, etc. A second room nearly as large is devoted to optical work, the microscope and spectroscope; it includes a dark chamber for spectroscopic work, photography, and the like. The two smaller rooms will be used, one for the library and the balances, the other as reception room and dressing-room. A fifth room communicates directly with the laboratory, which the professor of chemistry proposes to devote to work in industrial chemistry for all the students of his classes. This room will be common ground. The others are specially devoted to the women.

A due proportion of the money subscribed has been spent in instruments which, eked out by the resources of the Institute and by the generous lending of the friends of the plan, will provide a fair working equipment. The wise in such things say that for light and space and convenience, there is hardly such another laboratory to be found. There is plenty of room, however, upon the shelves for more instruments, and there will be faithful and grateful use of them by the students, as fast as the friends of the higher education of women can contribute them.

The course of study is to include—to quote the circular issued by the Institute—"the advanced study of chemical analysis, mineralogy, and chemistry as related to vegetable and animal physiology and to the industrial arts."

Entrance examinations are not required, but it is expected that students will prove themselves competent for *advanced* work.

The terms as to guaranty and fees are the same as for young men: for daily work throughout the school year, two hundred dollars; for less time, in proportion. The laboratory will be open for work nine hours a day, and as no student could work so many hours consecutively, a system of alternation will nearly double the number who can be admitted.

The students in the laboratory will also be admitted to other advanced courses in the Institute. Ten such are already advertised.

So much as to preparation. The actual success must, of course, depend upon the number and character of the students. Seventeen had already applied, the first of October. In this as in the college work for women, the question of money must be of great importance, and scholarships to defray expense will be as essential in this work as in that. But the position of the Institute in the centre of a large population will greatly help in two ways: it is within reach of a large number of women who can pursue their studies while living at home; and also the immediate neighborhood of factories, offices, and works of all kinds where skilled persons may obtain employment, acts as an incentive. Almost as this is written, comes an application for a person to test drugs at a salary of a thousand a year. The places are few indeed with the same amount of work and so little "wear and tear," in which a woman could obtain anything like that salary.

One other and yet greater thing the laboratory must have to make its success complete. Without the unwearied painstaking of the professor of chemistry at the Institute, the experiment would have been impossible. Were the chair to be filled by men of other minds, spirited as has been the commencement, the plan could hardly secure a fair trial, for much of the work must be done in addition to regular duties. The endowment of a professorship is no light proposal, but if the laboratory for women has but moderate success, it will require a large part of the time of an able professor. To make it of the widest use, it will need a professor of its own.

